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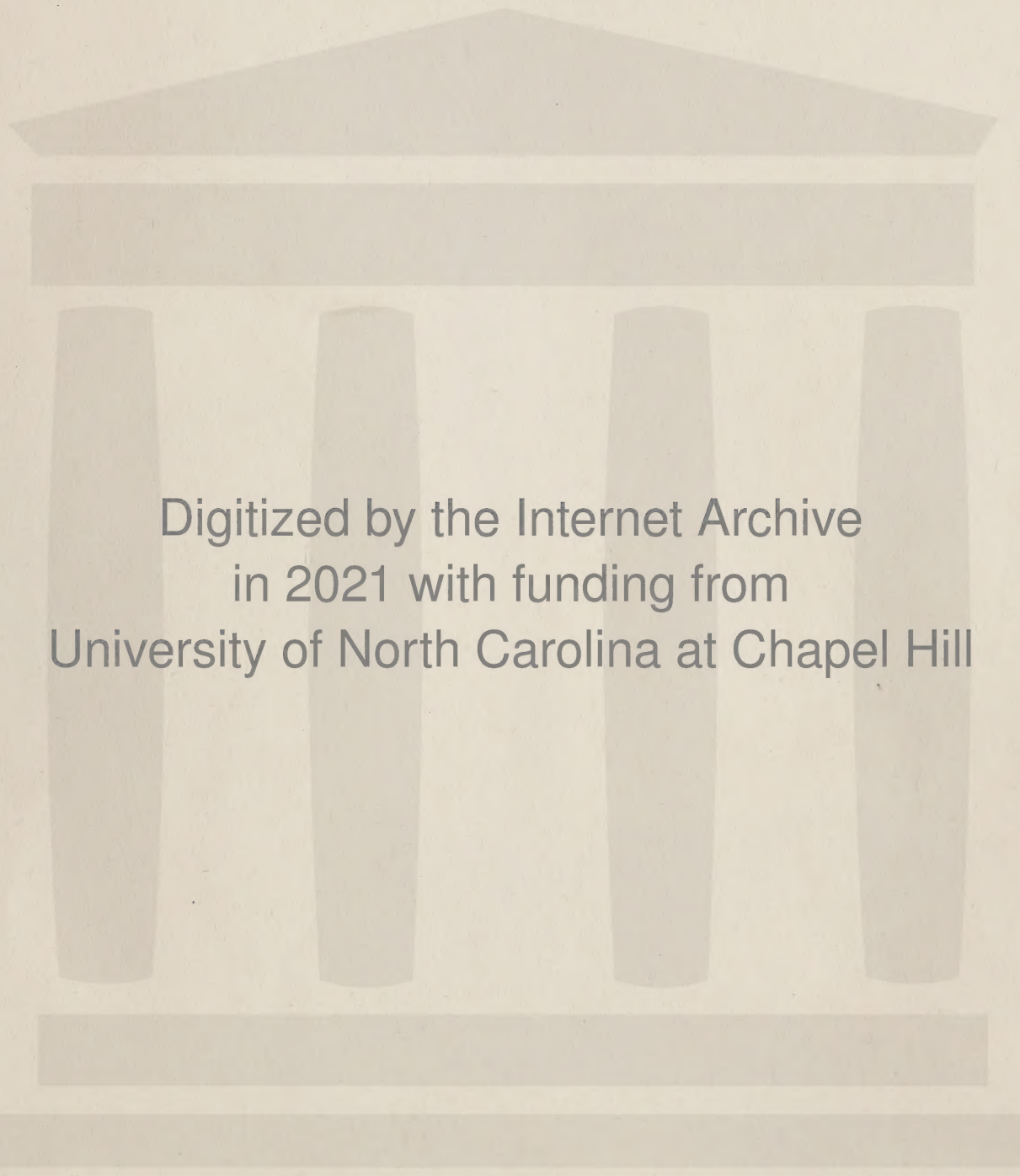
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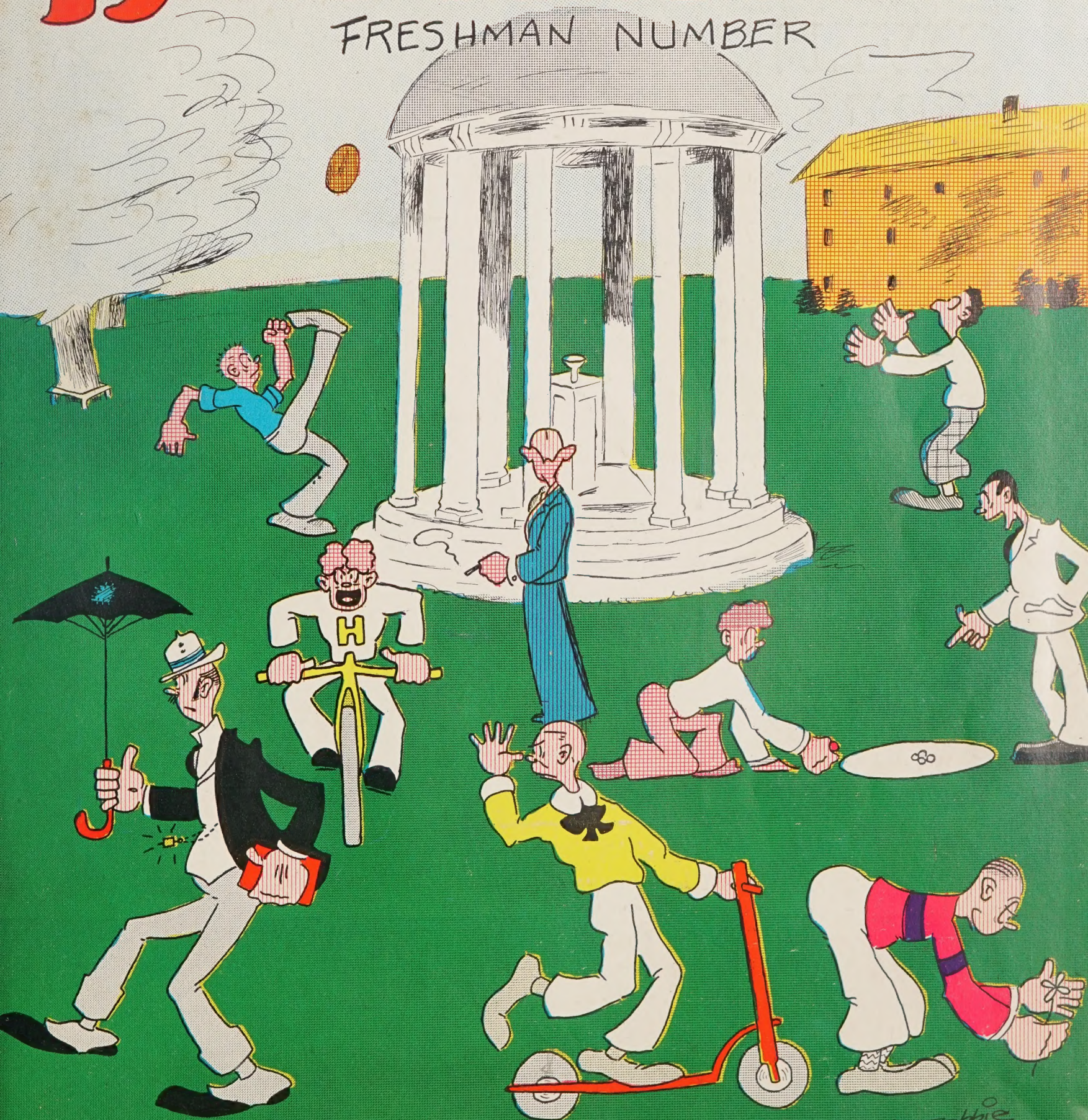
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The Carolina

Buccaneer

FRESHMAN NUMBER



Bobbie
Mason

Presto, Change !

and this Pocket Pen becomes a Tapered Desk Pen

*all you need is this
attachable taper*

GIVEN FREE

with every Parker Duofold Pen
Purchased before Nov. 16th

Saves you \$ 5 to \$10

Any Parker Duofold Pocket Pen is like two pens in one—for with this taper you can convert it into a slender tapered Desk Set Pen—*without paying a penny more than for an ordinary pen*, if you act at once.

Through this special gift offer, to complete a modern Fountain Pen Desk Set, all you need is a Parker ball-and-socket Desk Set Base to hold the pen, at \$2.50 and upwards. No special desk pen required, thus saving you \$5 to \$10.

Twenty-five thousand Parker dealers throughout the United States are giving away one-half million pen tapers, free—hence by buying a Parker Pen now you will have a pocket pen and a desk pen both in one. This gift offer ends Nov. 15—sooner, if all free tapers are gone.

You can have a handsome desk set—now or later—merely by getting the Parker Desk Base to hold your pen. No pen but the Parker gives this double duty without added cost.

By selecting a Parker Duofold you also become possessor of a pen with the miracle Duofold point which writes as easily as you breathe—with Pressureless Touch. Also this balanced, streamlined style—trim and non-bulging in pocket or handbag.

Stop in and see this demonstration at any nearby dealer's before this offer expires.

SPECIAL TO PARKER PEN OWNERS: Dealers will also give you the Taper, FREE, so you can convert the pen you have, if you get a Parker Desk Base.



To Protect Parker Pens
from Inks that Clog and Gum
We Created QUINK
the quick-drying ink
—contains a solvent that keeps
any pen clean

Three years ago we discovered that 69% of the service required by fountain pens was due to inks that clog the feed, gum the point, and rot the ink sac.

For our own protection, in guaranteeing Parker Duofold Pens for life, we decided to create a miracle ink. We made up 1022 formulas before succeeding. The first bottle of Quink cost us \$68,000. You can now buy one like it for 15c—Permanent, all colors or Washable Blue. Not a trace of sediment in a barrelful. Ask any dealer, or write for 30,000-word bottle, free.



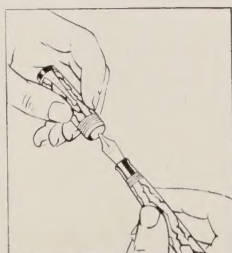
See how handsome are these new Parker Desk Sets in Carrara and other marbles, in Green or White Onyx, in flashing black Glass or dainty Enamels ornamented in Gold. Some mounted with Bronze statuettes or clocks and other Desk Accessories—all with the Parker ball and socket receptacle that holds the Pen or Pencil at hand's reach but out of harm's way. Bases without Pens, \$2.50 to \$230.

Take off Pocket Cap—
Put on Taper



Convert for Desk

Take off Taper—
Put on Pocket Cap



Convert for Pocket

Parker Duofold

PEN GUARANTEED FOR LIFE \$5 \$7 \$10
Other Parker Pens, \$2.75 and \$3.50; Pencils to match them all, \$2.00 to \$5.00

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX OCTOBER, 1931 NUMBER 1

PETE GILCHRIST *Editor-in-Chief*
STEVE MARSH *Business Manager*
BOBBIE MASON *Art Editor*

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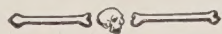
Entered as second class matter April 15, 1924, at the Post Office at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they passed over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try and overcharge me, but now you try to drown my little boy?"—*Puppet*.



Three's a Crowd

"My roommate says there are some things a girl should not do before twenty."

"Well, personally, I don't enjoy a large audience either."—*Longhorn*.



"Use Armageddon in a sentence."

"The last of 1918 saw the German Armageddon the hell out of France."

—*Yellow Jacket*.

CO-EDS!



Soon She'll Be Calling Amoebas By Their First Names



Maybe, but she also keeps on speaking terms with the other animals on the campus.

Classrooms may teem with stern professors earnestly intent upon taking life seriously, but the Greek gods and goddesses of the campus demand a touch of gayety in their education. Something young, vivid, sparkling and exuberant.

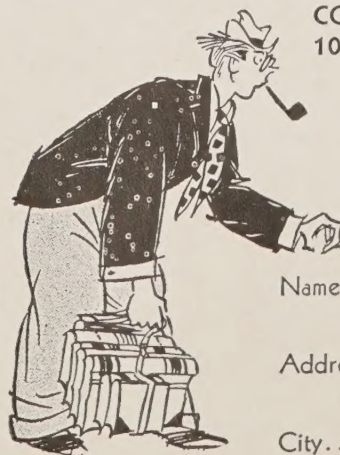
Dick Hyland's *Diary of a Football Player* is one of the literary surprises of the season. Leonora Baccante's *Can't We Be Friends?* is another. Every co-ed will want to read new things by Katharine Brush, O. O. McIntyre, Margaret Banning, Achmed Abdullah and Noël Coward—to mention but a few.



SPECIAL TO COLLEGIANS

9 Months (the school year) for \$2.00

COLLEGE HUMOR
1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago



I've sold my Greek pony and am using another fellow's. Here's the \$2 for nine issues of COLLEGE HUMOR.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

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PLANTERS PEANUTS
put pep in your step. Not
only are they a delicious con-
fection, but they are also a
nourishing, concentrated
food.

MR. PEANUT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

U.S.A. and Canada

PLANTERS

SALTED PEANUTS

Conductor: No, ma'am—we leave it in the sheds at night.—*College Banter.*

"No, she has only a figure of speech, but what do you think I metaphor?"—*Lampoon.*

REFRESHING..THEY TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY

LIFE SAVERS

SCORE

C	⊙	⊙	⊙	⊙	6
H	⊙	⊙	⊙	⊙	6

WOW!

$\frac{1}{2}$ MINUTE TO PLAY

BOY! WHAT A LIFE SAVER

TO HAVE YOUR SLEEP
and your breakfast, too!



When a few too many winks have limited your breakfast period—get the maximum nourishment in the minimum time with Shredded Wheat. Two of these biscuits swimming in rich milk are a brain and brawn food that prepare you for the day's work and lets you start it on time. Shredded Wheat is ready to serve—so there's no delay whether you eat at a commons, restaurant or fraternity house. And no matter how fast it is put away—it satisfies the inner man. Next time you oversleep (probably tomorrow) make up the minutes with Shredded Wheat.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

SHREDDDED WHEAT



WITH ALL THE BRAN
OF THE WHOLE WHEAT

Nap's Fashion Shop

Owned and operated by

Nap Lufty

Invites you to visit the state's most modern men's shop. Featuring the latest in clothing, haberdashery, and shoes.

Suits & topcoats made to measure
\$19.75—\$21.50—\$25.00

Shoes, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00; Hats \$4.00

Everything else a man needs at popular prices.

Nap's Fashion Shop

123 West Market Street,
Greensboro, N. C.

(On the way to the Colleges)

"Darling would you like to marry a one-eyed man?"

"Certainly not."

"Then let me have the umbrella."

—Mountain Goat.



"I'd like to buy a pair of garters."

"Single or double grip?"

"Doesn't matter. I want to make a sling shot!"—Pitt Panther.



"Maw, kin I go out and play?"

"Not with that dirty neck."

"But maw, she's a nice girl."—Sun Dial.



"And now, Miss Klutz," said the debating teacher, "will you please show me the outlines of your rebuttal."

—Wisconsin "Octopus."

Her parents are in the iron and steel business. Her mother irons and her father steals.—*Tiger*.



"When did you first suspect your husband was not right mentally?"

"When he shook the hall tree and began feeling around on the floor for apples."

—*Ollapod*.



cool, zestful— and fresh!

Fresh juice of choice ripe fruit—that's the secret of the delightful tang of the new Orange-Crush. Only fresh juice can give that matchless flavor. Today—try the tasty, zestful goodness that has won America.



THE NEW
Orange
—Crush

Bottled in Chicago by
ORANGE-CRUSH CHICAGO BOTTLING CO., COL. 0434

Ice-cold in the krinkly
bottle at stores and stands
—by the glass at foun-
tains everywhere . . .



He: I'm groping for words.
She: I think you're looking in the wrong place.—*Jack-o-Lantern*.



Mrs. Hi-Tone: This chair goes back to Louis XV.

D. U.: That's nothing. Our whole dining room set goes back to Sears and Roebuck at the end of the month if we don't pledge more men.—*Green Gander*.



A BUCKET

Rev. Good (at baptism): His name please?

Mother: Algernon Phillip Percival Reginald Mortimer Duckworth.

Rev. (to his assistant): A little more water please.—*Punch Bowl*.



AND HOW

"Over 2,000 elephants were used to make billiard balls last year," claims a news item. Damn clever these elephants!—*Banter*.



She was only a fireman's daughter but she was nobody's fuel.—*Siren*.



He: I'm a big shot.

She: Oh, yeah?

He: Yeah, Lambda Chi from Cornell.

She: What'd he do? —*Voo Doo*.



NO SEX

A violinist entered a little music shop in London.

"I want an E string, if you please," he observed to the man behind the counter.

Nervously producing a box from behind the counter, the Cockney said, "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know, I'd ardy can tell the 'es from the she's."

—*Stanford Chaparral*.

CAROLINA BUCCANEER



Freshman Number

LOOK OF THE MONTH



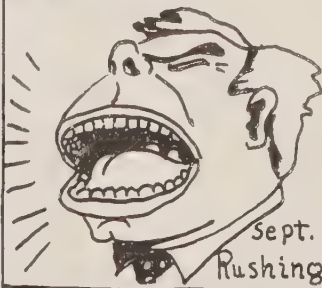
Sept. 7th - Early Football begins ~



We return
To
Our dear
old
Alma
mater
To find
The
Old Well
way up
on top
of
all this!!



Parking at
that 8:30



Sept. 25th
Rushing Season-



Our Coeds return
Wearing the new
exclusive "Empress
Eugenie" hats —

fashion note



Sept. 26th
U.H.C. - 37
Wake forest - 0

Vass Shepherd —

The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. IX

OCTOBER, 1931

NO. 6

On The Campus

Joe Lineberger put on the dog to such an extent over at the Deke house the other day that his pet bit the mail man; result, the postal authorities refuse to deliver so much as a post card to that lodge.



One of the most attractive habitations on the campus is the one owned by Messers Boynton and Sehorn. It is on the corner across from the co-ed house and from the number of females that have been seen entering this place one visitor to the campus asked if it was a Spencer annex. The public is asked not to worry as it will be difficult to have a "love nest" when the occupants are such soft-boiled eggs.



The following want-ad appeared in a Durham paper the other day: "To Gentleman or Duke student, nicely furnished room." We certainly hope they wont go to the extreme and get the gentleman.



From the last Summer school comes the story about the girl that had two dates with a boy and then decided to marry him. It seems that she was eloping to South Carolina with her perspective meal ticket in the rumble seat of a Chevrolet and was almost in the town in which the ceremony was to take place when she leaned up and asked the driver what the first name of her boy-friend was.

Probably the worst slam that the editor of the BUCCANEER has received this year was in the form of a gift of Joe Miller's *Jest Book* (jokes of the nineteenth century) upon the fly leaf of which was written, "I recognize several of your latest stories."



At a recent faculty meeting several members said that because of the clarion striking every hour they were unable to sleep through the night peacefully. For the benefit of those restless sleepers the BUCCANEER would like to say that up to the time of the meeting the bell did not strike beyond ten o'clock. (It must be the salary cut that keeps them awake.)



During the past rushing season a freshman was asked if he had received any invitations from local fraternities. His answer was yes that the Sigma Nu's had asked him around. (Suggestion to Sigma Nu: call Charlie Price.)

At the last minute in order to save the fair name of the BUCCANEER from the "didactic" hands of J. E. Dungan (editor of the *Waily Tar Heel*) the editors of this publication thought it best to include him in the dedication of this issue along with the other freshies.

(On page 26 will be found this month's best joke at Carolina.)

Speaking of habitations, perhaps the most noted one on the campus is located off Rosemary St. and is known as Alley-View. All that we are waiting for now is for one of the occupants to be sued for alimony.



The best bit of scandal that can be found is about the editor of the Yackety Yack. It seems that he went over to the Kappa Sigma house the other day and asked for a mattress for a girl-friend of his. All we are waiting for now is to see the first *beddraggled* co-ed to complete the story.



"Keep on the Jump", reads a slogan, and we can readily understand it from the number of "hops" that are being sold at the local grocers.



From Newbern comes the following: "Why did you slap the laughing clairvoyant?" Answer "I wanted to strike a happy medium." If you like this type Miss Elizabeth Nunn will give you a list of them.



The *Tar Heel* is having a hard run for copy this Fall. Now that Graham Memorial has been completed there is no other story that takes over two and a half columns. Since there is a scarcity of news the BUCCANEER suggests the following topics: The Morehead Memorial or Ring Dem Bells; The Co-eds vs My Mama's in Town; etc.

There were twelve men 'round
the table,
The lights were dim and low;
In walked Hurdy Scollup, alias
Goofy Joe.
The men sprang up, the lights
went out,
Gun-smoke upward floated;
The lights came on, the men sat
down.
Heh, heh, the guns weren't
loaded.



"I've got an 'I' on you, young
man," remarked the Dean.

Did you hear about the little
girl who stole her mother's cor-
set?

No.

She didn't have guts enough
to wear it.



Do you know Buster?

No, please tell me.

Buster Durham.



Then there was the freshman
who was so dumb he thought
Vera Cruz was a movie actress.

Freshman Theme Songs:

During Rushing Season—*I'm
Sitting on Top of the world.*

After Christmas—*Mean to Me.*



Well, I hope you didn't buy
any gold bricks while you were
in New York.

No, but I brought back a few
wine bricks in my suitcase.



One advantage of being a
Scotchman is that it doesn't cost
anything to get tight.



•Vass Shepherd.

And now, lady, will you buy a Buller brush?



- 1st. Why is Smith so downcast?
 2nd. He flunked his chemistry.
 1st. Why I thought he was smart.
 2nd. Hell no, the poor dummy didn't know his acid from a base!

Attention Men!

Do you want the coolest, most comforting and soothing shave you ever had? One that will keep you feeling fresh and youthful all day and invigorate the whole system with its refreshing and delightful smoothness? No messy blades or fussing with soap and lather. Instead a blade as sharp as Damascus steel.

Men, if this is the kind of a shave you've always wanted, now is the time to start. Waste no time. Don't clip the coupon below for one of our Auto-Be Sharp Razors, but go down to the nearest barber shop, stretch back in the chair, and say, "once over, light."



Anatomy Professor: Does anyone know where the Eustachian tube is located?

Dumb Freshman: Its the one right behind the loudspeaker in most radios.

Then there was the freshman who thought the Betas had something to do with fish-hooks.



Father: How much will you charge to teach my son Math 2?
 Tutor: Fifty cents a lesson.
 Father: All right. Here's a hundred dollars on account.



Sign in a movie theatre:
Should a Woman Tell?
 Just try to stop her!



Suppose Rip Van Winkle had switched to Camels for one day.



She Thought:
I'd love to go.
 She Said:
I'd love to go.

We suggest that a few of the faculty members be given mental alertness tests instead of concentrating so much on all these freshmen.



Evolution of Famous Movie Phrases

Take your leave, suh!
 Vamose, hombre.
 Now beat it, you'se guys.
 Scram!



Telegraph Office Mgr.: Where have you been so long?

Messenger Boy: Oh, I've just been doing a little free-wheeling.



Avoid That Future Shadow:
Pay cash for your new suit.



Conductor: Hey, what's coming off here?
 Startled Freshman: Er—we were just waiting on a street car!

History of The Buccaneer--

By ALDEN STAHR

The lightning bug is a beautiful bird,

But he really has no mind;
He dashes through this world of ours

With his headlight on behind.

With such an effusion of dashing wit the Tar Baby, Buccaneer's ill-literary ancestor, burst forth in song That was on October 18, 1919. It was said in this issue that the Tar Baby had been wandering about the state and had at last settled in Chapel Hill, where he gave voice to Carolina's first comic publication. Apparently the student body had patience only for more scholarly literature before that time.

On the editorial page of this first issue sat a Tar Baby sans habit regarding a bunny through the needles of a long-leaf pine—pining for the bunny, no doubt—and below "Beauty and the Beast" were listed the names of the perpetrators of the comic. Harry D. Stevens was editor-in-chief, and on the associate board were such names as T. J. Wilson III and the late Dr. Edwin Greenlaw. The Tar Baby was a combined humorous and pictorial magazine, embracing the features of the present BUCCANEER and *Yackety Yack*, for it contained pictures of the campus and football stars and lesser lights, such as the President of the University, etc.

In the second issue was a picture captioned "Sonny Graham, Carolina's Own" at the ripe age of eight or thereabouts and even then Swain Hall was what it is now. In a column called "Recipes" was an item "Swain Hall Planked Steak—cut from fresh

pine planks." At the bottom of each page of advertisements were the words: "Mention the Tar Baby to our advertisers. It identifies you as a Carolina man."

The author of the recent Chapel Hill novel, "Look Homeward Angel", was guilty of a play published in the Tar Baby: "The Streets of Durham, or Dirty Work at the Cross Roads—a tragedy in three muddied acts by Tommy Wolfe." In the Playmakers Number of the same magazine was another early evidence of the same writer, a picture of Tom Wolfe as Buck Gavin in his own play, "The Return of Buck Gavin." It is no wonder Mr. Wolfe is famous now, with such a start as this.

There were many cracks about Prohibition in these early numbers, for no doubt the students felt keenly the Volsteadian drought that swept over the country then—we still do. Most of the jokes in the Tar Baby were written by Carolina students, hence the great interest in the publication. The circulation was 4500, greater than all other undergraduate publications combined. But let the Tar Baby's voice be heard:

(1919)

Dr. Lawson to freshman:
Have you any scars?

Frosh: No, but I have some cigarettes.

Pretty bad, you may say, but in order to show the evolution of undergraduate humor I shall select at random one joke from each year and shall try to pun

myself down to facts as much as possible.

Among the advertisements were other choice bits. For example, one ad read: "Man alive listen! You can smoke Camels till the cows come home—!" etc. The Pendergraft Bus Company stated fares to Durham: "Eighty cents one way, dollar thirty-five round trip. Go over and return in same day." Such cars as Elgin Six, Winston, Roamer, Cunningham, etc., were advertised. Snappy creations for college men—the kind you climb into with a step ladder.

Here is what 1920 had to say:

(1920)

Pete: My banjo is plenty of company for me.

Repete: Yes, I see you like to pick your company.

One 1920 cartoon was especially appropriate. It showed a giant co-ed and a gnat-sized male student and was labeled: "Carolina of 1960." The peril was immanent then as well as now. The first Girls' Number was made up of contributions from the various girls' colleges in the state. It was pretty good, considering the source. And then came:

(1921)

Senior: Yes, Terrence, the bald-headed man and his hair are soon parted.

* * *

No wonder the Tar Baby died an untimely death! But "they

--A Serious Article

say" the censors had something to do with it. At any rate the Tar Baby kicked off with Volume IV Number 1.

In 1922 a new comic by the name of The Boll Weevil appeared. The editorial page of the first issue expressed an apology: "The Editors cannot refrain from apologizing for this first issue of the Boll Weevil. It is, we sadly realize, pretty punk in many respects . . . we wanted to start a new comic after the death and burial of the ill-fated Tar Baby," etc. J. J. Wade was the first editor of the B. W., and now for a joke from the first issue:

(1922)

Two little worms were digging away in dead earnest.
Poor Ernest!

* * *

But remember, you were forewarned, and forewarned is forearmed, and four-armed is a freak. Nerts! Better relieve that by hearing from:

(1923)

Bill's end is in sight.
Flunked out in his work?
No, somebody stole his clothes.

* * *

Someone must have used Flit on the Boll Weevil, for it endured only two years, or was it the students who endured? It is curious to note that the fifth number from the last of this comic was called "Unlucky Number." Perhaps the editors had some premonition of its downfall, for the Boll Weevil was more ill-fated than the Tar Baby. It is hard to tell whether it was all wet or all wit.

Something or other gave birth to the Buccaneer on April 15,

1924, with Earl Hartsell as skipper. The name "Buccaneer" was chosen by means of a twenty-five-dollar prize contest won by T. B. Freeman, '27. The first issue got off to a snappy start with:

(1924)

Student to Janitor: Jasper, how's your hogs today?

Jasper: Dey's fine, praise de Lawd, an' how's all yo' folks?

Volume II No. 2 was priced at "Two Bits" and No. 4 at 24½c. No. 3 of 1924 had the most artistically-done cover of the lot, a pirate's galleon floating on galleons of billows. For the most part the covers were there merely as such and had no aesthetic attributes. (I said this was a serious article.) The Local Color Number was attractively colored. You know, colored, not colored. Better rest a moment and give you:

(1925)

What happened to that fellow, Bob Day?

Oh, Day is dying in the west.

The Freshman Number of 1926 was priced at "One Pick," which, for the benefit of the uninitiated was the price of one admission to the Pickwick Theater. (Our present Co'thouse). The cartoons in this number aptly illustrated the flying peanuts, apple cores, and pop bottles in the theater. "When Nut Meets Nut" showed a peanut coming in contact with a freshman's skull—not bad. Then came a morbid moment in a college comic:

(1926)

Une: Dey tells me Sam is an undertaker.

Deux: Is he a good one?

Trois: Man he knows his buries.

And finally, in 1927, was issued a Comic Number (After all these years). Let's see how comical it was:

(1927)

This young gentleman prefers blondes, because brunettes are not fair.

Looks like it was in a bad way, to be perfectly o-pun about it. My gawd, how much longer must this go on? Answer, three years. But to be brief, Carolina humor reached a high-bawdy-mark in:

(1928)

Cook: Can I get off today? I wants to look after my chillun.

Madam: I thought you said you weren't married, Cora.

Cook: I ain't married, but I ain't 'zactly been neglected.

After seeing that one again I plumb forgot to get a joke from 1929; so you'll have to let it suffice for two seasons. In the past few years a couple of editors have been guilty of using the Buccaneer as a political pamphlet to further their own ambitious ends. "Who's Who on the Campus" is notable in the memories of many of us. The take-off on Time magazine last year was one of the best issues, by virtue of having a picture of none other than the great T. B. Rector on the cover. "He ate cabbage for breakfast" was the caption. And as a parting malediction:

(1930)

Fraternity Frank: What a purty bird that is!

Sorority Sue: Yeah, it's a gull.

Fraternity Frank: I don't care if it's a gull or a boy; it's purty.

(1931)

In this issue.



Nass Shepherd

Yes, Hilda, I've always been content with the little bit God has seen fit to give me.

Dont's for Freshmen

(If preceded by an asterik (*) applies to seniors also.)

*DON'T be caught out in the rain without your overshoes and umbrella.

*DON'T fail to speak to every one you greet.

*DON'T pay for chapel seats unless requested to by the management.

*DON'T fail to put stamps on your letters home. Use your own judgment about others.

*DON'T take any wooden nickels.

*DON'T fail to send out your laundry every week.

*DON'T forget there is a state law against murdering French teachers.

Use that \$3 you save on our toothpaste to buy our twenty-cent cigarettes.



Nurse: Willie, don't you want to see the little sister the stork brought you last night?

Willie: Naw, I'd rather see the stork.



Here lies the body of Freshman Rip Snorter
He tried to make four A's in his first quarter.



Beneath this stone rests Arthur Doolup
He was killed when his home brew blew up.



Hot Henry (The perfect freshman that would make a good pledge for the Dekes, Sigma Chi or Betas) says that she was only a photographers daughter, but she was certainly developed.

Calvin Coolidge on Houses

Most of my early life was spent in a house. Houses are quite common in this country. Most people live in some kind of a house. Some are large, while others are small. One often sees houses along the street, either on the left hand side or on the right hand side. We shall need more houses in this country if our population continues to increase.



Where is the freshman who suggested we call the New Graham Memorial Noah's Ark?

There seems to be much interest in the self-help world as who will get the job of going down to the new Morehead Memorial every day and seeing if the clock on the back side is keeping up with the other three. (Note: this job is a little more difficult than the one in which the worker is required to go down and see if the tennis courts are still in place as it requires a knowledge of numbers.)



A ring at the door formerly meant a bookseller; now it is probably the bootlegger.

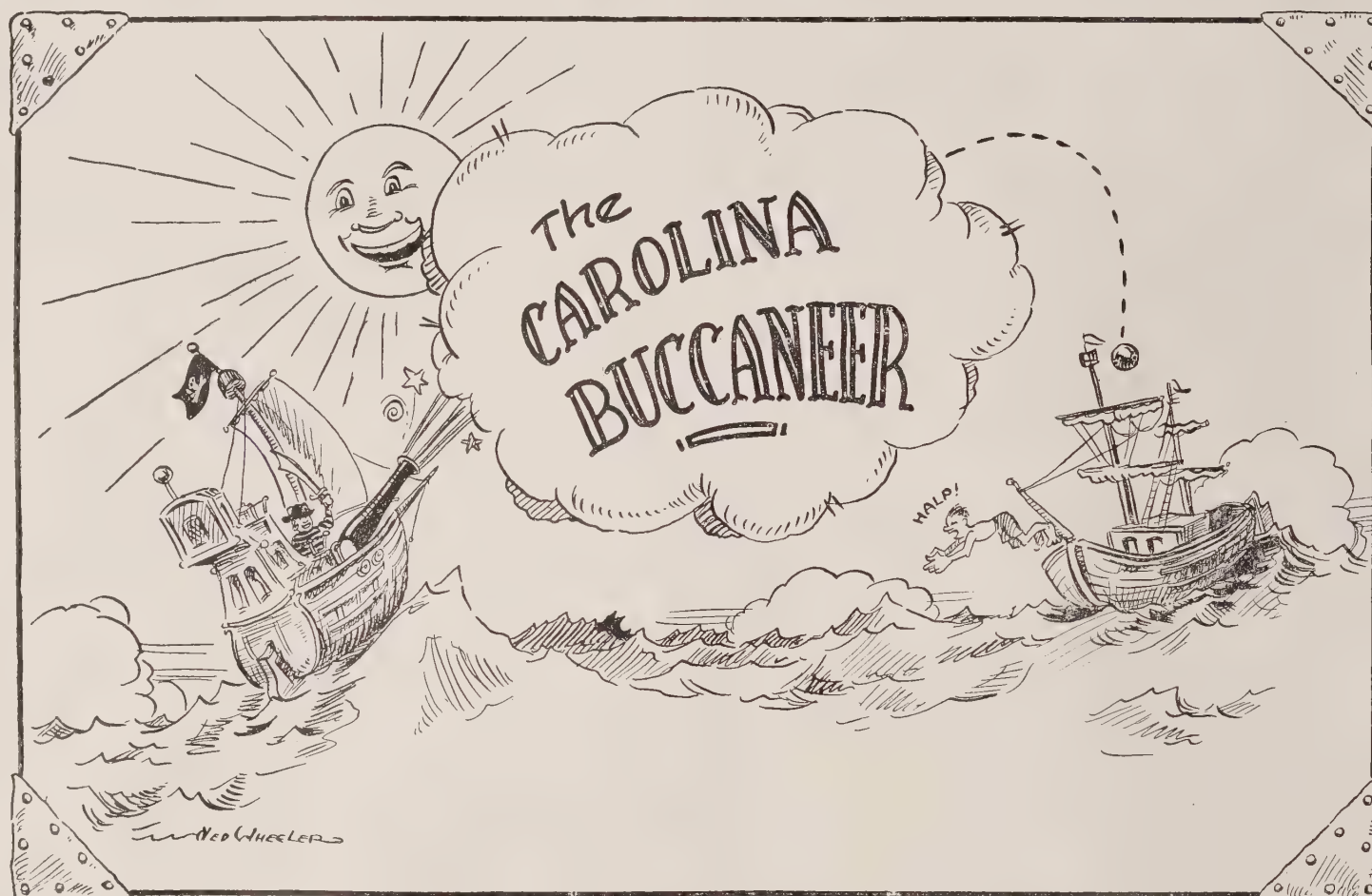


St. Peter Hell! no, you have the wrong number. This is heaven.



J. PATRICK MCCOY

Sophomore: My roommate!
Junior: My Overcoat!!
Senior: My God! My girl!!!



PETE GILCHRIST *Editor-in-Chief*
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Editorial

By the time that the first issue of the BUCCANEER appears the freshman class will have been sufficiently welcomed, wined and dined and in most cases they will be thoroughly at home in their new surroundings. It is not the purpose of this issue to further welcome the freshmen because the editors feel that by now most of the freshmen feel enough at home not to feel that they are new men. What the BUCCANEER does wish to do is to impress upon the men of '35 that they are the luckiest class that has ever entered Carolina, for not only are they able to enter college during a time of great economic stress but they are also able to partake in a number of new features and additions that the university has never offered to a first year class. Among the foremost advantages that Carolina offers to a freshman the following are notable: A President that will become one of the best possible individual friends and counselors that a new man could possibly have in a man of this position; A new Memorial Hall that will hold the entire class for chapel period five times a week; The new Graham Memorial Building that opens for the first time and also with its opening it eliminates a lot of useless reading in the *Daily Tar Heel* as to what is to be done with the unfinished building; A new Morehead-Patterson bell tower that will give to the campus a new musical note and will also help drown out the clang of the Old South bell and the raucous "swuawk" of the fire siren; A new Music Building equipped with a powerful

and melodious electrically pumped organ that in itself will have the power of drawing a number of the country's finest organists.

Beside the above additions the freshmen will also be able to enjoy the features that stamp Carolina as a leader in the fields of self government, honor system, fraternity rushing, and system of intramural athletics. The BUCCANEER does not dedicate this issue to the freshman class because the editors could think of nothing better. We dedicate this issue to you because we think that you are the luckiest class that has ever entered Carolina and we hope that you, realizing this fact, will make the best of the situation that is offered to you.

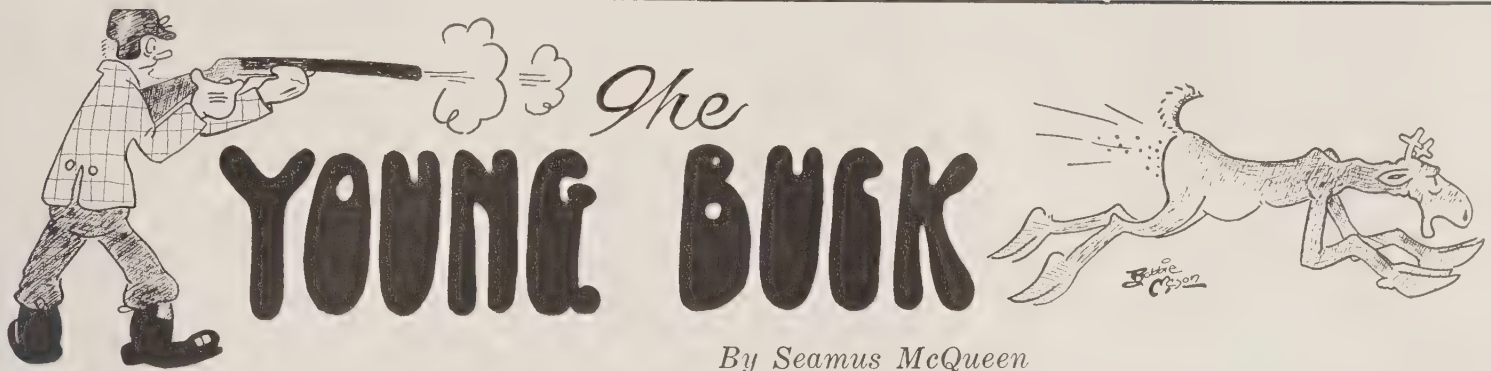
* * * * *

The method of picking the staff of the BUCCANEER is strictly non-partisan and the editor will place on the staff only those persons that have shown themselves fit. At present there are a number of positions that are vacant and these places can only be filled by competent workers. If you are willing to give part of your spare time to the work of this magazine the editor welcomes you to participate in the work of this publication. The editor also appreciates any new ideas or suggestions from outsiders that will help make the BUCCANEER a more thoroughly representative publication of Carolina humor.



J. PATRICK MCGY

RUSHING SEASON



By Seamus McQueen

(Editor's Note: At great expense, the BUCCANEER has secured Seamus McQueen, the Gaelic Bard, to contribute a column or two of campus scandal to the pages of this magazine. Mr. McQueen was selected from a host of skilled and eager columnists, such as A. Henderson, F. Graham, Boss Hill, and J. C. Williams. He has numerous agents scattered all over the hill, who will bring to him any tidy tidbits that may come up. Most of them, of course, will be unprintable. Mr. McQueen is amenable to reason, if the amount is large enough; so if there is something you want untold, leave a sealed envelope for him at the BUCCANEER office. Except for this angle, The Young Buck will be conducted in pure imitation of the columns of W. Winchell, Judge, Jr., Block Bryson, Wex Malone, and all the rest—but you could have guessed that for yourselves.)

When Autumn comes around, as the calendar says it has, the love of sport gets into the veins of young and old, and the attention of all is centered upon the great American game. It seemed timely, therefore, to put our opening contribution in the hands of the sports department. Here is the result:

**GRADUATION, SORORITIES,
INELIGIBILITY, HIT
SPENCER HARD.**

*Coach Lee Has Few Veterans
Back from Last Year's
Champion Court
Squad.*

When Captain Alfred Hamilton led his Spencer team through the opening workout in the Arboretum this fall, many familiar faces were missing. Gone were

most of the veteran linesmen and capable ball-carriers from last year's campaign—gone, some of them, entirely from the Hill; others merely transferred to other teams, like the Chi O's and the Pi Phi's; and still others simply retired from active participation. In the places of the Brysons, Malones, Curlees, Creusers, and others of glorious memory were rookies, unknown quantities with little real varsity experience. Small wonder that Coach Lee looks forward to a difficult season of rebuilding before a team worthy of the Spencer colors can be put on the field!

A few veterans remain, of course, as a nucleus around which to develop the squad. Captain Hamilton and Dred Scott in the line, and that promising triple threat, Tom Riddick, in the backfield, will see much service, while Herb Newcomb also looks ready for a regular job. Few witnesses will ever forget last season's epic struggle between Newcomb and George Moody, now graduated, for the regular halfback post. Jim Dawson and Ward Peetz, veterans of that justly famed Spencer line of last year, are back in school, but injuries received in summer training may keep them out of action for a time at least. In partial recompense for these injuries, there is a chance that Galloping Gil Oberfeld, whose heart trouble kept him closely anchored to the Pi Phi house last year, may again be ready for action.

But even with all these veterans back in the game, which is not a certainty by any means, Coach Lee still has many gaps to fill. Who can take over the posts of Wex Malone and Block Bryson, two of the most versatile ball-

carriers that ever dug their toes into the Arboretum turf? What rookie can fill the job of the fierce-tackling Bill Harris, now treacherously gone over to the Pi Phi's? Who can hold down the end of the great Co-ed Curlee, now that he's left Old Spencer to become the darling of the Chi O's, along with Tommy Badger? Coach Lee is going about her great task hopefully, but it cannot be denied that there is a crying need for more manpower over at Spencer.

How about the men that will supplant these departed greats? Some of them undoubtedly show great promise, and a few have already seen a little service on other fields. Archie (Uh-huh) Cannon, who prepped at Davidson and Valleyview—where he picked up the Bryson system of play—did some work on the Pi Phi squad last spring, and might fit in one of the gaps in the Spencer backfield quite acceptably. If his line can open up for him well, Cannon might be good for quite a bit of yardage this fall. The trouble with the rest of the candidates is that most of them are specialists. Tom Watkins can make passes with the best of them; Frank Plummer is a good roving full, who can become an offensive threat on occasions; Ashby Penn is dangerous in a broken field, with a good change of pace and a tricky knee and hip action. Of course the season is young yet, and practice may make something out of this wealth of raw material; therefore, let Spencer rooters not be discouraged, remembering what a sturdy line and what hard-plunging backs were developed out of even fewer prospects last year.



Jonah: This is too much! The whale's got halitosis!

Gullible's Trables

Joneth N. Sloe

Augustas Gullible was about to put out to sea. His father had already put him out of the house; (that makes two put-outs; one more put-out and it'll be our bat—but then, who wants a baseball bat?).

Sitting there on the "Doc." (who took his M.D. at Jale) idly picking his banjo and thinking of food, he spied a ten masted schooner (there were seven extra masts for the Hallowe'en party that night). Quickly he jerked his thumb in the direction of the South Seas, and was fortunate enough to be seen by the captain, who threw out the anchor. (We can't play on that, but perhaps

Gus. can, since he was out there—and if he can't, just you Gus who can.) Using the crawl Stroke, picked up when a baby, our hero (but you can have him) ankeled it out to the barge, and climbed aboard.

"What ho?" cried the captain.

"Oh, any of them," retorted Gus gaily. "And what might be your destination?"

"Virgin Islands," he replied.

"Oh well, then, heave ho' and let's be off, fool." (Do you get it?—I think Gus did.)

For forty days and forty nights they sailed the broad Atlantic. (But maybe you know that one.) Anyway, they were way out to sea, far past the twelve mile limit, when the first mate said to Gus what the Gov-

ernor of North Carolina said to the South Carolina Governor; so they decided it was too long a time and took on another hefty slug.

"By the way," said the first mate, "Whowas that Albatross I seen you with last night?"

"Heh, heh, that wasn't no Albatross, that was a sea-goil," responded Gus.

The crew was composed of hardy men. Yes, hardy could they get one drink down before they shouted for another one. Y'see, they were Carolina Buccaneers.

One day while cruising through the billows, (by the way, have you got a little billow on your bed?—but then you are lucky to have a bed in these hard

times. Yet, Hoover still wears nice ties.—Well, collar round sometime. Any time—(we won't be there) which were very high—they had stoped by a sand bar on the way, and were beering down upon us (heh, heh). A storm came up (you see the billows weren't feeling so well by then). The winds blew and the waves beat time (poor time). On the second chorus the sea-lions hollered (and that was a roar) and they played Tiger Rag to a nub. Yes sir, they certainly went to town on that (Gus wanted to go, to town too, but a Chi Psi on board told him that the place had been raided). There he was, clinging to a piece of drift wood (yes, the ship had wrecked) naked except for a pair of trunks (y'see, he used to be a red cap in the Grand Central; or was it a red tie?) and a pair of Dutch shoes. (Wooden shoe hate to have been in his fix?) All of a sudden he saw a big finn (or was it a Checkoslovakian?), coming through the water. But it turned out to be only a Shark.

Said the Shark, "How's for a game of pinochle?"

"Thank you, no; I don't know the game," swaggered Gus right back at him, "but go talk to the Cod-fish—he may give you a game."

On the second day a whale came along.

"Well, what are you blubbering about," asked Gus sympathetically.

"Eskimo no questions, I'll tell you no lies," murmured the whale, "Incidentally, you look like a Jonah to me."

"No, I ain't; I'm Gus," retorted our hero with a smirk. "But if you don't get away, I'm Jonah get you—now *scram!*"

About the fifth day (or maybe it was the sixth), he spied an island in the distance. Slowly wending his way over, Gus couldn't help but wonder what new experiences land held in store for him.

As he set foot on *terra firma*, he saw a few yards away a new Gnu (yes, it was a baby Gnu; but then I wonder how Gus



No wonder these new hats stir man's animal instinct.

knew? Too, I wonder if the new Gnu knew he was a new Gnu? Oh, we could keep this up for days, but we knew you wouldn't like it.—) Just then a huge black man loomed up in the distance. Gus spun around and began to weave toward him. And that's knit all—the black man began shouting, "Woof! woof!"

"Where am I," hollered Gus?

"Number 97 of the Thousand Islands," responded the native.

"Well," said Gus, "if you're not dressing, lettuce go get something to eat." So they salad forth.

They were strolling along the beach (dam her!) when December (for that was the black-guard's name) cried that something was biting his toe.

"Well," frothed Gus, "don't crab about it. By the way, what's the name of this island?"

"Boojum-boojum," answered December. "Y'see, we liked it so well we named it twice."

"What's your business," in-

quired Gus glibly?

"Oh, I'm a cannibal."

"I see," returned Gus, "you're the big shot around here."

Soon the pair approached the village. Suddenly, they were surrounded by hundreds of natives, all chanting a queer melody.

"What's the name of that song they're singing," asked Gus.

"That's our theme song," replied December. "It's called *I'm Gonna Eat You, I'm Gonna Eat You*. You see, we plan to cook you with corn and beans."

"Oh shucks," cried Gus, "what have I bean doing now?"

So young Gullible was dragged away to the outdoor kitchen of the Cannibal Cafeteria.

"This burns me up," cried Gus in an angry mood.

How does Gus escape the cruel fangs of these bloodthirsty cannibals? Do you know?—Well, neither do we, but we'll probably have it doped out by next month.

Rabid Poetry or Just a Bit of Verse

THE 10:30 BELL

I love you so much darling—
Tell me that you love me.
"I do," she said, "an awful lot
—But what time can it be?"



NAIVE

I've never sailed the briny deep
I've never climbed the mountain steep
I've never tasted gin or rum
There's lots of things I've never done.
I've never even kissed a boy.
I know not love's ecstatic joy.
The only hand that makes me jump
Is one that's worth a six no-trump!

STRICTLY KOSHER

Have you ever had a date
With a girl you'd want to mate?
And you slowly breathed forth passion
In the very best of fashion
And with success at last in view
Have her turn and look at you
With this phrase upon her lips,
"But I'm engaged to Lieberwitzt!"



EVOLUTION

My mother often used to fret
Because I'd smoke a cigarette,
But now she's tickled if no gin
Is on my breath when I come in.



To the women's determination
The men should always trust
For now they're all determined
To show their legs or bust!

BRIDGEWORK

When you take out to tea and dance
And flatter me with ev'ry glance,
Should I encourage you by chance

You'd linger at my side.
But tho' your ways should me entrance,

Excuse me if I look askance
'Cause in connection with romance,

Gold teeth I can't abide.



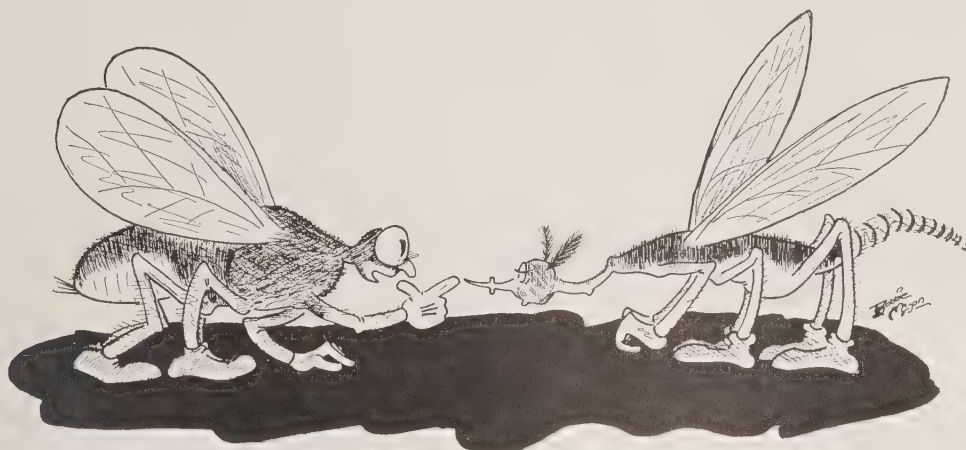
Re: You're not sitting by me
at the football game, are you?

Peat: No, I'm not.

Re: Fine, now I'll enjoy it in
peace and quiet.



Now der, Sambo, consider mah adam's apple!



Mister Fly to Misquito: Flit is a horrible word.

A certain freshy from Podunky
Rode into town on a donkey.

He rode the old nag
Till her legs did sag,
Then all of a sudden — ker-
plunky!

BE A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT

Any intelligent person may earn money corresponding for newspapers; all or spare time; experience unnecessary; no canvassing; send for free booklet; tells how. Heacock, Room 630, Dun Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Freshman Without the Go

By Pete Ivey

(Apologies to Edwin Markham)

Bowed by the weight of knowl-
edge, he slouches in his desk,
And gazes into space, the empti-
ness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of
trigonometry.

Who made him dead to interest
and attentiveness,

A thing that cares not and never
learns,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to
the ox?

Who has caused his stupid and
vacant stare?

Whose was the hand that
squelched his ambition?

Whose breath blew out the light
within his brain?

Students and Faculty of this
great school,

How will the future reckon with
this ignorant fool?

How answer his frantic ques-
tions in that dark hour

When whirlwinds of examina-
tions shall shake the Univer-
sity?

What will he think of his past
deeds?

Of his report that records his
imbecility?

Will this dumb Freshman decide
to study

After the silence of a semester?



Why is a lawyer like a Boy
Scout?

Because he tries to do at least
one good deed every day.



Picture of a freshman getting mail from home.

While traveling in Mexico the past summer an American was discussing matters of lesser importance with a native. Said the American, "I'm going to go on down to Tia Juana a little later in the summer." The native horrified said, "You don't pronounce it that way, but you pronounce your J's as H's down here." The conversation continued and the native asked, "When do you intend going to Tia Juana?" Said the American, "Oh, in hune or huly."



Words We don't Like to Hear:

This is going to do you lots of good.

We'll have a quiz tomorrow on the first twenty-five chapters.

Your announcer is—

Please drop in by my office.

—Dean



(Boy in art gallery) Gosh, I wonder if I can see Mary tonight!



Sophomore: That girl over there reminds me of Chase and Sanborne's coffee.

Junior: Howisthat?

Sophomore: Always dated.

Variations on an Old Gag

Good morning, *Judge*. I have a *True Confession* to make to you, which while it is not a *Snappy Story* or a *Western Story* is one of those *Stories of Action*—one of those *Amazing Stories* to enter in your *Red Book*.

My *Life* has been one *Saturday Evening Post* after another, with plenty of *Ballyhoo* and *Punch*. I *Confess* I am not a *Success* as a *Country Gentleman*, but I am more *International* combined with *Cosmopolitan*—a *New Yorker*, if you like. *Good Housekeeping* has never been in my line, while as a *Woman's Home Companion* I have preferred my *Liberty*. I am of *Chain Store Age*, a man of *Business* and *Industrial Management*. *Science* and *Invention*, with *Physical Culture* and *Psychology* have made me do what I have done. To make it a *Short Story*, I was guilty some *Time* ago of *Motor Boating* through *Asia* with *Harper's*, *Collier's* and *The Literary Digest*.

Better Place

"Mother," said a small girl, "what will we do with the lion's tails?"

"What lion's tails, dear?"

"Father wired me: 'I have just captured two lions. Details follow by mail'."—*Froth.*



Angry Guide: Why didn't you shoot at the tiger?

The Timid Hunter: He didn't have the right kind of expression on his face for a rug.—*Yale Bowl.*

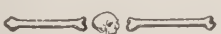


"I'm stork mad," said the father of fifteen children.—*Rice Owl.*



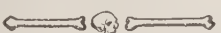
"How big is your tuba?"

"Tuba four." —*Froth.*



Customer: How's business?

Electric Vibrator Salesman: Pretty shaky, brother, pretty shaky.—*Voo Doo.*



"Boy, call me a taxi."

"All right, you're a taxi." —*Washington Dirge.*



And there was the flag-pole sitter who died and had to be brought down to half-mast.—*Puppet.*



"Whaffo you sharpenin' 'at razor?"

"Woman, they's a pair of gemmen's shoes unde' you bed. If they ain't no nig-gah in them shoes ah's goin' to shave."

—*The Siwasher.*

Voo Doo, October 7, 1931.



Yeah, the Cremo theme song is just a spittune.—*Voo Doo.*

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE



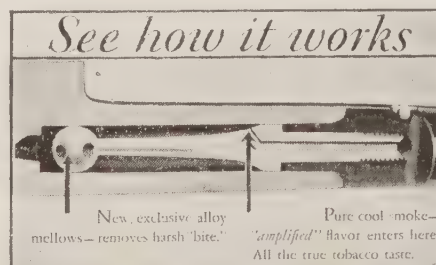
NEW

Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke...
no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth \$3.50, Thorn \$4.

(Above, No. 24, with the new Ambers mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)



And for cigarette smokers: *New Tobacco Yello holder*

© 1931, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City



1st. Whatcha use these scissors for?

2nd. Well for shear dumbness! For cutting classes, you little snip

A Meeting of the Editorial and Art Staff of The Buccaneer

(NOTE: This article is to show our public the relative ease with which material for the BUC-CANEER is secured. This article is fully protected by copyright and must not be quoted or reprinted, (not even the jokes), either as a whole or in part, except with the permission of the editor of the BUCCANEER.) Now you've been warned.

The meeting started very informally by someone asking where the editor was. Art Editor Mason stated, "He's in the Infirmary that's where the hell he is, and I'm gonna run this meeting." So typewriters, pens, paint brushes and canvases were put away for the time being.

The next wise crack of the Art Editor ran something like

this, "Whose got any ideas for a drawing". The answer from the crowd, and it was unanimous too, was A noise in the hall interrupted the very solemn occasion just then with a "Why don't somebody open this damn hall, whatdya think we are second story men?". To tell the truth the front doors of the Graham Memorial were locked, all three of 'em. Did that keep any loyal member of the divers staffs away? Well you can just bet it did.

Tiring of all the suggestions which weren't being made by his art staff the Art Editor started out on a fresh track, "Have any of you saps on the editorial staff an idea." Nobody admitted that. "Well, have any of you any original jokes?" And this broke the

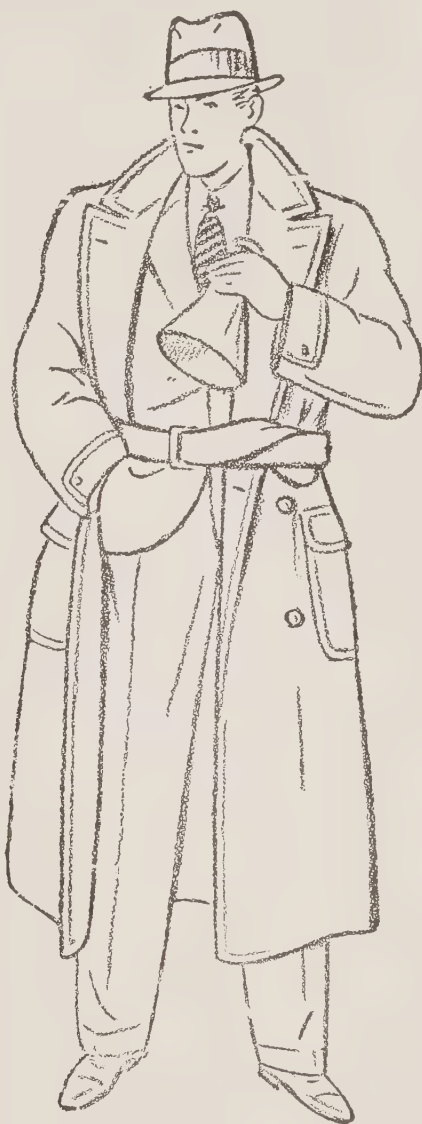
ice. Yes, sir, after 45 minutes of fruitless searching Bobby had found a ray of light. "All right what's yours?" This shot was at a humorous appearing frosh. Said the frosh in part, "This here is one that I made up and won a prize for: Tell a joke to a man and it goes in one ear and out the other. Tell a joke to a woman and it goes in both ears and out her mouth." This brought forth a certain amount of cheers and applause from the frosh who had told the joke. But art editor only chuckled. Some of us thought he had heard that joke before.

The A. E. was wonderful, he tried again. "Now do any of you have any original jokes to tell?" "Yes, here's one that I just made up," said a less humorous appearing member of the freshman class. "All right, let's hear it", said the Artist. "There was a lady rocking a cradle and said to a baby, 'Hush now and go to sleep the Sandman's coming.'" Baby: 'All right, and if you give me a dollar I won't tell paw.'" Bobby said he thought he had read that one somewhere, and as an afterthought he was heard to mutter, "Gawd I'm glad Pete's not here."

Then came the climax, an almost intelligent member of the editorial staff said, "Mr. Mason, did you ever hear the one about the fellow asking another one who that lady was he saw him with the other night. And the other fellow replied that it was no lady that was his wife." The freshman did say that we could run it with apologies to the *Ballyhoo*. It is my opinion that the powers that are will hardly run that joke.

Things had now drawn on for about four hours and some of the wits were becoming muddled. Artist Karl Sprinkle drawled in his own inimitable way, "Who wants to shoot craps?" He was taken up by a very interested member of the ed. staff, and so ended the meeting. I think there was only about 28 more pages in the BUCCANEER to be filled after the meeting.

SALTZ BROTHERS
Washington, D. C.



SALTZ BROTHERS
University of Virginia

A New Store for University Men Comes to Chapel Hill

Saltz Brothers, who operate shops at Washington, D. C. and University of Virginia, opened this Fall at Chapel Hill the finest shop in the South for University men.

The finest quality offered will be carried at prices that are surprisingly modest.

We really cannot say enough in praise of the Polo Coat featured above.

For here is a topcoat as intensely smart as it is practical—long and gracefully draped—loosely comfortable—double breasted and full belted. Designed and tailored by Langrock—New Haven.

SALTZ BROTHERS

Carolina Shop

161 Franklin St.

Intimate Letters of a Freshman

(A study in Hypocrisy)

Upsoloosa Institute
Monday Night

Dear Mother and Dad,

I arrived safely at college last Tuesday. Don't worry about my not passing my subjects as you were when I left, as it is very quiet here and I can put all of my time on studies. My roommate is very studious too, so we have agreed to lock our door and keep any one away who might interfere with our studying. My schedule is classes in the morning, studying in the afternoon, and to bed at 9:00 as you advised. I am wearing my overshoes every day. I have also had to spend more money than I expected as I bought several more books that might help me in my work. I would appreciate a check as soon as possible.

Your Loving son,
William

Upsoloosa Institute
Monday Night

Dear Bob,

I arrived at this hole last Tuesday and have had one hell of a time. The first four nights that I got here I was drunk as hell and I have not been to any of my classes yet. My roommate is a sot but he does know some swell dames in the next town that I think will prove interesting before the year is over. There is one little babe there that I think I can make before long and she has a swell friend that I think would go in for a big way with you. Come on up the next chance you get and do not wait for a weekend as we never study up here. Well, I must close as I haven't been to bed for hours.

Yours for a little sleep,
Bill

Upsoloosa Institute
Monday Night

Dear Lou,

Honey, I am sorry that I have not written before this but I have been so busy that I have not had time to breathe. I am going out for the track team like you suggested so that I would not drink any and I certainly have run around this past week. I think that the coach must think that I am an automobile the way that he makes me run.

No, I have not seen a girl since I left you because I really do not care to in the first place and in the second there is not a girl within a hundred miles. Please write to me soon as I am dying to hear from you.

Your,
Bill

Upsoloosa Institute
Monday Night

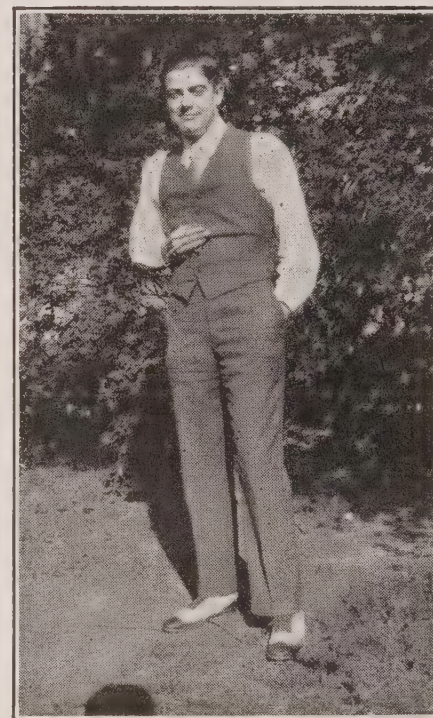
Mr. B. L. Smith
Hankers High School
Hankers, Texas

Dear Sir:

In regard to your letter asking me how I was doing in my studies and requesting that I keep up the standards of H. H. S. will say that I am devoting a great deal of time to my work and if I continue I am certain to make Phi Beta Kappa. If I do not make the grades it will be due to the vagueness on the part of the instructors or to the poor text books I am sure.

Hoping that you are in perfect health, I am,

Sincerely,
William K. Lathrop



The Worst Pun of the Month
(See page seven)

He doesn't walk ten blocks a day and yet he hasn't Athlete's Foot! (Ed. Note: Must be a wooden leg).

Flora: What is that cute little compartment for in the back of those Baby Austins?

Dora: To keep the baby's milk bottle in, of course.

"What do you think of our school spirit?"

"Oh, it's worse on the end of your cigar."

Absent-minded Prof.: Who was that wife I saw you out with last night?

Second Ditto: She was no wife, she was a lady.

"What the dickens are you doing down there in the cellar?" demanded the rooster.

"Well, if it's any of your damn business," replied the hen frigidly, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."—*Life*.



"See that girl over there?"

"Yes."

"Her name is Via. She jilted me for another chap, so I went to her wedding and threw rice and old shoes at her."

"Did you hit her?"

"No, Viaduct."—*The Log*.



Clergyman: Are you aware that drink is your worst enemy?

Hobo: By faith, I am sure.

Clergyman: Why do you take it?

Hobo: Because the Bible tells me to love my enemies.—*Pitt Panther*.

ALL GOOD JOKES

Subsequent to this Issue
May be Heard in

The Book Exchange

We Sell Things Cheaper

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

Durham Ice Cream
Company
Inc.

"BLUE RIBBON"

Fast Frozen

ICE CREAM

DURHAM, N. C.

Made with Pure Cream

BLOCKS

PUNCH

Little Boy (to parson) : Please pray for my father's floating kidney.

Parson: But I can't pray for any one thing like that.

Little Boy: Well, you prayed for the loose livers the other day.

—*Annapolis Log*.

The Orange Printshop

Chapel Hill

Telephone 3781

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

Rules

Fraternity house rules:
No liquor allowed in rooms.
Do not throw bottles out of windows.
—*Purple Parrot.*

No Fair

Judge: "Remember, anything you say will be held against you."
Prisoner: "Greta Garbo."
—*Masquerader.*

Nit—What is the idea of the crowd at the church?

Wit—An ice man is confessing his sins.—*Battalion.*

It has been rumored that the reason old maids wear cotton gloves is because they don't have kids.—*Battalion.*

So Did We

Mistress: "Did you water the rubber plant?"

Dumb D.: "No, ma'am, I thought it was water-proof."—*Pointer.*

Force of Habit

First Inebriate: "Was the prohibition lecture impressive?"

Second Inebriate: "Yes, except that the lecturer absentmindedly tried to blow foam from his glass of water."
—*Lyre.*

A censor is a man who didn't take enough castor oil when he was a boy.
—*Battalion.*

A man and wife are often the life of the party, but not the same party.
—*Puppet.*

Do you know the Old Testament song:

All right come on, come on.
I'm dancing with tears in my eyes
Cause the boy in my arms isn't Jew.
—*Longhorn.*

Kit—Gee, but that date last night was fresh.

Kat—Why didn't you slap his face?
Kit—I did; and take my advice, never slap a guy when he's chewing tobacco.—*Battalion.*

Did you take part in this fight or were you just a witness?

Man with black eye—I was only an eye witness.—*Sun Dial.*

James: You're just in time to settle an argument, Jim. What is the proper dress for a man who follows the horses?

Jim: A white uniform, isn't it?
—*Rice Owl.*

A maid in the land of Aloha
Got caught in the coils of a boa;
Like arms the snake squeezed
And the maid, not displeased,
Cried, 'Go on and do it Samoa!'
—*Battalion.*

Whatever happened to the little girl in the cotton stockings?
Nothing.—*Burr.*

Help

Voice on police station telephone: "Officer, a burglar broke into the Old Maid's Home and they caught him. Could you send someone down to take him into custody?"

Cop: "Sure. Who's this calling, please?"

Voice (now with a Helen Morgan tear): "The burglar."
—*Michigan Aggievator.*

Irate guest phones down: Say, night clerk!

Clerk (snippy): What's on your mind, now?

Guest: Mind, hell, they're all over the bed.—*Phoenix.*

Might Help

"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts."—*Widow.*

The latest musical paradox: Paul Whiteman playing "I Ain't Got No Body."—*Punch Bowl.*

Huppindup: I'm going down to see the girls' events.

Gasseyal: You're crazy; this is a men's track meet.

First Guy: Me eye, look here, doesn't the program say broad jumps?

"Senior, why do you close your eyes when you take a drink?"

"To keep my mouth from watering and diluting it, Frosh."
—*Yellow Jacket.*

Reprisal

Pamela: Isn't Roger a naughty dog, mummy? He ate my dolly's slipper.

Mother: Yes, darling, he ought to be punished!

Pamela: I did punis' him. I went stwaight to the kennel an' dwank his milk.—*The Queenlander.*

Husband: Bridge! Bridge! Bridge! You'll die at a bridge table.

Wife: Well, bury me with simple honors.—*Longhorn.*

"Former faculty member receives award in physics"—If you ask us, we'd prefer just cash.—*Gargoyle.*

Bank Teller (cashing a Tech prof's check—handing him several old dollar bills): "Hope you are not afraid of microbes."

Prof.: "Nope; a microbe couldn't live on this salary."—*Yellow Jacket.*

"I liked Chesterfield right from the start"

"NO, I don't know a blessed thing about how cigarettes are made. But, of course, I do want them PURE. And I've heard that the blending is very important; I want *that* to be just right.

"Then the paper. I don't like to taste it. Or smell it when it's burning. I want that *pure* too.

"Another thing. I want to smoke whenever I feel like it—so I want my cigarettes MILD. But the main thing, of course, is TASTE. I don't care for over-sweetened cigarettes. I prefer them *just sweet enough*.

"Chesterfield seems to satisfy in every one of these ways. That's why I'd *rather* have a Chesterfield."



This pair of perfect shirts

SHOOT AN EAGLE!



Two points better than par

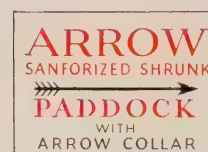
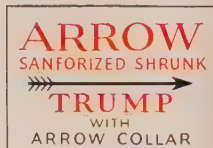
1. *both are* **ARROW SANFORIZED-SHRUNK**
2. *both are* **GUARANTEED for PERMANENT FIT**

WHETHER you are majoring in brassie shots or economics, you want a shirt that stays on the fairway . . . that keeps its style and fit and form in the face of tough wear and tougher away-from-home laundries.

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NEW! The world’s largest-selling shirt, *TRUMP*, is now made in stripes. Here’s something smart and new and different. Trump now comes in pin stripes in a large variety of smart colors and “repeats” on white. You’ll undoubtedly want some of these new Trumps in addition to the ones in white and over-all colors.

TRUMP
(white or colors or stripes) **\$1.95**



PADDOCK
(white or colors) **\$2.50**

ARROW Sanforized Shrunk SHIRTS

THE CAROLINA


FOOTBALL

BUCCANEER



KARL SPRINKLE

NUMBER

A color illustration of a young man with short, wavy brown hair, wearing a grey suit jacket, white shirt, and a dark tie. He is looking slightly to his left with a pleasant expression, holding a lit cigarette in his right hand. The cigarette has a white filter and a small amount of smoke is visible.

*“They keep tasting better
and better to me!”*

NO matter how many you smoke!
It's a fact. The last Chesterfield of the
day is just as mild and sweet—as cool and
comfortable—as the first. Every Chest-
erfield is like every other Chesterfield!

The tobaccos themselves give the
answer. Only mild, ripe, sweet tobaccos
—the smoothest and ripest grown—go
into Chesterfield.

And the paper—notice how fine and
white it is. It's the purest that money
can buy! Burns without taste or odor.

All this care—to make Chesterfields
taste better and milder. And they do!
The millions of Chesterfield smokers—
men and women both—say it in their
own way: “They Satisfy!”



THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX NOVEMBER, 1931 NUMBER 2

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Both them hula girls loved the same man,
so they pulled straws for him.—*Whirlwind*.



"Judge, dis niggah promised to take me
to Florida."

"Naw, I didn't, Judge, I only said I was
goin' to Tampa with her."—*Texas Ranger*.



Guide: Now we shall see the sarcophagus
of King Tut.

Bashful Old Maid: I'd better wait here.
—*Widow*.



"I don't mind washing dishes for you,"
wailed the henpecked husband. "I don't
object to sweeping, dusting, or mopping the
floors, but I ain't gonna run no ribbons
through my nightgown just to fool the
baby."
—*Oklahoma Whirlwind*.



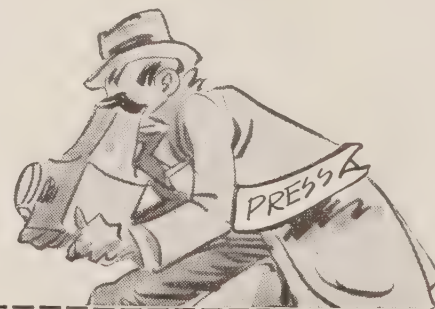
Football Season!

There have been other football seasons. You've sat in the autumn sun and cheered and groaned; you've felt the brightness of victory and the dullness of defeat.

But there's a side of the game you don't see from the stands. In THE DIARY OF A LINE SMASHER, for the first time, is pictured the real inside story of the pitiless training, the misunderstandings and the driving, smashing spirit which makes teams win. Dick Hyland's story will give you a fresh interest in football. It's in

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» » » A HEADLINER

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PLANTERS

SALTED PEANUTS

William: How did you break your leg?
Bill: I threw a cigarette in a man-hole,
and stepped on it. —*College Banter.*

Then there's the absent-minded co-ed who left off oatmeal because the advertisements said that cereals were good for growing children. —*Purple Parrot.*

PERSONAL

Phi Delt: Do you know that Phi Delta Theta maintains five homes for the feeble minded?

Frosh: I thought you had more chapters than that. —*Frivol.*

They were thrown out of the square dance because they were a couple of rounders. —*Juggler.*

Once: Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?

Twice: Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hand. —*Rice Owl.*

MOTHER JUICCE

Little Miss Muffet decided to rough it
In a cabin quite old and medieval,
A rounder espied her and plied her with
cider

And now she's the forest's prime evil.

—*Lyre.*

At a recent wedding one of the guests brought her young baby; it cried throughout the ceremony.

A: Wasn't it annoying the way the baby cried?

B: It was simply dreadful. When I get married my invitations will have on them, "No babies expected." —*Gargoyle.*

CAROLINA THEATRE

One of the Publix Kincey Theatres

November 23

JAMES DUNN

in

"Over the Hill"

November 24

GEORGE BANCROFT

in

"Rich Man's Folly"

November 25

ELISSA LANDI

in

"Yellow Ticket"

MID-NIGHT SHOW

November 25

JEAN HARLOW

in

"Platinum Blonde"

November 26

GARY COOPER

in

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KNOWN



JUSTLY
FAMOUS

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"I'll drive," says the wife as she climbed into the back seat. —Green Griffin.

Our idea of absentmindedness is the bride who walks home from a ride with her husband on their wedding night.

Drexerd.

Then there's the one about the Scotchman who was so tight he couldn't get home.

—Kitty Kat.

And a Chinese Laundry, Agnes, is no stronger than its weakest Chink.

—Rammer-Jammer.

"Who you shoving?"

"I dunno—what's your name?"

—Blue Gator.

Tom: How do they figure the population of a Swiss village?

Dick: Oh, I guess they count the number of echoes and divide by the number of mountains.

—Blue Gator.

"Geraldine, where is your doll?"

"Aw, Bill has the doll and I'm awarded five lollypops a week alimony."

—Punch Bowl.

"What's a hug?"

"Energy gone to waist." —Yellow Crab.

"I miss my bathtub this year."
"On the contrary, I think showers are much better."

"They're all right, but you can't make beer in a shower." —Lampoon.

"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said her husband, "but I really insist on respect."

—Drexerd.

It wasn't liquor that killed old Ben;
Nor women that stopped his breath—
'Twas an Austin somebody drove up his leg
And tickled old Ben to death.

—Rammer-Jammer.

It Is Really Funny

almost uncanny

How Beautifully Those Shirts and
Garments are Done at the Power
Laundry—

Remember We Are

Always at Your Service

Laundry Department

U. C. S. P.

Phone 4541

"I hear you divorced your wife."
"Yes, she slept between blankets and I didn't."
—Texas Ranger.



Teacher: William, what are the two genders?

William: Masculine and feminine. The feminines are divided into frigid and torrid, and masculines into temperate and in-temperate.
—Longhorn-Ranger.



He said that—
He had married her—
For love—
And everyone believed him—
Until—
She left her shade up—
And now everyone says—
It was her—
Money.
—Reserve Red Cat.



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UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

Having a warm date in an Austin is kinda like trying to play a trombone in a telephone booth.—Yellow Jacket.



The Scotchman, invited to a party, was asked to bring something. He brought his relatives.
—Beanpot.



They were alone at last, and he called her to him, but she timidly hung back. Then he went to her and led her to the place he had prepared, while she coyly resisted his caresses. Finally she could contain herself no longer and shyly nudged him with her dainty foot.

"Damn you, cow," he said, "if you turn over this milk I'll kill you."

"The fraternity feud at Tech is terrible."
"Yes, I know, I've eaten there."
—Blue Gator.



Mother (to precious infant): Johnny, go wash your face and neck.
Johnny: Neck who, mama?
—Illinois Siren.

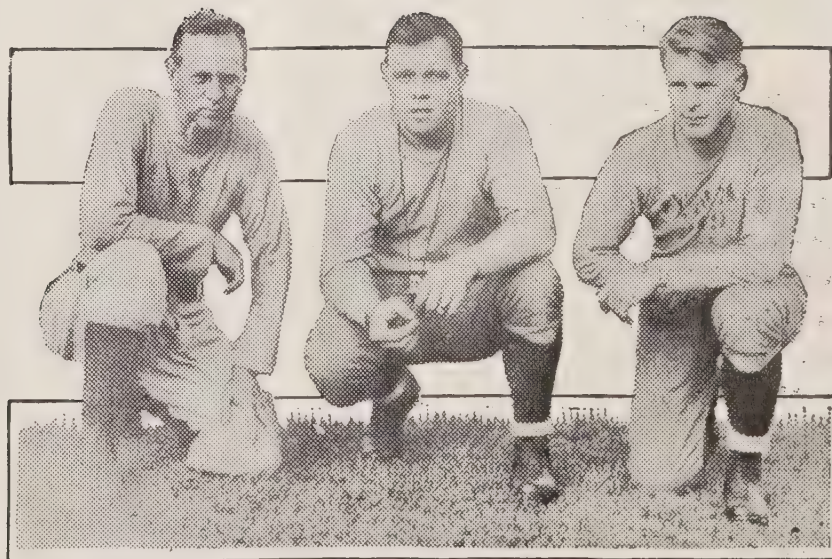


Doc: This wine, women, and song racket is killing you!
Soph: I'll never sing again as long as I live.
—Voo Doo.



Poetic Archeress: I shot an arrow into the air; it fell to earth——"
Irate voice: The hell it did you @xx
B**—!
Dirge.

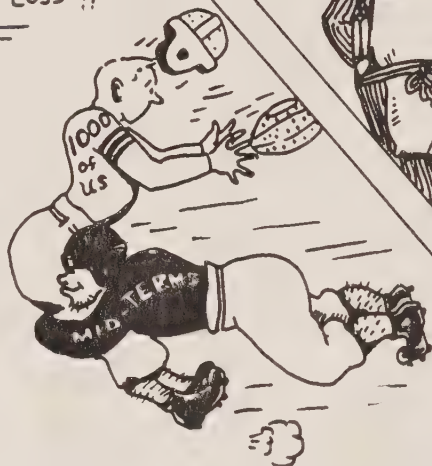
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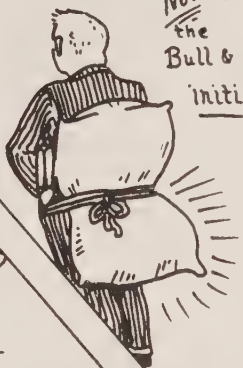
THREE NORTH CAROLINA VARSITY COACHES,
BOB FETZER (LEFT) CHUCK COLLINS, AL HOWARD

LOOK *Of the* MONTH

Tackled
for a
Loss //



Nov. 3rd
the
Bull & Sheik
initiation



Hey! What about
these tickets?

Carolina
Dry-Cleaners
go broke!



Anyway, this is
Better than
Spanish
under
Leavitt!



A Caroline Sophomore runs
away because he is
stunking Spanish
and is found hiding
under a bed
in New York
City //

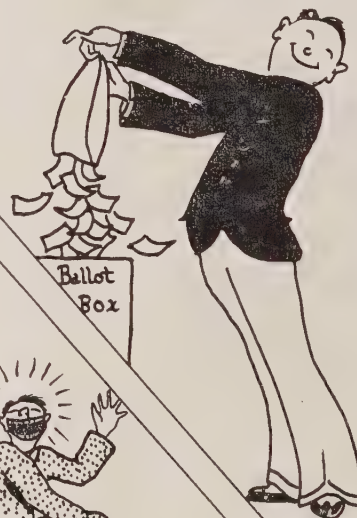


Oct. 30th - The "Beggars Opera"
moves a large audience!

Nov. 11th
President Graham
inaugurated



The Sophomores elect
their Dance Leaders!



Jack Dungan's picture appears
in College Humor!

Vass Shepherd

The Carolina BUCCANEER UNIVERSITY • NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. IX

NOVEMBER, 1931

NO. 2

On The Campus

Perhaps one of the best stories that has come to light this year is about the law class that was making an inspection trip of the penitentiary at Raleigh. It seems that they were wandering aimlessly down a corridor given over to delinquents of the female species when through the autumn air came the cry, "Hey, I know him. That's Ed Curlee! Hello, Ed."



One of the pledges at a well known house was queried as to the whereabouts of the much maligned Beta Theta Pi house. His answer was: "The Beta house is in the Sigma Chi's back yard"

Now there is a chance for some punster to say that the Betas always were backward.



They say that the first time Smokey Ferebee rode on a pullman he had an upper berth. The porter was helping Smokey into the berth when the train stopped and the porter had to go and help passengers off the train. When he came back his ladder was gone. After looking for several minutes the porter yelled through the car asking if anyone had seen his ladder. About that time Smokey looked out of the berth and said, "I haven't seen your ladder but you can use mine if you'll return it."

Two students who were strangers to each other met at a football game the other day and in the course of the conversation one of them happened to ask the other what fraternity he pledged. S. A. E. was the answer. That's funny was the reply so did I. (Note. This same story is told on the Theta Chis, K. As and the Zeta Psis).



By the time this issue of the BUCCANEER appear the fate of the freshman elections will be known. As usual the best man will be elected and as usual he will carry out the difficult business of the class with the greatest ease and alacrity.



Adrian Daniel of the Pi Kappa Phi breaks into print this month because it seems that he is not content with asking one Pi Beta Phi to come home with him for the week-end—he asks two. They both accepted. We thought he was a better engineer than that.



Shady Lane, local Sigma Nu and co-ed man, when asked if he was going with any Pi Phi's *blanched*.



The group of coeds this year seems to be more homely than usual—this seems to be substantiated by the fact that they have not had a single man on the roof of Spencer Hall as yet.

After a long conference on the part of university officials and much balloting the book shop in the Y. M. C. A. finally was given the name, "The Book Mart." If it had gone unnamed much longer we were going to suggest that it be, "The Illegitimate Book Shop."



A howl was raised by several students because Graham Memorial was used by the coeds as a dance hall. These same students it seems thought that they were having something taken from them—they were wrong in this respect—they just did not rate enough to receive a bid.



Charlie Woollen, the younger, tells this one: At the Carolina the other day the picture of the dirigible "Akron" was flashed on the screen with the announcement "You're now looking at the largest nose in the world." Walker and Newcombe who were just coming in at that time turned round simultaneously with, "Who the hell said that?"



The BUCCANEER is most happy to be able to print President Grahams head on the opposite page; we are sorry that we did not have room for the student body. (P.S.G.)

When the Old Gold is running low and you reach for a **Lucky** and can't find one, be nonchalant: borrow a fresh cigarette!

"Well, 18 holes again today," remarked the dentist to his assistant as he put away his drills.

"It's the old Army game," moaned the Navy coach as the Army eleven scored another touchdown.

"Time will tell," remarked busy, bustling, efficient executive as he waited on the postman.

"What's that Scotchman eating wrapped up in a blanket for?"

"He's trying to get out of the cover charge."

Shed a tear for James B. Gutch. Alas, he cut one class too much.

"The wurst is yet to come," grumbled the butcher as he checked over the packing-house invoice.

The new chimes should help to keep us awake on that 8:30 every morning.

Do you suffer with pink tooth brush? Get a red or a green one then.



Hey, 606, shoot some more of dem passes!

"Good.....They've got to be good!" remarked the warden as he fastened up the prisoners in cell 3628.



Have you ever read *The Four Horsemen*?

No, but I saw them play once.



"For crying out loud," explained the toy salesman as he handed the customer a rubber doll.



Rastus: Has yo got a clock to time me while I mows the lawn, Ma'am?

Housewife: If you don't do it any faster than you usually do a calendar is what you need.



Flapper Fanny thinks a safety man is a policeman.



Boy: But Mister, you can't arrest me. I come from one of the best families in North Carolina.

Cop: That's all right, Buddy, I'm not arresting you for breeding purposes.



Just a bit of farm relief!



Drunk: Migawd! She's hollow!



Captain of Industry: Ah, J. D. we are a success at last.
Ballyhoo burlesqued our last month's ad.

Teacher: Where is the Palace of Versailles located?
Pupil: I don't know.
Teacher: Well then, where is Notre Dame?
Pupil: In Indiana.

"It's a first down," sadly remarked the aviator as he cracked-up his ship.

Is that a football coach over there?
No, it's just the regular bus to Durham.

"One never knows," remarked the professor as he chalked up a zero against the only senior in the class.

"Hold that line!" shouted the ship captain as he threw a rope to the drowning sailor.

"Why would a Scotchman like to have a sense of humor?"

"It beats me."

"Because it's a gift."



Man on wing: I'll use my spring and fall ticket for today's game.

A girl doesn't have to look at the speedometer to tell just what her boy friend is driving at.

Many a serious accident is caused by the failure of the young driver to release his clutch.

Frankie Frosh Says:

The bear sleeps very warm
In his bear skin, I am told;
But when I sleep in my bare skin
I catch one h—— of a cold.

Customer: I'd like to see some shotguns.

Pawnbroker: How many daughters have you?

Fond Mother: No, go to sleep, Junior. The sandman's coming.

Junior: A dollar, Mom, and I won't tell Pop.



No, No, Willimena, this is a he-man's game!

We have a freshman who actually believes the Monogram Club is a stick used by Coach Collins to whip the squad into shape.

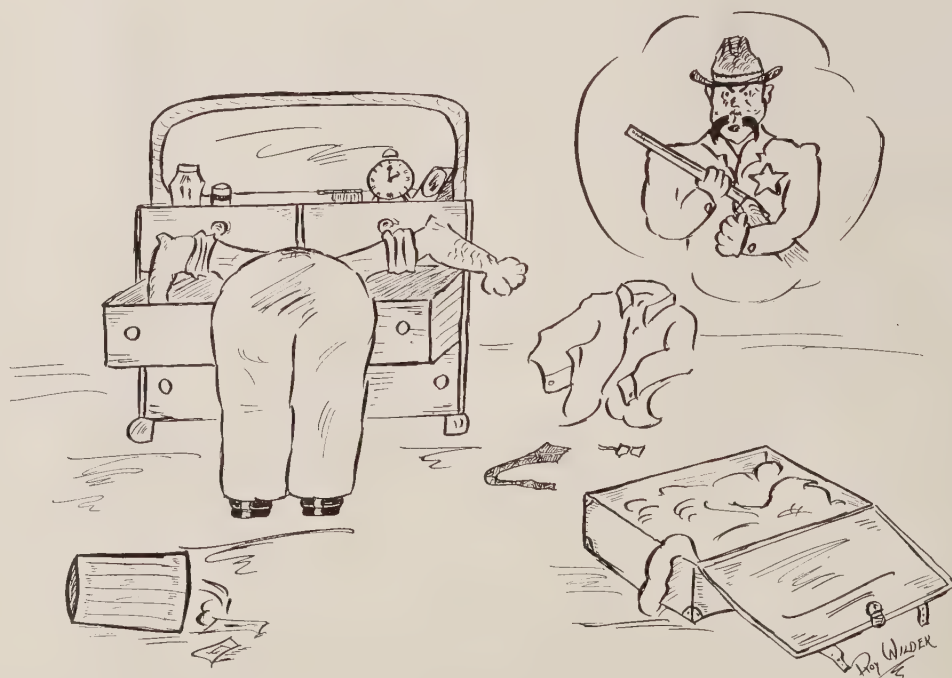
Mother (before visitor): Now Bobbie, what does your father say every morning when he sits down to breakfast?

Bobbie: Most of the time he says, "I hope to hell the boss is late this morning."

BROMO EXCELSIOR!

With what a throbbing heart
Last night I went to bed
I knew my darling loved me
His dear heart's cause he'd
pled.
But now I can't recall
A single thing he said,
This morning only brings a
thirst
And what a throbbing head.

And it is eminently suitable that this opening issue of the *Young Buck* close on that optimistic note. So far, the scandal mill has had but little opportunity to grind, the wine bricks have not fermented, and the boys and girls haven't settled down to their normal routine. By next month, of course . . . well, here's mud in your eye!



He (who has been in drawers) And she told me her old man would make me see stars.

Consolation for Fraternity Neophytes

Excerpts of a letter from "Agnes Squat" Freshman

"—and as soon as we got back soph week had broken on us. We had to wear cotton dresses without belts, paper underskirts that stuck out and one pair of stockings that stayed up and one pair loose, a towel pinned to the end of our skirts and trailing behind, boxes on our ankles and a stocking around our necks. Our faces had to have red all over our noses and eyebrows and lips were blacked and M. T. was written on our foreheads, and our hair had to be fixed in a spray on top. We had freshman caps of yellow with black letters. Each time we met a soph we had to get down on our knees and say, 'Oh, lordly leigh, this lousy, loose-legged, loon loyally lauds thee, Selah . . . They made me get their lessons, cuckoo the time, fall like rain, roar like thunder, sit on the spur of the moment, wriggle like a worm, grow like grass, sing songs in the bath room (I Need Thee Every Hour). The rest can't be repeated.'"



Vass Shepherd

Hey, officer, I'm trying not to break a law!

I hear that Bob got kicked out of the Chemistry lab.

Why?

He didn't know his acid from a base.

Was there enough Scotch in him to make him tight?

No, we were drinking home brew.

"What is so rare as a day in June—" asks the poet. We have it. It's a copy of today's *Tar Heel* after ten-thirty in the morning.

Instructor: Where is Longfellow's place in American poetry?

Freshman: On page 176, right after the chapter on Emerson.

"We'll have to switch to Camels for one day," remarked the guide as the Cook's Four party came to the desert.

"It's a triple pass" said the old alumnus as he walked past the stadium gatekeeper with his wife and daughter.

"I'll 'C' you later," said the professor as he gave the student an "I" on the course.

Freshmen, you need not worry. Listen to what one of our seniors pulled: It was on a business law class and the Prof. wanted to know how a Lincoln-head penny could be a curio. This senior said, "Why a person might want it because George Washington had it." 'S a fact.

Soph: Where have you been for a week back?

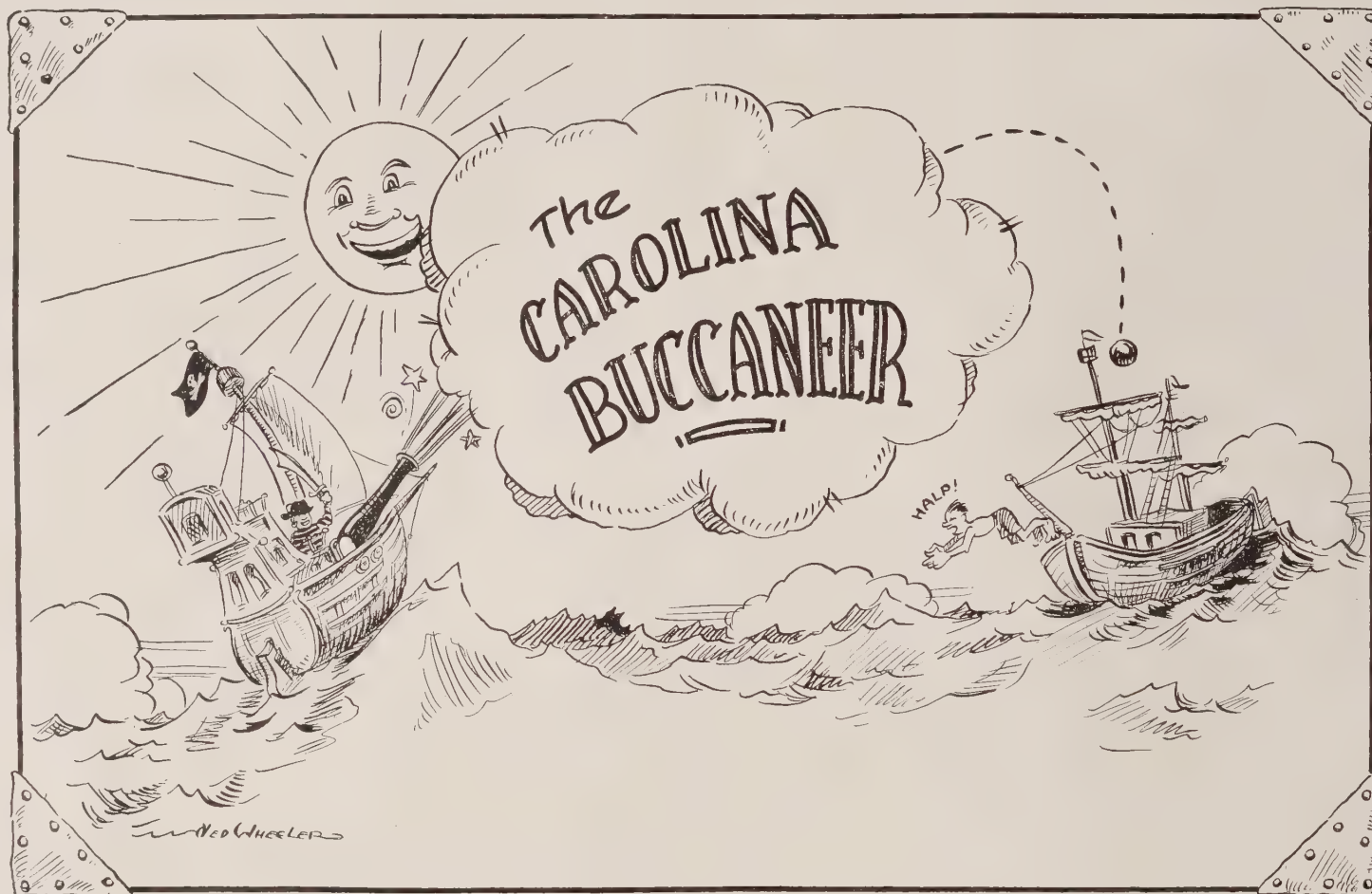
Frosh: To the doctor.

Soph: Wha' for?

Frosh: For a weak back.

Bobbie, aren't you glad you have a little baby brother?

No, I wanted a dog.



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Editorial

The gentle art of drinking dates back to biblical times. Among the ancients it was considered an art. Imagine a Roman or Grecian feast without the stimulating influence of the flowing bowl—you cannot do so anymore than one can visualize a game of modern football without the attendant effects of North Carolina's most productive non-taxable enterprise, the sale and apparently coincident consumption of its far famed corn whiskey.

No less a personage than George Bernard Shaw says that brandies produce the melodrama, light wines produce the poetry, and coffee produces the average curates sermon. Now the average curate's sermon is worthy of its place. Its rendition and reception on Sunday mornings is a thing of benefice to the best of us, but after all, there are six other days in the week including a long week-end, during which we must still carry on.

From the standpoint of amusement, our problem is what to do on this week-end and how to pass the time in a manner that, if not uplifting, is not degrading in its aspects. No matter what the answer be, whether the Boy Scouts urge a campfire party with a copy of James Fennimore Cooper for entertainment, or the Y. W. C. A. suggests a harmless game of charades, the fact remains that the prevalent diversification of this generation is drinking, with its attendant outlets of football, dancing, and the numerous other cavortings designed to give the younger generation, as well as many of the older heads, a taste of life.

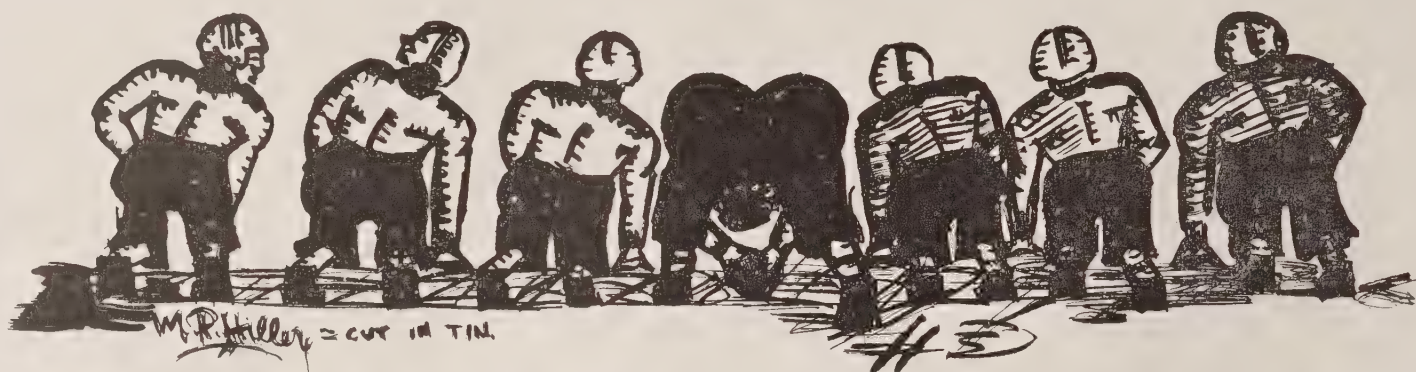
It is a significant fact that righteousness cannot be legislated. The average American takes his drink for granted, and never inquires as to its source unless the whisky in question is mellowed far beyond the general run. Who drinks? Everyone. Who has a genuine respect for the Eighteenth Amendment? You answer this one for yourself. We observe it upheld in the Courts of Law and afterwards see the judge sipping his cocktail or downing his old-fashioned drink of straight whisky.

The lamentable attendant condition of the day is that the modern generation, considered in its broader aspects, has not yet acquired the gentle art of drinking. But where are the older heads of the family? Just as anyone may guess, they have retired to the back room to enjoy pleasant conversations under the mellowing influences of the ever present *spiritus frumenti*. But the younger generations cannot openly defy the law, not within the confines of a law adding family, and instead we find them parked along the roadside, taking a swig from a flask or a slug from the now prevalent fruitjar.

Is such upbringing conducive to clean living, intelligent training or an insight into that gentle art of well modulated drinking? Why certainly not. Take notice of the man who always keeps a well stocked cellar, one to whom whisky is no novelty, and you find a man who is temperate—one who truly enjoys a drink and not a drunk. Then observe the man who rushes frantically to the bootlegger on Friday or Saturday to get a holf or perhaps a gallon. He drinks an unaged and raw liquor that is a disgrace to even a sink, much less the human stomach. What is the result? He drinks until his liquor is consumed, only to awaken the next morning with benumbed senses and a head the size of a drum.

Which is the better common sense, to face the issue as we do our other interests in life, or try to fool even ourselves. America must necessarily pass through this period of transition, but when the time arrives that our younger generation is as accustomed to the sight of good whisky on the sideboard as coffee on the table, then we will have achieved an advancement that will bring us to a more sane, a more healthful, and a more wholesome type of existence.

What!! you say that you don't drink at all? Well, neither do we, but if non-smoking women may advertise Chesterfield Cigarettes, then the BUCCANEER should be allowed to get this out of its system.



"One will always stand out."



Artist (to landlady) "You call it madness but I call it love."



By Seamus McQueen

Just to keep everything in due parliamentary procedure, let us start off with any unfinished business left over from last meeting. Last meeting as you know, was devoted to a discussion of the prospects for a good team at dear old Spencer this year. It is now my pleasure to record, as a follow-up to the original story, that the varsity has been materially strengthened by the promotion of Messrs. Jack Holmes and Hinky Price to first string ranking.

* * *

Since the *Daily Tar Heel* insists on perverting its legitimate functions as an advertising circular and publisher of disgruntled Letters to the Editor, and focusses the malodorous wit of its staff of semi-literates every so often upon the tender subject of our own BUCCANEER, it was decided at one of our conclaves recently that reprisals were in order. Your correspondent was instructed to grope into the murky past of Chief Heel Dungan and get materials for a human interest story that would teach all petty scribblers that the BUCCANEER is not lightly to be scoffed at. Though I hated to besmirch my lily hands on such a task, a McQueen is nothing if not dauntless, and so I waded through oceans of putrefaction and slime, trying to find something that would get by the censors. My efforts were unavailing; The career of Dungan is the sort of thing one whispers about in dark corners, the sort of thing one hears of in vile resorts and leers at in one's lewder

moments; it is certainly not what one writes about in a Family Magazine. So he goes unscathed in this issue, but with this solemn warning: If the BUCCANEER is not treated with more respect henceforth, I shall write his biography, have it printed on suitable paper—and you know what *that* means!—and put it on sale at the Intimate Bookshop!

* * *

Speaking of stories that ought not be printed, and things like that, our eminent campus litterateur James Dawson would be more constructive in his delving into psychopathia sexualis if he realized how much some of our more innocent co-eds consider the artist's work as a mirror of the character of the man. For instance, a few days after Jimmie's story "Nine Minutes" appears in the *Carolina Magazine* he asked a Pi Phi pledge to go to the Grail with him. The young lady was quite flustered, and took the matter up with her sisters, to find if a man who wrote like that would be quite safe. I am glad to report that after lengthy consideration, James was passed on by the governing board as a date not dangerous to the ideals and standards of Pi Beta Phi.

* * *

You've all heard the story about the embarrassed young man who had just been introduced to General Pershing, and to make conversation asked the General if he'd been in the war, and what side he'd fought on.

Pershing must have felt somewhat as our own Johnny Branch did the other day when Charlotte Miles asked him if he'd been in school last year. Don't some people *ever* read the papers?

* * *

Serious thinkers about the campus will be interested to know that Joe Fox dropped in the other day, en route to California, where he expects to write scenarios or something. Joe was long a feature of interest around the Hill, and as Billy Blair once remarked, "The mere mention of that guy's name brings back a lot of good hiccups."

* * *

The purpose of this column being to mingle the useful with the entertaining, may I now introduce you to a concoction you might find serviceable. It's called The Green-Eyed Monster, and the very name thus warmed the cockles of my Celtic heart. Then after I tasted it I felt even more enthusiastic. As I understand, it was developed after considerable scholarly research over at the Graduate Club last year. You take three parts of gin, two parts of Lime Cup—if you can't get that, straight lime juice mixed with sweetening syrup is OK — one part of creme de menthe, and plenty of ice. Shake like the dickens for a while, and then serve in green goblets. The mixture has plenty of power, yet can be successfully introduced into even the demurest of gatherings, so innocent does it appear.



The trouble wid youse guys is, Youse Yellow! Plain yellow!

He: I'm a great explorer.
She: Don't you ever take a vacation?



He sang: "I love you truly" as his hands went along the arms.

As they slid up the legs "in all those endearing young charms."

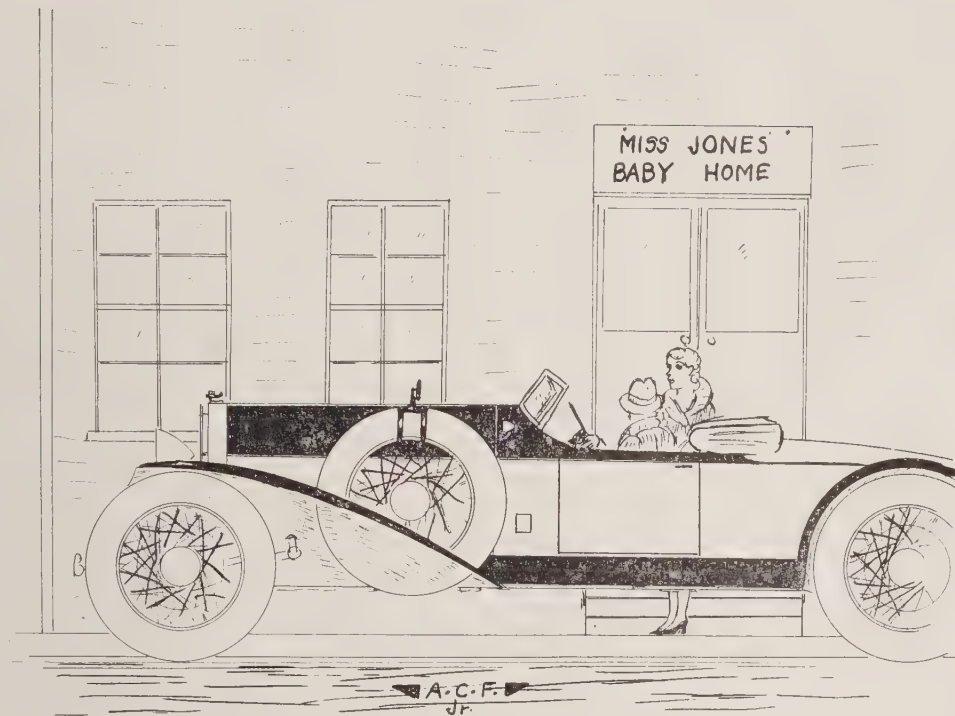
He burst into "go feather your nest"

And made two rubs across the chest.

Such a life we all sure hate
(Polishing furniture when we have a date.)



We hear that a young man of Jewish extraction recently went into a local grocery store and asked for a package of animal crackers with all of the pigs taken out.



He: But I thought you said you worked at the Naval observatory.

Suppressed Stories

In accord with our promise of last issue, certain anecdotes have been deleted from our sermon this month. Bribery, delicacy, censorship, and kindly consideration—oh, I'm just lousy with kindly consideration! — were among the reasons that the following did not see print:

Jinny Wilder, the five-and-ten, and the skirt, in Columbia, S. C.

Dr. Mangum and his sure test for diabetes. Ask the Med. School.

Ed Curlee and his pal among the Raleigh delinquents.

Well, I have to study now. See you later folks.



Advertisement from Reading (Mass.) *Chronicle*: Wanted: Small apartment by couple with no children until May 1.



He: Who is this fellow Canby?

She: I dunno, why?

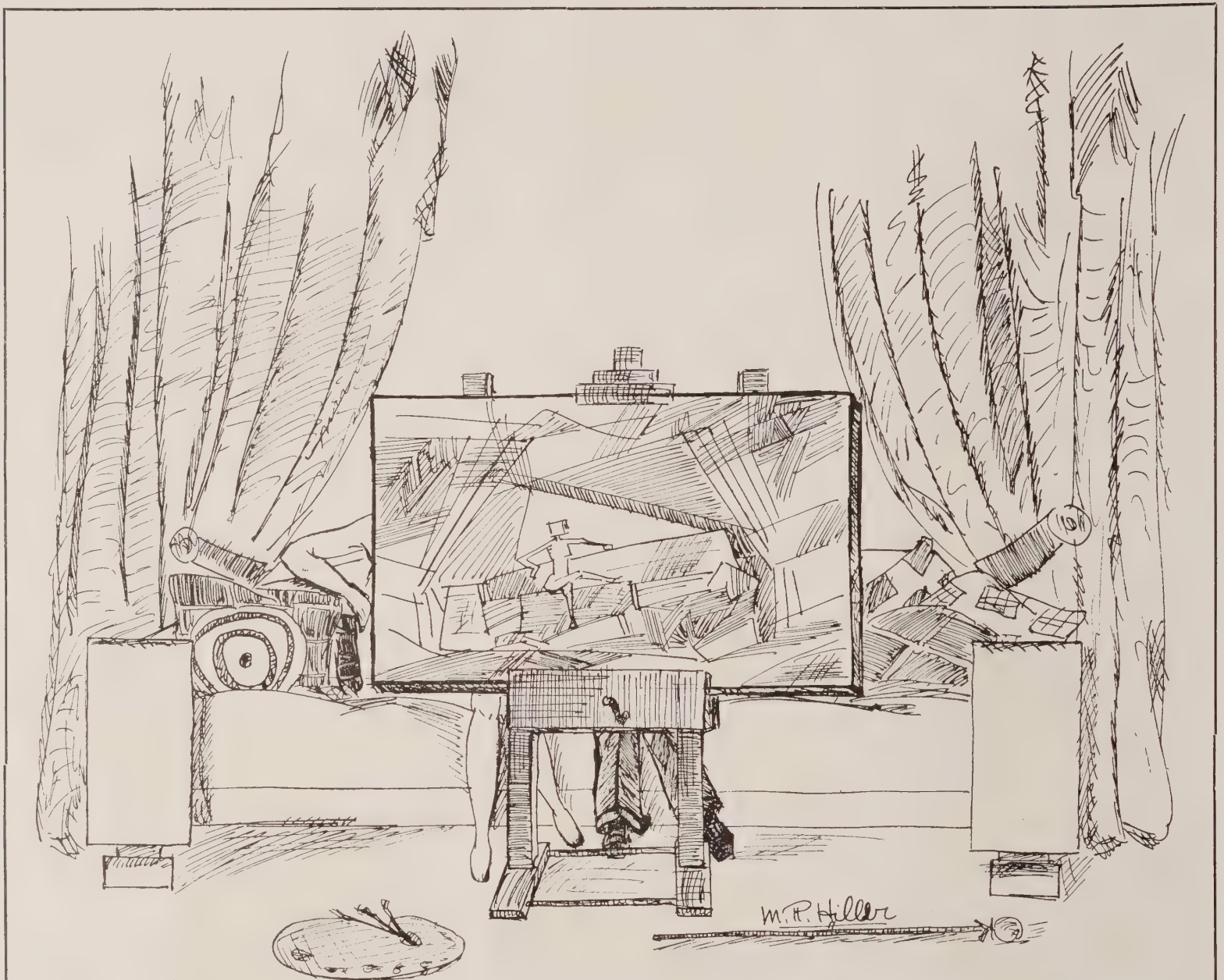
He: Well, all the girls tell me that I am as cute as Canby.



He: Come on kiss me, honey.

She: Naw, I've got scruples.

He: That's all right, I've had em twice.



He was just a cubist artist: But he knew his way round.

A FEW EPITAPHS

(On a Lawyer's Tombstone)

Here he lies
As he always did.

Here lies the body of Samuel
Proctor
He lived and died without a
doctor.

(To a Dentist)

Stranger approach this ground
with gravity
Dr. Brown is filling his last
cavity.

Here lies the body of Solomon
Pease

Under the grass and under the
trees
Pease is not here—only the pod
Pease shelled out and gone to
God.

(A Man Named Box)

Here lies one box within another
The one of wood
Was very good,
We can't say much for the
other.

*(To the Little Boy Who Died
from Swallowing the Mercury
in a Thermometer)*

Tw as a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down.

Oh yes, and have you heard
the one about the freshman that
thought the Dekes were officers
in a church.



Frosh (to senior co-ed): Give me
a date sometime, will you?

Co-ed: I'd like to, but I can't go
with a baby.

Frosh: Oh, beg pardon. I didn't
know about it. —Orange Peel.



"I know," said the little violet, "the
stalk brought me." —Siren.

I DON'T

1.
My mother tells me not to
drink—

I don't
My mother tells me not to
smoke—

I don't
My mother tells me not to chew,
or run around wih boys that
do—

I don't
2.
My mother tells me not to
dance—
I don't

My mother tells me not to sing—
I don't

My mother tells me not to curse,
or lend out money from my
purse—

I don't
3.

My mother tells me not to ride—
I don't

My mother tells me not to date—
I don't

My mother says to kiss no one;
you wouldn't think I have
much fun—
I don't

LIFE OF AN ARTIST

Night draws on.
Artist draws model to studio.
Model draws off clothes.
Artist draws model.
Model draws artist.
Artist draws sign.
Model draws conclusions.
Artist draws model aside.
Model draws line.
Artist draws out checkbook.
Model draws pay. —Octopus.

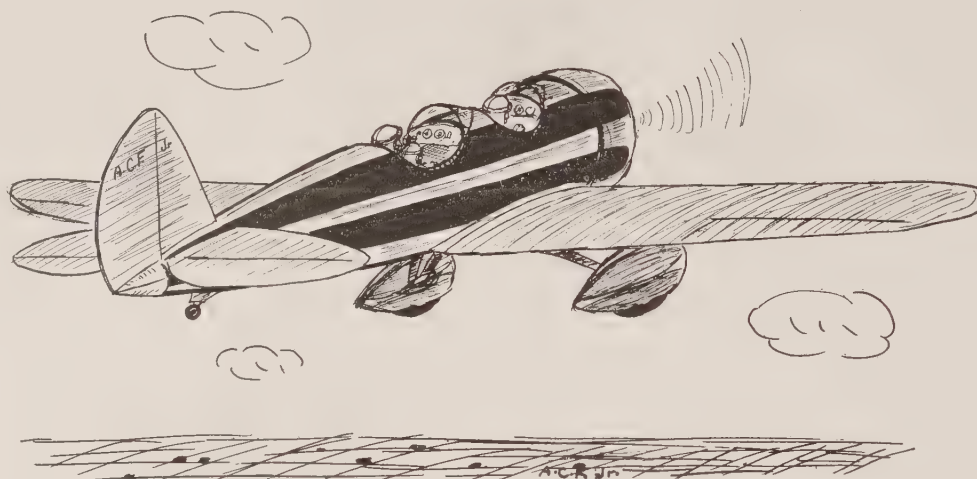


No, Aloysius, the fact that a girl
runs around a lot doesn't necessarily
mean that she's chaste.

—Purple Parrot.



This Month's worst pun: Let this suffice for the nonce.



John, dear, please land, baby wants to take a walk.

HOW TO PLAY FOOTBALL

(By Pete Ivey)

It is generally known that dear old U. of Siwash has the best team this year that we have had since Peter the Great kicked off. Taking it for granted that no one knows much about football, I will try to explain the game to you. The first essential in football is feet. Everyone must have Athletes' foot to be eligible. Eleven of the ugliest boys in school constitute the team; you have to be ugly to even try. I went out for a team once, but I had an advantage on the rest of the boys so they wouldn't allow me to play.

The football field is one hundred yards long—as the crow flies, and about five hundred yards long the way some of our Siwash boys run. There are two goal posts at the ends of the field. The goal posts are usually two strips of wood with another thrown across. The one across the middle is there so that birds may roost there and watch the game at the same time. They call them the goal posts because it is so much like the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow; both are so hard to reach.

Now, when they start to play both teams line up at each end of the field. Then team A takes the Barbecue bag, pigskin, football or whatever you are of a mind to call it, and blows it all up with air—just like me. Then

they kick it to the other team (team B). Team B tries to bring the ball to the other end of the field and put the ball behind team A's goal. But they don't always do this, because what team A is supposed to do is find out who has the ball, throw him down, get a hammer-lock, toe-hold, and a jiu-jitsu on him all at the same time. If he has a free foot he can kick him in the stomach. The runner seldom lasts after a few throw-downs. If he does survive he gets up and tries again.

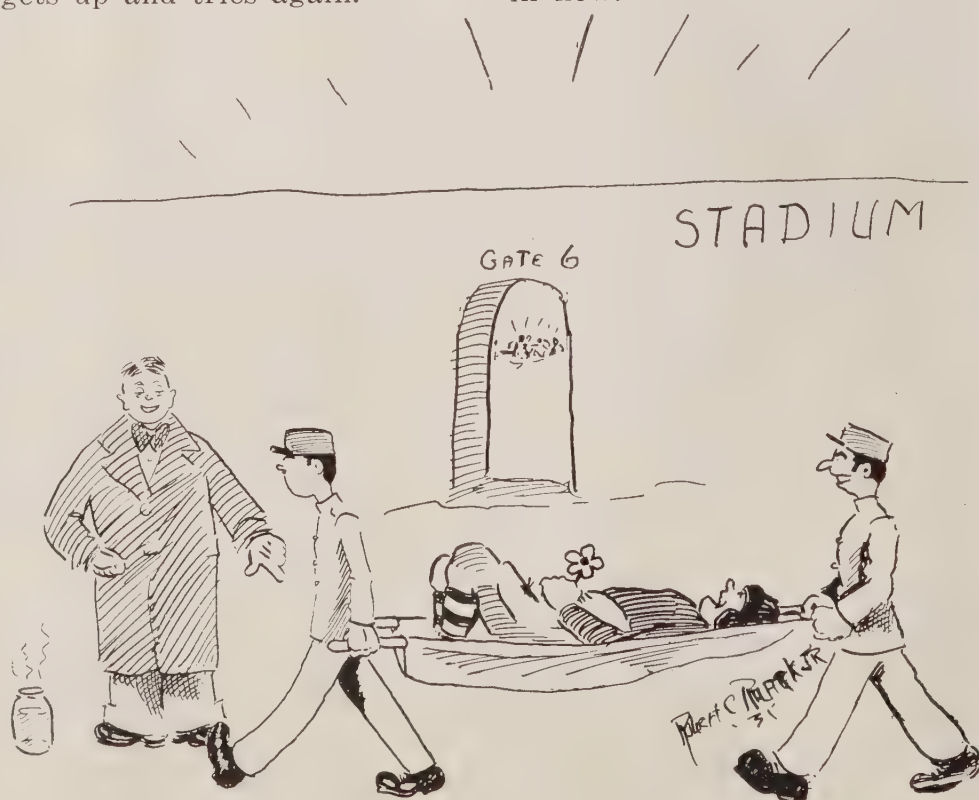
The team that has the most casualties at the end of the game wins. A broken arm counts six points; an extra point may be added by dislocating a finger. A broken jaw bone counts fourteen points, and if a man fractures his skull that will practically win the game for you.

I remember when Siwash was playing Podunk college. A Podunk player fractured his skull about five minutes before the final whistle blew. We thought we were lost, but we had a pretty heady quarterback that year, so he called for a huddle. When the huddle finally broke, six of the left end's ribs were cracked. Siwash was saved once more.

This game has penalties as any other game does. No one can carry a sledge-hammer but the fullback. It is a six-inch penalty to blow your nose on your opponent's jersey.

This year Siwash has a Scotch center so the line will not give.

Siwash may have a successful season if the players keep in the wrecked condition that they are in now.



Drunk: This must be the end of the first quarterback.

A Mormon is a man with an exaggerated idea of his capacity. —Dirge.



TELEGRAMS—A PAIR

"Twins arrived and doing fine. More later.—Dora."

"Cancel that last order. Two's enough.—John." —Longhorn.



A policeman brought in a negro woman. The desk sergeant scowled and roared at her.

"Liza, you've been brought in for intoxication."

"Dat's fine," beamed Liza. "Boy, you can start right now." —V. P. I. Skipper.



Mother (visiting son's room at college): But, Son, what are all these empty bottles doing in this drawer?

Quick-minded Student: Well, you see, Mother, I'm doing a little junk business on the side to make a little money.

—Carolinian.



"Pa," said little Peter, "what becomes of a football player when his eyesight begins to fail?"

"They make a referee out of him," growled his dad. —Kitty Kat.



First Student: You nit-wit, you can't date that girl. Why, she's as beautiful as a poem.

Second Sleeper: Poems are made by fools like me. —Bison.



City Girl: And I suppose at dusk, when the sun is stealing over the Rockies in purple splendor, you cowboys are huddled around the campfire broiling venison and listening to the weird, eerie, unnatural howling of the coyotes.

Rattlesnake Gus: Well, ma'am, not ezzackly, ma'am. Usually we go inside and listen to Amos and Andy.

—Pitt Panther.



She: Are you looking at my knee?

He: Aw, g'wan, you know I'm above that. —Banter.

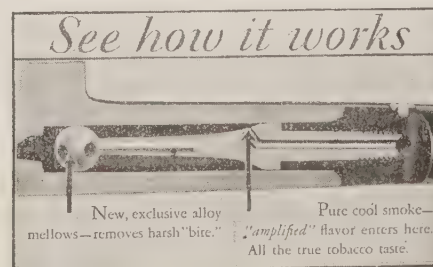
NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE



NEW
Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

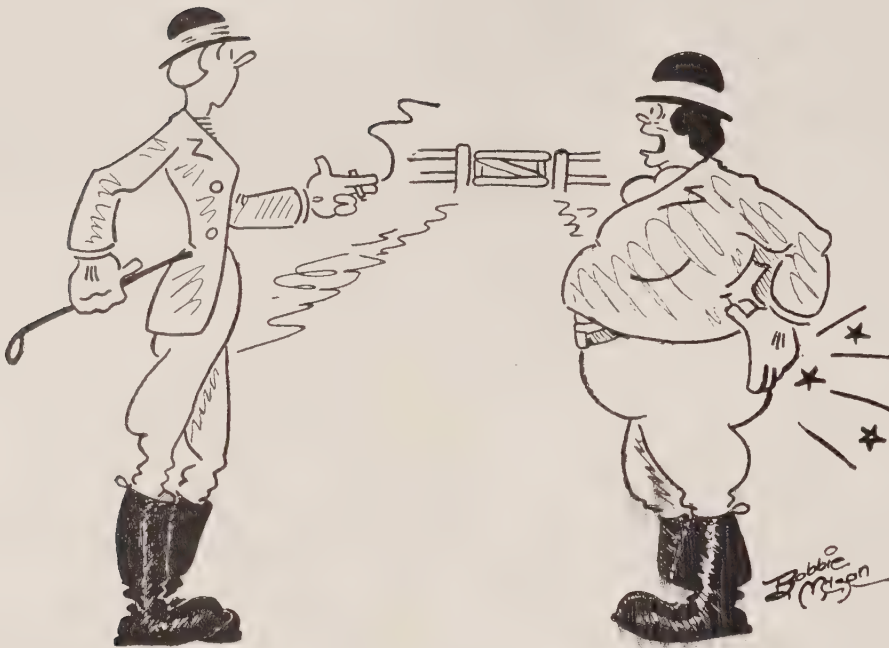
mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth \$3.50, Thorn \$4. (Above, No. 46, with the new Ambera mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)



And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder

© 1931, Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City



But, Dearie, you should have seen the horse.

SEZ A FOOTBALL PLAYER TO A KIBITZING FAN

(Not by Kipling, really)
You may rave and you may swear
When you're sitting safe up there,
Or you're bulling with the boys
around the store.
But when it comes to football,
You don't know that game at all.
You've never been bruised and
beaten 'till you're sore.
Now the grandstand is the place,
If you want to save your face,
Or under-rate the coaches and
the team.

But when you're on the field,
And you catch hell but don't yield
You find the game is not just
what it seems.

Were you to practice seven days,
When the dust was like a haze,
And each breath seemed like a
shot of rotten gin.
And the coaches would rave and
pitch,
And they'd call you son-of-a-gun.
Then you'd find the fix you'd
gotten yourself in.
You were made to buck and block
Till your head was like a top,
And no one ever told you you

were good.
You just worked 'til you were
dead,
And at the end instead
Of quitting you were put upon
the road.

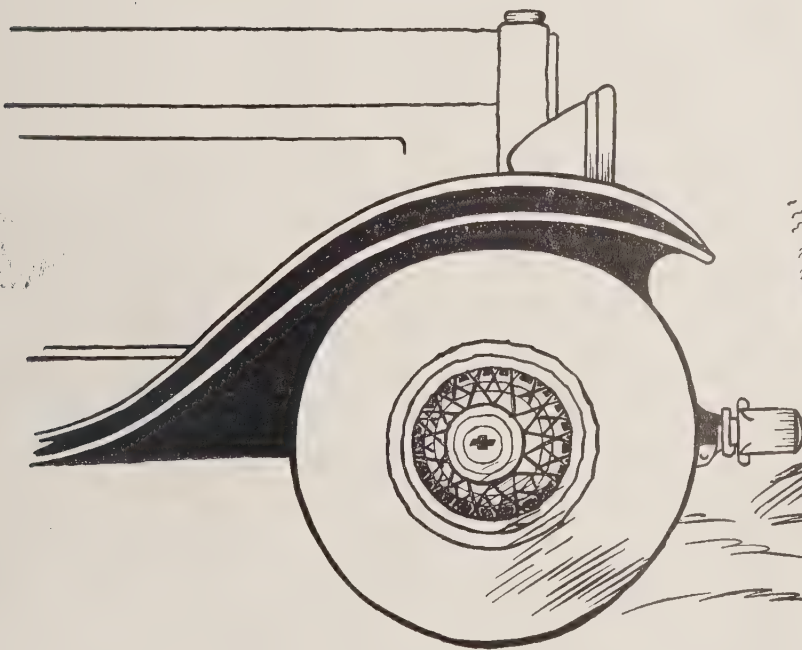
Wild parties are taboo,
And the gin not for you.
But you live a very strict and
routine life.
Every night you are in bed
With a tired aching head,
Which is not derived from pleas-
ure, but from strife.
They put you on a diet,
(I'd like to see you try it),
They take away your cigarettes
and your pipe.
You are made to sign a pledge,
Which proposes your joys to
hedge.
I'll bet you couldn't stand it—
you would gripe.

So let us have our game,
And the smattering of fame
Which is ours while the season
is in sway.
When it ends we are forgotten,
We were either good or rotten,
And the clippings and the pic-
tures put away.
The coaches know their job,
So why their thunder rob?
They're thinking of the team and
not of you.
We're playing our way,
And to you we say
Why don't you try to cheer in-
stead of boo?



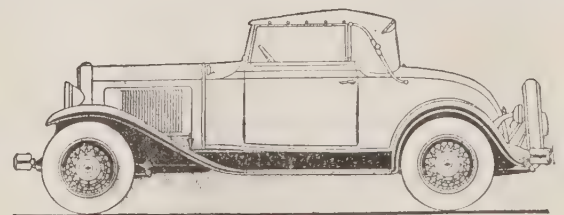
Coach Collins was asked to write a line for the Buccaneer—This one is no joke.

The American car with a Scotch reputation



Rumor has it that a Chevrolet six has been placed on a pedestal in the very heart of Edinburgh. 'Round about it, day and night, you can see a circle of agitated Scotch whiskers. For on the pedestal are carved these words: "Chevrolet defies all Scotland to match Chevrolet's record for economy." And rumor concludes by saying that the defy still stands!

Exaggerated? Well, at least it's no exaggeration to say that the Chevrolet will actually cost you less for gasoline, oil and upkeep than any other car you can buy. *That's* been proved so often that there is no longer any need to keep it secret. Take the case of Joe Zilch of Burning Stump, Okla. Or rather don't take it, because it's too long a story to tell here. Take a ride in a Chevrolet instead, and note the mileage you get on every gallon of gas you buy. If you still feel mercenary after *that* experience, remember Chevrolet's low prices. They simply remove every reason why you can't own one of these handsome sixes—smart as a Winchell wisecrack and even faster than that!



The Convertible Cabriolet, \$615

Twenty beautiful new models,
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$675
All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low
delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet
Motor Company, Detroit, Mich. Division of General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

THE BELLS THAT POE NEGLECTED

(With Apologies to the Poet)

O listen to the talking, hear the
talking, see the walking of
the belles, strolling belles!
A prodigy of nonsense do they
tell, strolling belles.

When the air is quiet with night,
how they talk without re-
spite,

O the liquid, clatter music of
their chatter,
How it trelles!

The belles, belles, belles, their
voices rise and tell

Of other boys and dating,
Of childhood days elating.
seems the whole world sits a-
waiting

For the slumber of their voices—
darling Belles.

Hear the clanging of the bells,
alarm clock bells.

What a wondrous lot of cussing
they impel, morning bells!

On our peaceful slumbering ear
their noise does rudely sear,
Till us from our sleep they tear
With their fiendish rangling,
dangling, banging of their
bells, bells, bells, bells!

O the bells, bells, bells bells, their
noise is never quelled

Till we throw them out the win-
dow—rousing bells!

You're on the canvas straight;
the ref has counted eight,
And the way your feet should
point you can not tell.

Your head it is a-throbbing,
All the ringside seem a-bobbing,
O the bruise above your eyebrow
How it swells!

How there tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
upon your whirling brain

The clang of beaten anvils, the
banging roar of trains,

The swirling, whirling patter of
the lash of winter rains.

Like the break of waves foam
flinging

The referee's count a-ringing
deep resounds!

Through the chiming in your
ear another sound you hear;
It's the bonging of the bell that



Man running with ball: Hey you can't do that I've got my fingers crossed.

ends the round!
Bong—bong—bong D listen to
the song,
The tender tabulation of the
gong—gong—gong.



For hours he had battled!
Now the cheers of the crowd
were ringing in his ears. Amid
all of the tumult he remembered
the words of his invalid father
as he hurried off that morning
for the biggest game of his col-
lege career. "Remember, son,
always play the game fair." Now
the shrill of the referee's
whistle sounded and there was
a brief respite while his team-
mates rested before that last
valiant stand for victory or de-
feat. Again the whistle sound-
ed and again our hero was on
his feet—ready to die if need
be—but first of all he must get
over that fence before the end
of the game because his team
certainly did need one hell of
a lot of cheering before they
could beat a 50 to 0 score.



Mathematics among Our Wild Life:
The rabbit multiplies very rapidly,
but it takes a snake to be an adder.
—Purple Parrot.



Frosh: Are there any wimmin
around this here college?
Senior: The woods are full of 'em.
—Kitty Kat.

He stopped his advance to-
ward her and stood perfectly
still. Never before had he seen
a woman in such an emotional
state. She was a gorgeous crea-
ture, so attractive, so pure, and
her big blue eyes, which were
fixed intently upon him, bore a
frightened look. Her soft hair
hung in little golden ringlets
around her precious face; those
perfect lips, soft, warm, moist,
sensitive, seemed to quiver, and
within her breast there seemed
to wage a terrible conflict of
emotions. Then she weakened
and began to pull up her dress.
There before him were her
dainty little knees and shapely
thighs. Higher and higher she
pulled her dress. Now he came
forward a few feet. Never be-
fore had he seen innocence so
complete. Closer, closer he came
until he could almost touch her
—with a sudden scream she ran
to the door and flung it open
and disappeared down the hall.
Quickly he retraced his steps
and disappeared under the bed
and then from there into the
closet. Now he could hear voices
in the hall—she was returning
and bringing her father and
brother with her—caught like
a rat in a trap! Quickly he
thought of all the exits—the
door, the window, the fire-es-
cape—no, none of those would
do—he would just as soon go
down a crack in the floor be-
cause after all he was just a
mouse.

Something worth cheering about

If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos — *all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness — seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

So just try Camels—fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

The scene is a dress rehearsal of *Noah's Ark*. Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: "What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use?" And the heavens open up and a voice comes to him, "the flood lights, you sap."
—*Exchange*.

A woman in a railroad station, holding two babies in her arms, was frantically trying to get her purse to purchase a ticket. A red cap stepped up and offered to take one of the babies.

"Are these babies twins?" he asked.
"Yes," she replied. "They were born on election day and we named one Smith and the other Hoover."

Having secured her ticket, she relieved him of the baby.

"Well, I guess I was holding the one named Smith," he said as he walked away.
—*Penn Punch Bowl*.

If every boy in the United States could read every girl's mind, the gasoline consumption would drop fifty percent.
—*Battalion*.

Coed Motto: Better be fat in the head than thick at the hips.
—*Caveman*.

Stout Woman: I want to return this washing machine.

Salesman: Why, what's wrong with it, lady?

S. W.: Every time I get in the thing, the paddles knock me off my feet.
—*The Puppet*.

A little kissing
On moonlight rides
Is why we have
The blushing brides.
A little petting
Just now and then
Is why we have
The married men!

—*Annapolis Log*.
University of Buffalo.

A boy was walking down the street wheeling two bicycles when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked the pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," said the boy. "And we stopped under a tree to rest. After a while I kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arm around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her on the cheek and squeezed her, and she said: 'Oh, boy! You can have anything I got.' So I took her bicycle."
—*Caveman*.

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten badly on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, "it will be your hole."
—*Christian Advocate*.

New Circus Actress: Well boss, since you've given me a job in your circus, you had better tell me what to do to keep from making a mistake.

Manager: Well, don't ever undress before the bearded lady.—*Battalion*.

'30: Did you hear about the big mistake our President made at Commencement?

'31: No, what was that?

'30: Just after he had conferred degrees on the medical students somebody fainted and he asked if there was a Doctor in the house.—*Juggler*.

Woman (prospective buyer of dog): My good man, does this dog possess a family tree?

Salesman: Oh, no, madam; he has no particular tree.
—*Medley*.

Landlord: This room was formerly occupied by a chemist. He invented a new explosive.

Prospective Boarder: I suppose those spots on the wall are results of his experiment?

Landlord: Well, indirectly, yes; you see that's the chemist.
—*Froth*.

Son: Do cats go to heaven, papa?
Papa: No, son.

Son: Then how about the angels' harps, papa?

Papa: You've gut me there, son.
—*Columns*.

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife, "I'm going to shoot you both."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*.

Polly Poodle: My, but you have a lot of puppies.

Lucy Terrier (with a past): Oh, yes—er—they're just my bundle of love litters!
—*Red Cat*.

"And there, son, you have the story of your dad and the great war."

"Yes, dad, but why did they need all the other soldiers?"
—*Annapolis Log*.

"They say she used to be the belle of the town."

"Yes, but someone tolled on her."
—*Green Griffin*.

The trouble with strip poker is that a girl seldom can cover her losses.
—*Battalion*.

Two spinsters were discussing men: "Which would you desire most in your husband—brains, wealth or appearance," asked one.

"Appearance," snapped the other, "and the sooner the better."

—*Wall Street Journal*.

Our Advertisers

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER
The University of North Carolina

"None so good as LUCKIES"

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick."

Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow first set the screen ablaze in "Hell's Angels," the great air film, and she almost stole the show from a fleet of fifty planes. See her "Goldie," a Fox film, and Columbia's "Platinum Blonde."

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

**And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps
that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**



**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
Sealed Tight
Ever Right
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
Zip —
and it's open!

Copyright, 1931,
The American
Tobacco Co.

★ Is Miss Harlow's Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Harlow to make the above statement. Miss Harlow has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox and Columbia, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

BIG CANNER

NOEL!



Bobbie Mason
Merry XMAS!

*Wishing Our Readers and
Advertisers
A Merry, Merry Christmas*

Our Advertisers in this Issue

COLLEGE HUMOR
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LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES
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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER
The University of North Carolina

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX DECEMBER, 1931 NUMBER 3

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Blue eyes gaze at mine—Vexation.
Soft hands clasped in mine—Palpitation.
Fair hair brushing mine—Expectation.
Lithe body close to mine—Aspiration.
Footsteps———Damnation. —Witt.



Water: "How did Sam get cross-eyed?"
Wagon: "His girl is knock-kneed."
—So. Cal. Wampus.

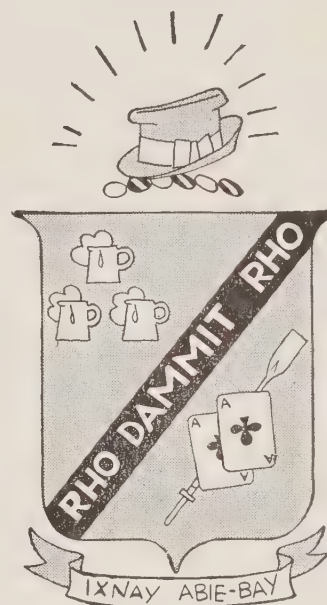


Aunt Hilda, after a brief survey of the college comic, looked up at her nephew with a horrified expression of wonder.
"Aren't you afraid," she asked, "that young ladies will read these papers?"
—Jack-o'-Lantern.



Parson Dudley: Deacon Smith, will you lead us in prayer?
Deacon Smith (awakening from sound sleep): Lead yourself, I just dealt.
—Lampoon.

Lux et Veritas



NO BYLAWS, NO DUES

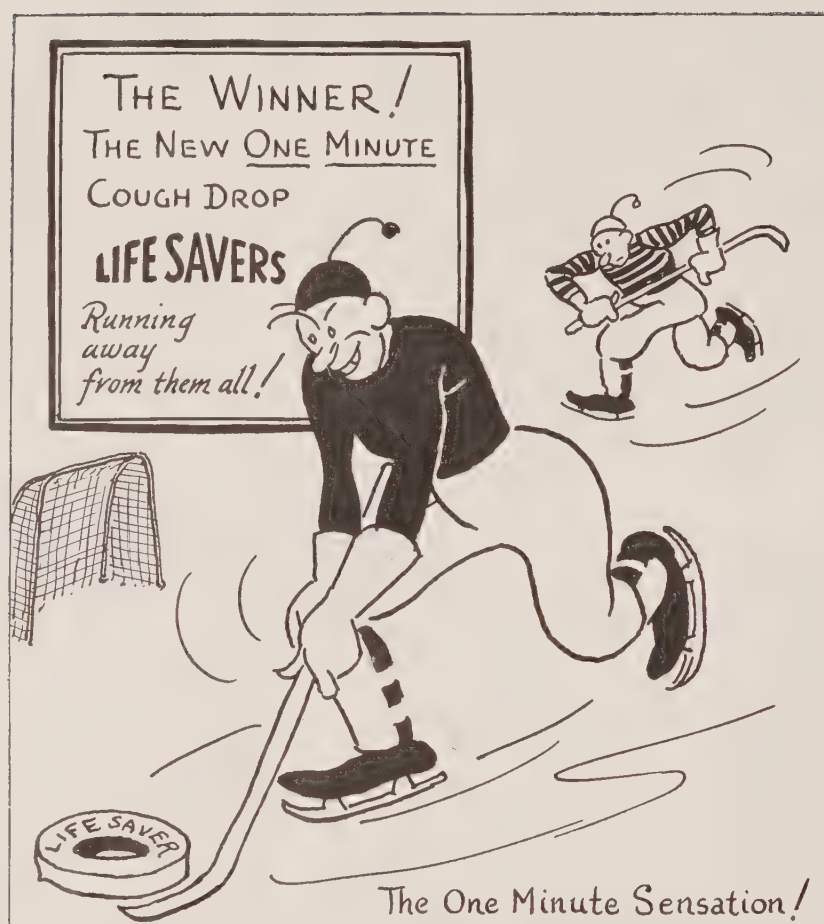
Mystery, brotherhood and a stein of ale! Rho Dammit Rho leads all Greeks with two hundred chapters flung from coast to coast and back again. By January, 1932, we predict a chapter for every dormitory, fraternity and boarding house in the United States and Canada. And if all goes well, there will be a national convention of old Rho Dam in the National Headquarters Pent-House atop the COLLEGE HUMOR building, Chicago, next summer. All you need is a nose for beer!

And the January issue of COLLEGE HUMOR is bursting with new features:

*Columbus Comes Across
Students See Red
O. O. McIntyre
Here Lies Love
Doctor Seuss
Ad Finitum
Ad Finitum
Rah!*

CollegeHumor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago



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Stetson "D" Clothes Are Correctly Designed With Smartness and Individuality, Popularly Priced and Tailored to Your Measure.

\$24.50

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"Say, where did you get the baby? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not married, but I was taking a correspondence course in Marriage and Married Life, and I got the installments mixed."

—Stanford Chaparal.



When a guy takes the cushion out of the front seat, he isn't always looking for a monkey wrench.

—Battalion.

Rastus had been arrested for speeding. It was his fifth offense, and as he was presented to the judge, he muttered something that sounded suspiciously like an oath.

"Repeat that!" thundered the judge.

"I didn't say nuthin', Jedge."

"You did say something, and I want you to repeat it!"

"Well, all I says, Judge, was 'God am de Jedge, God am de Jedge'." —Rice Owl.



A man bought the only remaining sleeping car space. An old lady next to him in line burst into tears, wailing that it was of vital importance that she have a berth on that train. Gallantly the man sold her his ticket, and then strolled to the telegraph office. His message read:

"Will not arrive until tomorrow. Gave berth to an old lady just now."

—Purple Parrot.



What do you want for your birthday? Something for my neck.

My gosh! Have you started charging for that?

—Battalion.

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

Durham Ice Cream
Company
Inc.

"BLUE RIBBON"

Fast Frozen

ICE CREAM

DURHAM, N. C.

Made with Pure Cream

BLOCKS

PUNCH

Would You Like A Hangover?

HAVE YOU ever had a hangover? Has your great Uncle ever had one? Has your Aunt Bessie or Uncle Bennie or your little nephew Oscar? If they haven't then they will by the time that the Christmas holidays are over. You don't want them to suffer do you? No. Then the thing to do is to send them a copy of the HANGOVER NUMBER of the BUCCANEER which will appear on the fifteenth of January. This issue will be a cure for anything from fallen arches to the worst head in the county and we are giving you a tip that unless you have one of these copies you will go through a lot of unnecessary Bromo-Seltzers and raw eggs. Don't let that hangover worry you this year — just reach for a HANGOVER NUMBER instead and all of your worries will be over.

The Hangover Number Includes

Why I prefer the Hangover by Oscar Burp
Who had the first Hangover by Willie Splitt
What to do with the best of Hangovers by M. T. Head
How to Make your Hangover pay by Sandy McTavish
Famous Hangovers I have met by Any Boddie

Would you like to have the best Hangover ever? Then you will if you get the January Issue because the copy is Hangover, the pictures are Hangovers—All of the staff had terrible Hangovers when they worked on this Masterpiece. So Fight That Hangover with the Hangover Number!

Send Your Friends A Hangover

"Are you writing that letter to a girl?"
"It's to a former room-mate."
"Answer my question!"

—*Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.*



Campus politician, addressing class in behalf of his candidate—"And furthermore, he is a great athletic supporter."

—*Yellow Jacket.*



He placed his arm around her waist,
And on her lips a kiss;
Then sighed, "'Tis many a draught I've
had,
But not from a mug like this."—*Rice Owl.*



There is one thing that pleases us about these new Empress Eugenie hats. We are glad to see ostrich feathers coming to a better end.

—*Purple Parrot.*

Freshman: I wish I knew something to do to pass away time.

Sophomore: Why don't you read a book?

Freshman: I don't like books. I started reading one named 'Dictionary' written by Webster, but all the stories were too short.

—*Carolinian.*



THE ONLY WAY

Then there was the Scotchman who was engaged to a girl who got so fat he wanted to break off the engagement. But the girl couldn't get the ring off, so he had to marry her.

—*Puppet.*



Maid: There were two men standing outside of your window while you were dressing, madam.

Madam: That's nothing, you should have seen the crowd when I was younger.

—*Rice Owl.*

"All that I have I owe to my fraternity!" cried the frosh, as he received his latest assessment.

—*Wataugan.*



Divorce Court Judge: Upon what grounds are you applying for a divorce, Mr. Brown?

Mr. Brown: Extravagance, Your Honor.

Judge: How's that?

Mr. Brown: Well, sir, my wife continued to buy ice after I bought a frigidaire.

—*Yellow Jacket.*



Betty Co-ed: Let me mother you.

Carl Campus: O. K., baby, and I'll paw you.

—*Illinois Siren.*



RIGHT!

"Do you drink?"

"Invitation or investigation?"

—*Purple Parrot.*

It's all right for girls to smoke our cigarettes just as long as they are not careless with their butts.

—*Mountain Goat.*



Question: Oh where has my little dog gone?

Answer: Around the corner and under a tree.

—*Sour Owl.*



Father—(going over son's expense account)—What is this thirty dollars for?

Son—Oh, that's for a couple of tennis rackets I bought.

Father—M'm, in my day we called them bats.

—*Punch Bowl.*



Mary has a little swing,

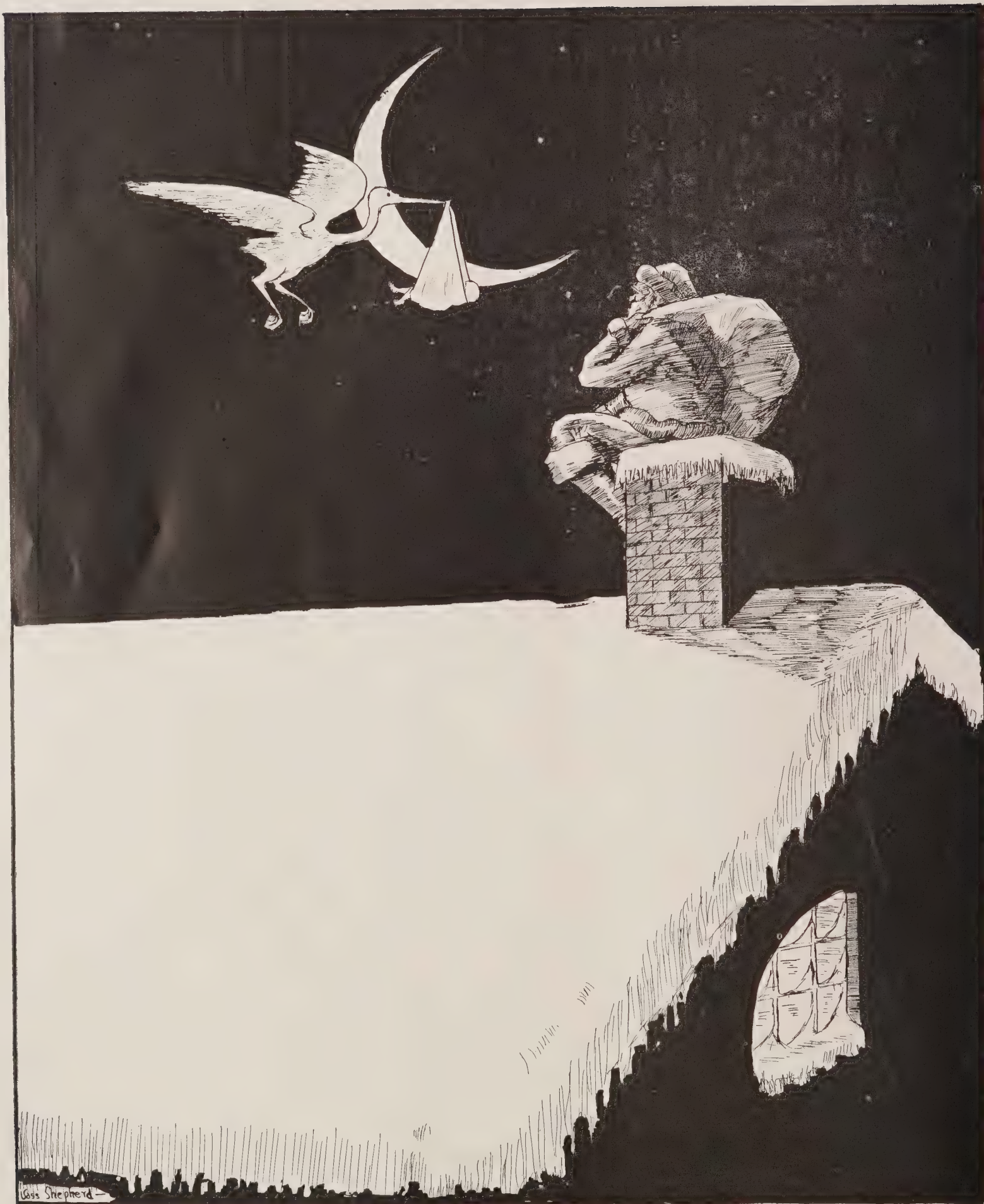
It isn't far behind;

And everywhere that Mary goes

The swing is just behind.

—*Log.*





"Sorry, Partner, but I'm afraid both of us can't get in here this year."

The Carolina BUCCANEER UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX

DECEMBER, 1931

NUMBER 3

On The Campus

Said "Admiral" Charley Shannon to "Captain" Ed Yarborough, "I want to blow up the South American Navy." Said the "Captain," "I want to win a war." Said the "Captain" and "Admiral" in unison, "Let's join the Marines and see the world through a port, rye and whiskey hole!" (which denotes the passage of several days and also lots of daze on the part of the brave "Admiral" and "Captain"). Result on the following Monday: Two terrible hangovers and a couple of cards from the dean's office for unexcused absence. When asked about the trip the "Admiral" replied, "Ugh!" The "Captain has not been located!"

* * *

Said inebriated Kappa Sigma freshman to Miss Margaret Powell at finding her with date, Henry L. Anderson at Beta Theta Pi house, "Hey, you are Joe Eagles' girl what do you mean by having a date over here?" Replied Mr. Anderson with vigor, "Get the Hell outa here!"

* * *

Said Mister "Pig" Barber to girl at dance, "May I break." Said same Mister Barber ten minutes later, "Nice dance, let's sit this one out."

Said Mister Barber to same girl ten minutes later, "Shall we dance."

Said Mister Barber to same girl forty-five minutes later, "Shall we sit this one out?"

Said Mister Barber in his sleep that night, "Good God will someone please break or must I dance all night!"

* * *

Said Mr. Jim Kenan to a member of the Dialectic Senate, "I would like to have my name proposed for membership at this meeting."

Said Senator Woerner, "Ok," and several minutes later after receiving recognition from the chair, "Mr. President, I would like to recommend the name of Steve Lynch for membership."

Said President of the Di, as he looked about the audience for Mr. Lynch, "Is Mr. Lynch in the audience?"

Said Mr. Kenan, reddening perceptibly, "Hey, Kenan is the name, Kenan, Kenan!"

NOTE : *The President might have said, "Don't Stadium words again!"*

* * *

Said big men of North Carolina, "Why not have a charity football game for the unemployed?"

Said other big men around the state, "It's a swell idea."

Said coaches of the various colleges, "Great Idea!"

Said football players of the various colleges, "What's the big idea?"

Said students of the various colleges, "Oh, yeah!"

Said state papers before game, "Hundreds expected!"

Said State papers after game,

"Hundreds of unemployed starve to death!"

Said big men after reading papers, "Oh!"

Said students, football players, and unemployed, "Aw Nerts!"

* * *

Said Carolina student body on December 1st. "We will study!"

Said student body Dec. 12th. "We gotta study!"

Said same student body Dec. 18th. "Why didn't we study?"

Said fathers and mothers of student body when they received the reports from Carolina, "Son, come see me in my study."

* * *

Said Editor of BUCCANEER to staff, "I have the swellest bunch of stories for the *On the Campus* column."

Said staff meekly, "yes."

Said editor, "They are the funniest things you ever read. They are hotcha!"

Said staff still more meekly, "Heh, heh."

Said editor growing blue in the face, "But don't you think they are the best that you have ever read?"

Said staff with Bronx cheer following, "Yeah, in the BUC-CANEER!"

DO YOUR
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
EARLY

Music Professor: What is the chief difference between a radio and a symphony orchestra?

Student: You can cut off a radio.

They laughed when I sat down to the piano, but their laughter turned to surprise when I slid back the panel and inserted a player-roll.

Customer: How do you sell this Limberger cheese?

Grocer: I've often wondered myself.

"I can't figure it out," muttered the chorus girl as she drew her last pay check.

The National Theme Song of Scotland: *Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining.*

"What lady was that I saw you with last night?"

"That wasn't last night—it was night before last.



"But, officer, you should have seed the tie he gimme."



Man with cane: "Hey wait for me. I've got twice as far to walk as you."

EXAMINATION

(Prof. Lowe Downe; Course in Fraternity Education)

I

A certain Phi Kappa Sigma goes to bed every night with his hat on. Is it a derby or a high top?

II

Certain Kappa Sigmas and a Chapel Hill girl recently held a football game in front of the Washington-Duke, using a fruit-jar for a football. Was the fruit-jar empty, full, or half-full? What was in it?

III

Why is Delta Psi called "Tony's Place?"

IV

Do the Theta Phis like the song entitled, "In Bohunkus Tennessee? Why not?"

V

A certain Kappa Alpha, namely, Thomas Watkins, goes to the Law Library upon all occasions. In fact, to be perfectly truthful, and according to reliable reports upon the part of research, said Thomas Watkins is *always* going to the "Law Library." What is the cause for this? What

does he do there? How does one navigate to the Law Library by way of Franklin street and the Pi Beta Phi House?

VI

Just what did Miss Virginia Ferguson mean when she picked up the telephone and said, "Information, I want a horse."?

VII

How many Kenans are there in S. A. E.? Why?

VIII

Does a pledge button with a coiled serpent have any relation to the number of D.T. Cases in Orange County? Why or why not?

Pledge (what fraternity?)



It is estimated that if all the cigarette stubs thrown away in Scotland were all piled in one pile they wouldn't stay there very long.



"Have you any notes on last quarter's work?"

"Yes, I signed a couple for fifty dollars each."



"No, we don't need any ice today—Santa Claus is here!"

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

By Pete Ivey

Only X more sloppy days before Christmas. The X marks the spot where Santa Clause was last seen.

It is now time to remind all fraternities to tell their pledges to go out for all extra-curricular activities, pass all their exams, and pay their dues promptly if they want to see Santa this year.

Christmas was invented by Eve. In honor of her we have Christmas Eve.

Christmas is the time when everybody is light of head and seemingly heavy of pocketbook. The day after Xmas everybody is heavy of head and actually light of pocketbook.

Santa Clause is the big ice-man from the North Pole. Nobody has ever seen his house up there, but there has been a lot of Polar expeditions to find him. Byrd even went to the South Pole looking for him. He is a little man with a big stomach, and he has a red face. Once he came down Cleopatra's chimney and found Cleo and Mark Anthony in a very intimate situation. Was his face red? Yes. And it has been ever since.

Everyone who is good will receive a present from Santa Clause, but all bad persons will get nothing but Spinach on wet bread.

Santa has eight Reindeer who travel all over the world in one night. These Reindeers have the



"Look what I got in my sock!"

disposition of Billy-goat and the complex of an airplane. They fly through the air and land on chimneys just like an Auto-giro. They eat nothing but snow.

Mistletoe is hung at some logical spot in most every aspiring young maiden's home at Christmas time. It acts as a catalyst for spontaneous combustion.

Last Christmas a Scotchman wrote a Xmas card saying "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—1930, '31, and '32."

We will get as drunk as drunk can be.

By the dawns early light, O say can you see.

With Brown Mule chewing tobacco, kissable we'll keep.

If we don't get a present we'll weep and weep.

Now if you're all fed up on this bit of grime,
I'll sign off and see you some other time.



"I'm all at sea," muttered the globe-trotter as he stood on the ship's deck and counted his baggage.



Then there was the Scotchman who went out into his backyard with his shot-gun on Christmas morning, shot three times into the air, and returned to tell his children that Santa Claus was dead.



He took the Empress Line to America. Why shouldn't he? He was a hat salesman!

Here is a Christmas poem entitled "Jumble Bells":

Xmas is coming, and what do you think?

None of us can sleep a wink.
Santa Clause will soon be here.
Fourteen Scotchmen and a bottle of beer.

Santa is coming as fast as he can.

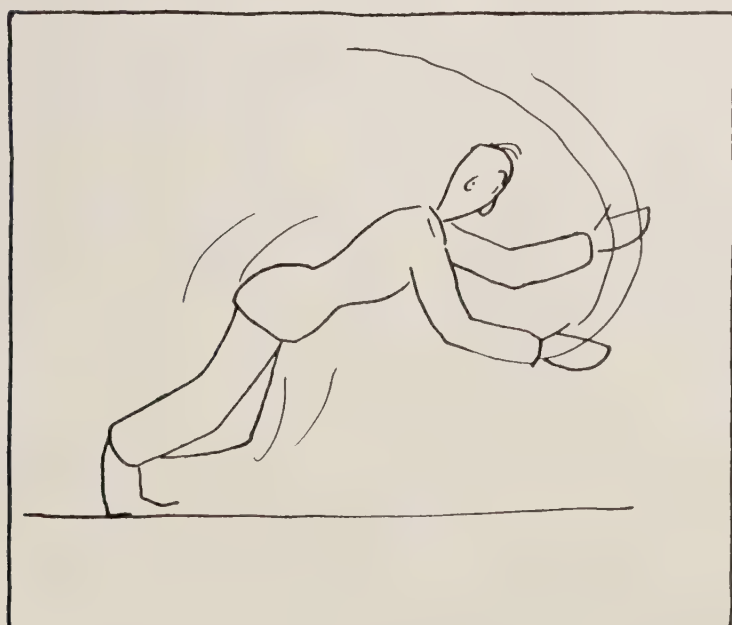
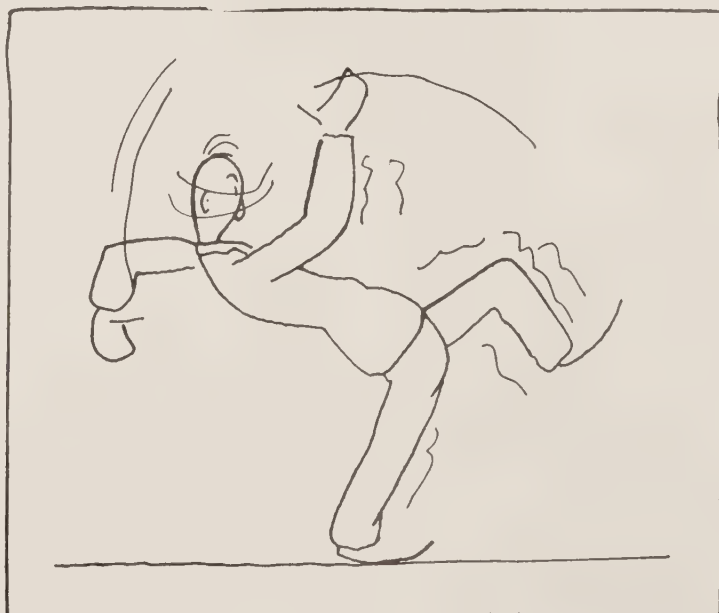
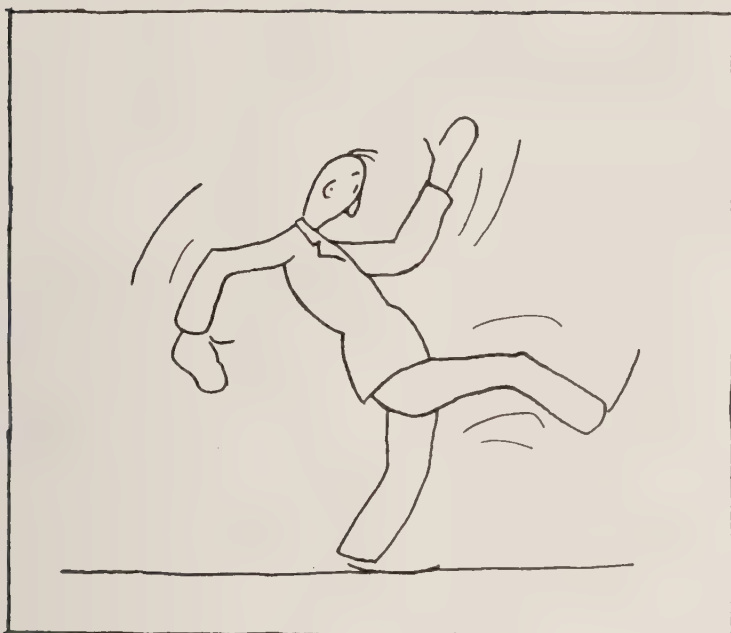
How would you like to play in the band?

He might bring me a big rubber ball.

If you don't like my poetry, you can hire a hall.



"Alas poor Yorick."



Why There Ain't No More Santa Claus

Alden Stahr

The first time the world came to an end the inhabitants got together and made a will. They knew there would be nothing to leave to posterity, because there would be no posterity; so they thought it would be a good idea to make this will and fling it up in the air in case the world should start up again. That way, even if they didn't leave any heritage they would at least get credit for having had good intentions. Anyway, in this will was a clause which read: "Seeing as how we ain't able to leave youse any real estate we'll leave a modicum of good advice. Here 'tis: To them as has not around Xmas time fer gawd's sake give 'em something, and to them as has give them some, too, sose everybody can celebrate the anniversary of Prosperity." This clause was called the Santa Clause, because having such holy intentions, and santa meaning holy in some language or other. This will got caught up on the North pole, and since it was a will that had a will it was only natural that it should grow itself a body which forthwith it did, and there was dear ole beer-belly Santa Claus!

That was along some time in December, and Santa looking down on these benited States of Hamerica exclaimed, "X" wotta mess!" Thereoutof developed the word "Xmas," which as you, fair reader cannot readily see, is a contraction of Santa's quaint expression. Catch on, you morons?

Santa's big mistake was in starting to laugh when he saw all this "Xmess," because when he laughed his big round belly shook and the harder he laughed the more it shook until at length half of it fell off and became Mrs. Santa Claus. He didn't have any spare ribs to throw

away as Adam is reputed to have done. Santa got scared when he saw that which had become his extra avoirdupois: so he ran away and left her home alone to sit and knit while he went off on a bender. When he got down around civilization he got drunk on schnapps in Germany and robbed a toy factory. Then he started giving all the stuff away like a damn fool, and all them as has accepted Christmas presents is receivers of stolen goods.

Mrs. Santa Claws became somewhat griped after about a hundred years of this settin' and knittin', and she sorta wanted to have converse with her recalcitrant husband, seein' as how he had run off on their nuptial day. It was kinda tough on her with only Esquimeaux around and no ice man. In course there was the blubber man, but he always made her blubber so. That's just another divagation, dear reader, if any. Ya couldn't say it was beside the issue, because there wasn't any issue in the first place. Anyway, the North Pole bein' just another telephone pole Missus began to hear funny tales about her husband going from one country t'uther and giving away all their household goods: axes, and dishwashing machines, and socks, and handkerchiefs; so no longer she ups and wents. She couldn't quite understand what made him stay so long. He would have run out of household goods long before, if that was all he was giving away. There was something funny about all this.

Of course Mrs. had been opening all her husband's mail right along, and just before she left to go in search of him there arrove a letter that convinced her of monkey business. It was from some place called the United States of Am., and it was

wrote by a leetle boy. "Dear Mrs. Santa Claus, I aint got no Xmas present this year, and I'm gonna put yer man on the spot if he doesn't come across next time. I wuz layin' fer him last night, cuz somebody tole me there wasn't no Santa Claus. I sees this gink come down the chimbley and come into the livin' room. Then he spits in one of me socks wot wuz hanging by the fireplace and goes into the ole lady's room. The ole devil musta knowd pappy wuz out pullin' a job last nite. Yer husband stayed in there a coupla hours, an' when he comes out he spits in me sock again and scrams up the chimbley kinda slow-like; like he was pooped out. I don't give a damn wot the old cuss does with the ole lady, but when he goes spittin' in my socks I gets sore; so I just tort I'd let youse know. Yers, Willie."

So, that was the situation, was it? And this had been going on for over a hundred years. And to think what she had been missing. That man of hers sure must be power. Mrs. sorta fliggered she'd better get him back up North to cool off a bit, and then she'd see to it that he didn't run off again, by gum! With that "By gum" in mind Mrs. Claus started in pursuit. For yars and yars she chased him hither and yon through every country of the world, known or unknown, but he always kept one jump ahead of her by virtue of his reindeer. He sorta smelled a rat which was his wife. Having heard that America was a free country or some such rot, he came tearing back here to see if it was the same as in the good old days. It wasn't; so Santa decode to fix the people up again. He was very much surprized at some of the things he saw, but he kept right on his merry round, sow-

ing wild oats wherever hubby was out. Mrs. got to these Benighted States a few years after her so-potent man had passed through, and coming through some of the larger cities she was both shocked and surprized to find a Santa junior on almost every street corner, soliciting money instead of giving things away. So, this was what he had been up to! Why had she ever let him get out of her sight? She knew he was an irresponsible sort; the kind women are always ready to take advantage of. That was the situation she found him in a little while later—some woman, some brazen hussy, taking advantage of him just after he had come down the chimney to give the children

some toys. Mrs. Claus slapped the wench away from him and towing her husband by the ear she swarmed up the chimney again only to find the reindeer too drunk to take them home. Santa had given them a snort to keep them happy while he was inside. So Mrs. drug Mr. downtown to show him the havoc he had wrought. "Look," she said. "Don't try to tell me these aint your children! And here they are trying to get money outa the poor folks wot walks along the street. Aint youse ashamed? I'll bet youse aint even named them yet." She came upon a Depression breadline, and that was too much for her sympathetic nature. "And look here wot youse have done. Went and

caused a Depression! Just cause youse have to go tearin' around with the skoits, all yer brats go takin' in money instead of giving it out. I've seen about enough fer today. Youse had better come home wit me now!"

So that's how come there's a Depression instead of a Sandy Claus. Mrs. done went and took him back to the North Pole and frizz him in a cake of ice for about ten years to cool his ardor somewhat, if possible, and mebbe after awhile, after she's had him to herself a few years she'll let him come back, and let him ramble around until she gets another such note from Little Willie. And then there won't be no more Depression.



"And this, little kiddies, is whay there ain't no Santa Claus!"



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Editorial

Thanksgiving, Christmas, the First of January, and Easter all come but once a year, and the years are getting leaner, so why not combine and have all four of the days come on the same date? Since everyone has holidays around Christmas then a good date would be the twenty-fifth of December. The question that would next arise after such a significant consolidation would be as to what features should one retain from each day and what features one should reject. After a most careful study of the problem the BUCCANEER staff has come to some remarkable conclusions. Here is how the new holiday would go: The name would be *Thankmassfirster* which should satisfy all parties for upon looking at the name closer, one can see that *Thank* comes from Thanksgiving, *Mass* from Christmas, *Fir* from the first of January, and *Ster* from the last part of Easter. After a couple of years people would forget their prejudices at having to give up the former names of their favorite holiday, and the name would probably contract to *Thankster*. Of course if some very outstanding person or group of persons insisted that the Fourth of July be included with this group of holidays, it could be worked in very easily by placing a couple of stars after the name so, *Thankster***. People would see the stars after the holiday regardless of whether the fireworks were included, but it is better to place them there in order to make everyone happy.

After the name had been decided upon there was a furious discussion as to what features should be retained and what features rejected. Here is the result: From Thanksgiving the turkey and football would be kept, from Christmas would the custom of hanging up one's stocking and

the exchanging of presents be continued, from the First of January would come the idea of ringing bells and blowing horns, and from Easter the idea of egg-rolling and Easter rabbits would be retained. Of course people might get mixed up at first and have rabbit for dinner and look for Turkey eggs afterwards, but after a couple of rabbit dinners they would see the hair in the butter and realize their mistake and switch. Working in a definite idea for the Fourth of July would be rather difficult as it is hard to get sunburnt or poison-ivy on the twenty-fifth of December, but burnt hands and scorched eyebrows could be easily arranged with the usual winter protechnics.

Listed above are the dominating features of this new holiday, *Thankster*. At first one is reluctant to make such a drastic move, but if one will carefully consider the many advantages, he will recognize the feasibility of such a consolidation. For instance, there would be no Thanksgiving stomach ache; there would be no Christmas cards; there would be no New Year's hangover with pictures of the old year going out very sad and the new year coming in very naked; there would be no Easter parades with the accompanying fashion plates, because it would be much too cold. There would be a minimum of nights spent in rolling and tossing in one's bed at the thought as to what one was to do on Thanksgiving, Christmas, The First of January, Easter, and the Fourth of July because these days would all be abolished. Everyone would be happy — everyone would be gay — everyone would be satisfied — everyone would more than likely be dead on the twenty-sixth — Hurrah for *Thankster***!



"Frankly, Therese, do you really think sex is necessary?"



Christmas Tree: "I did not know I would be out so soon after my operation."

Station BURP on the Air

By Billie Zulch

... Well, well, folks, here we are up in the air again ... or rather the station is on the air, I'm up in the air ... the base singer is late again, and after all, what is singing without a base? And for that matter, what is baseball without a base? ... I could tell you a nice story, and that would be base ... but let's get off base now ... I'm gonna be put out anyway, so what's the diff? ... Now to get back to the subject at hand, whatever it was ... I was gonna tell you folks the story about something or other ... I can't seem to remember what it is about, but I'll tell you another one. This is a bed time story, and it doesn't make any difference whether it's bed time or not, you've got to listen ... unless, of course, you want to twist the dial ... or maybe you would rather twist my neck ... but that's just like a number of other things I know ... meaning that twisting the dial or my neck is not a matter of choice, and neither ... well ... Now settle down for the story ... All you

little brats sit back in the big chairs and light up your cigarettes ... you can't pull the wool over my eyes ... I know you smoke behind the barn, so why don't you do it at home? And you, you big monkey, cut out that necking ... I know this is a bed time story, but that is one of the reasons I'm telling it so early ... If it was at night and it put you to sleep, the old man might walk in and catch you too in that manner, there probably would be something stirring ... and I'll bet it would be you too, and two ... and you ol' stick in the mud, just because it's a bed time story you don't have to yawn ... I know I can't see you people even though I sound like I can ... but before I was a radio announcer I was one of you ... Not you, red tie ... Oh yes, you might have forgotten the initials of this station ... it is station B. U. R. P., and I don't mean maybe ... We broadcast on some sort of wave or rope length ... I have forgotten exactly what, but it doesn't make any difference, because you

wouldn't remember it anyway ... We have absolutely no authority what so ever, and anybody that don't like it can lump it ... About the story. Once upon a time, a long long time ago ... In fact it was so long ago that I have almost forgotten about it ... But it was in the dark ages. And believe you me, it certainly was dark ... you couldn't even see the nose before your face ... unless, of course, you had a nose like some people I know ... there lived a little boy named Oswald ... and he was a nice fellow too ... he didn't smoke, drink, go with women, or do any of the things the boys do now ... How could he with a name like that? Well, he tried and tried to make the team, but to no avail ... but one day, at the big game, the score was naught to naught, and there were only a few minutes to go ... So Oswald, without the consent of the coach, mind you, rushed out on the field, grabbed the ball, and rushed all

(Continued on next page)



"She is going into a slip."

(Voice from next room): "How many times have I told you not to watch those apartment windows!"

STATION BURP ON THE AIR

(Continued from preceding page)

over the place . . . and no one tackled him . . . in fact no one was trying . . . anyway, he ran the complete length of the field for a safety for the other team . . . but he didn't stop . . . no, sir, not old Oswald, he just kept right on running until he had run way out of the stadium . . . And all the fellows cheered and cheered, because they thought he might never come back . . . Now isn't that a nice story . . . To show your appreciation of the story, won't you please write a few lines to me in care of this

station . . . also enclose your picture so I can get an idea as to whether I want to answer it or not . . . this contest is open to women only . . . the better looking you are, the better chance you have of winning the prize . . . What is the prize? . . . I'll bite, what is it? . . . Sad as it is I fear that I must now sign off . . . I know you are all broken up about it, but save your sorrow until tomorrow, when I'll be back on the air again . . . Nighty night, everybody . . . sleep tight . . . that's an idea, anyway . . . Station B. A. A. P. . . . sorry; station B. U. R. P. signing off until the next time we come on . . .

When the old house catches on fire, be nonchalant: call the insurance company.



"It's \$54.40 or fight," said the lawyer to his client as he hung up the telephone receiver.

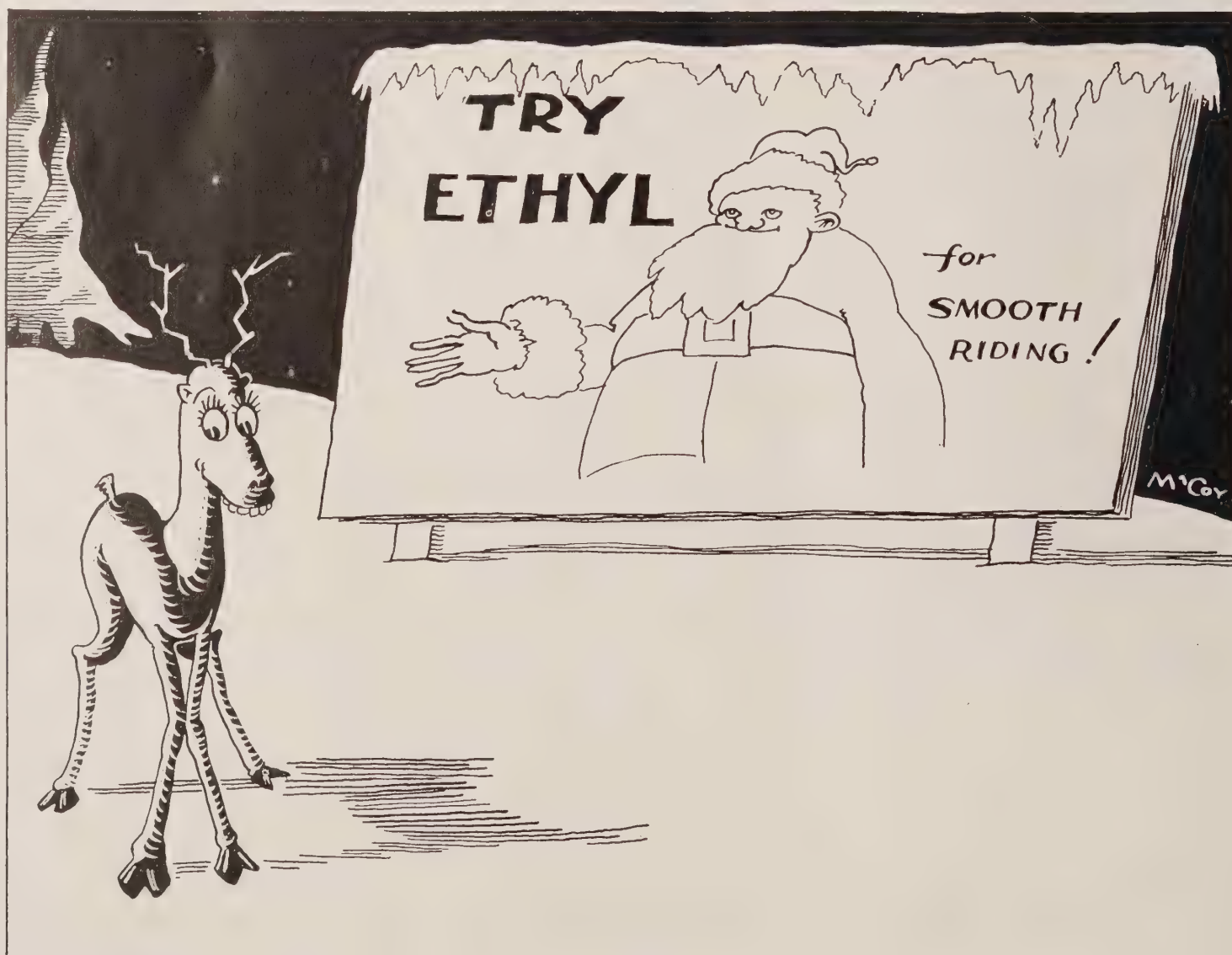


Husband: After working hard all day I return home at night to find that supper isn't ready.

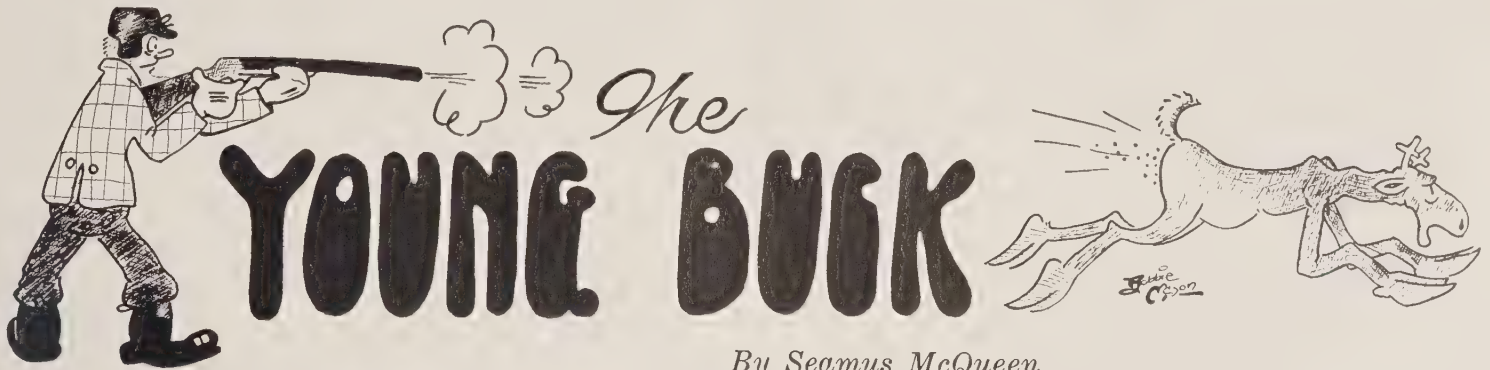
Wife: But John dear, I've misplaced the can-opener.



The Vanishing American: Ye old time saloon keeper.



WHY SANTA!!



By Seamus McQueen

In accord with the precedent set by other literary organs on the campus, *The Young Buck* decided to invite an eminent figure from the world of letters to be its guest for a while. We selected, after much deliberation, that charming old personality, Mother Goose, feeling that she alone would not offend Demon David Clark, the self-appointed censor of Chapel Hill visitors. While she was with us the Mammy of all columnists dashed off a verse or two about life in Chapel Hill, which are herewith presented for your entertainment:

Sing a song of Spencer, pocket
full of jack,

Four and eighty co-eds living in
the Shack;

If the girls are pretty, they
all go out to dance,

If the girls are homely, they
haven't got a chance.

Little boy Beta, blow your horn,
The week-end is here and we
ain't got no corn.

Jack and Jill went to the Hill
To get an Education;
First they dated, then they
mated,
—A helluva situation!

Snooze away Freshman, over
your book,
Smother your yawning, lest the
proff look;

If you get called on, you'll
never pass,

And out will go Freshman,
right on his neck.

Blah, blah, teacher, have you any
bull?

Yes sir, yes sir, three hours full.
Some for the morning and

some for afternoon,
But when the class is over, it
never ends too soon.

Little Dean Paulsen
Sat in his laundry
Tearing the buttons off shirts;
He ripped all the collars
And counted his dollars
And said to complainers, "Aw,
nerts!"

That last one doesn't rhyme
perfectly perhaps, but the ar-
tist must have some freedom
when he has a Message to de-
liver.

* * *

Our Ear-to-the-Ground Department reports that there is one choice spot for collecting scandal that we have overlooked heretofore. Go to Kenan Stadium, go to the Arboretum, go to fraternity houses, apartments, cottages, go where you will; you will probably find good old McQueen or one of his numerous agents lurking in the background, notebook in hand. But until Peggy Firey was overheard in a confidential mood not long ago, we hadn't realized the possibilities of the Episcopal church back yard. It seems that Peggy and her date were seated on the steps in the rear of the church at just about the time when the lads begin to bring their lassies home through that short cut. Many were the things they saw—evidently just the sort of things that this column needs. The best part of the story is that they were still there when some of the boys appeared on the way home. The boys were discussing the dates they had just had, and it seemed

that revelations of an embarrassing character were about to be broadcast to innocent ears. Peggy's date saved the situation. With all the presence of mind of a president of the Student Body, he kicked over a milk bottle, and the details were lost in the crash of glass. As a result, Peggy is able to look at some of her dormitory mates today without blushing.

* * *

Only two people have gone blind since we printed the last recipe for conviviality in these columns, so we dare to pass on another concoction that may add to your enjoyment of a quiet evening at home. It is called the Bee's Knees, and although its paternity goes back to the remote past, Bill Harris is acting as foster-father for this campus. The ingredients are gin, honey, and lemon. The exact proportions aren't important as long as you include plenty of the first element.

* * *

The four of them were at dinner; from the radio came the crooning voice of some blight or other getting ecstatic over "Trees." As he wound up in a fine frenzy, "But only God can make a tree!" Alfred chimed in, "Ah, after all, there's nothing like a good tree!" Kathleen made some answer, whereat Alfred choked and laughed. She began to blush a deep rosy red, while Gaby and Scott wondered what it was all about. They didn't understand even when her remark was repeated. All she'd said was "You dog!"

tor by the Messrs. Riddick and Laxton. We're thoroughly against prohibition, but we do favor a certain amount of restraint on the part of some undergraduates.

* * *

Of course we attended the inauguration of our idolized president, Mr. Frank. The leading light of the academic procession appeared to be Dr. McLellan, much to our surprise. We heard two particularly pertinent comments on the gorgeous garment of his university. One was addressed to Dr. Caldwell, by one of the leading Pi Phis: "Who was the man with the red bloomers?" And from our own Sonny Graham, of Peace Institute fame, came the query, "Who was the bullfighter who spoke so well?"

* * *

The same evening we dropped in at the Playmakers, and were astounded at the accuracy with which Charles Ellege made the Cuspidor ring each time he had to SPIT (is a horrid word).

* * *

The *Dawn Patrol* in force has been in attendance on "Proff" Koch's courses and feels that its dignity has been assailed. We mean after all, it just isn't right to confront the average student with the news that the Spanish Armada sailed up the Thames while Shakespeare was performing his illustrious works in London. It ain't right, we insist, on account of where was Drake all that time?

* * *

Perhaps you don't like this offering, but as we said before, it is a column to end columns. If we see the epidemic continue in force, you may rest assured that next month we shall have enough cargo aboard the old *Dawn Patrol* to make even the hardest columnist wish he had never seen a typewriter.



Otto Heimenglutz has recently proved and plotted a graph showing that if wishes were horses, approximately half of the world's population would have to be street sweepers.

—Batalion.

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE



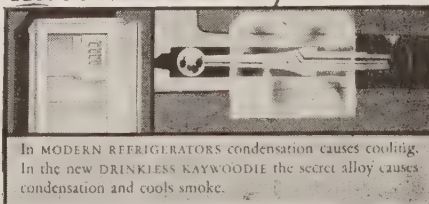
NEW Drinkless KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Smooth \$3.50, Thorn \$4.

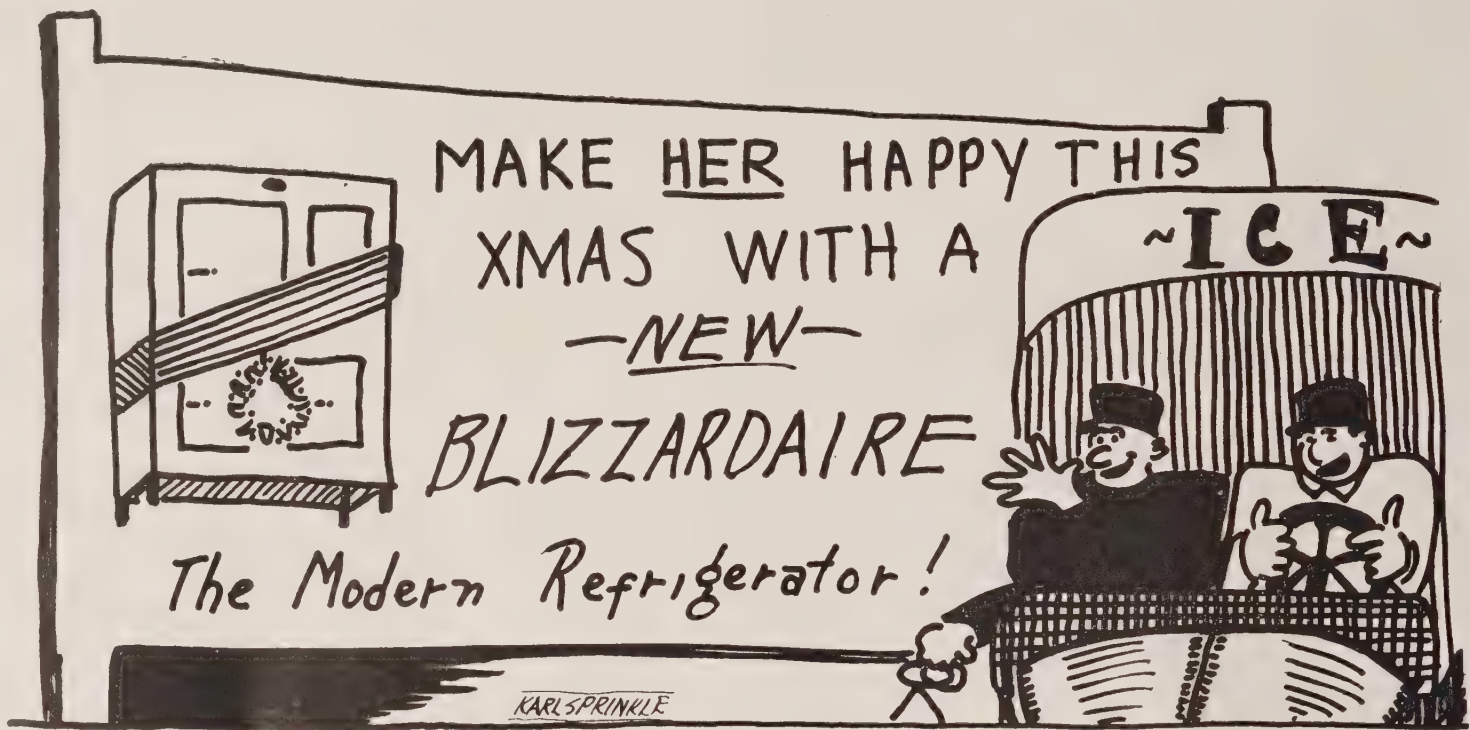
(Above, No. 54, with the new Ambra mouthpiece and Synchro-Stem.)

Here's how it cools your smoke



In MODERN REFRIGERATORS condensation causes cooling. In the new DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE the secret alloy causes condensation and cools smoke.

And for cigarette smokers: New Tobacco Yello holder



BLAAA!



"Well, this is true Christmas spirits."

There was a young pilot named Fisk,
With a plane that was snappy and brisk.

But his girl wouldn't ride
In the plane by his side—
She was afraid her little *.

—Masquerader.



"Leggo my arm, I tellsh you, leggo!"



I
isn't
Christmas
yet—
but this will
do
for the present

After all, isn't it about time your parents were made acquainted with the facts of life? And we don't mean inside information on the birds and flowers, either. We mean your crying need for a car of your own this Christmas. If you agree, why not break the news now—when holiday spirits will dull the shock of facing one of life's sterner moments?

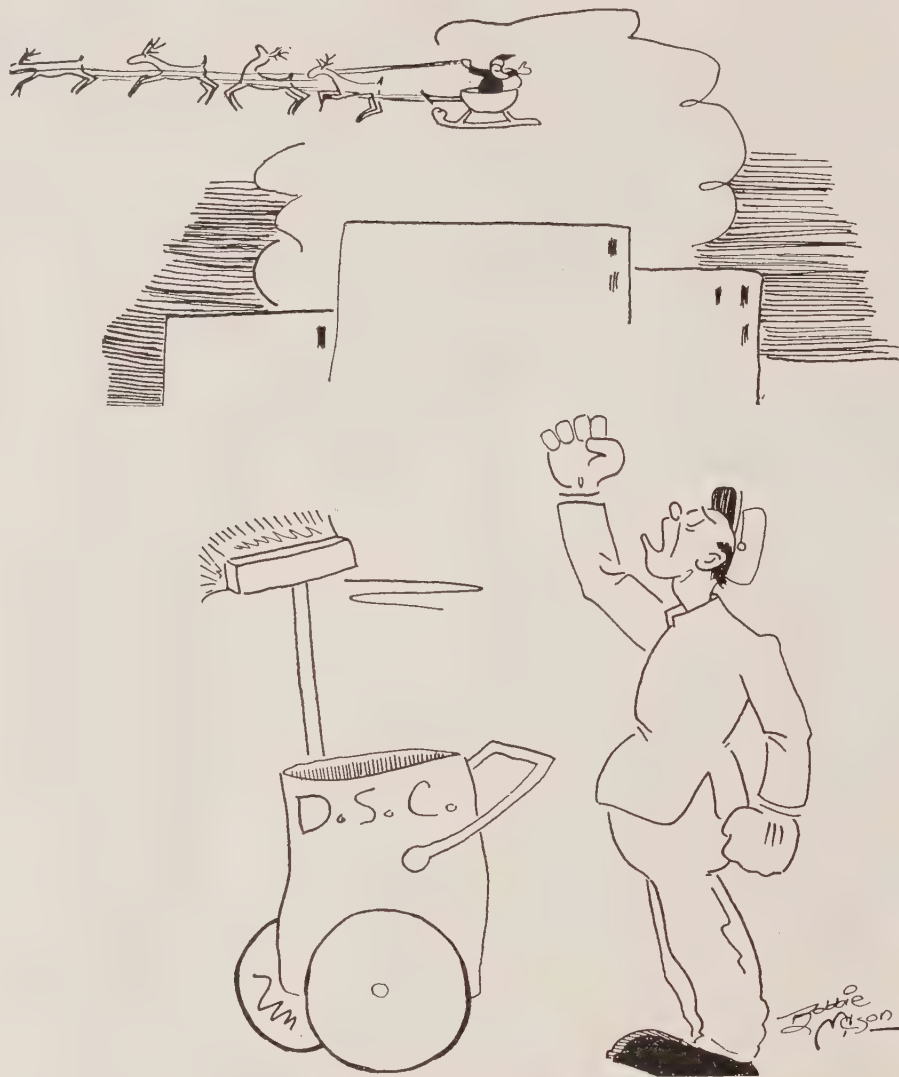
You can make the ordeal easier for them by requesting one of those shiny new Chevrolet sixes. No mortgage

on the old homestead will be required to give you this car—because Chevrolet prices are among the lowest of any on the market. The fact that it costs less to operate than any other car will also help to ease the blow. And you won't lose anything yourself by suggesting a Chevrolet, as it is smart enough and fast enough to uphold successfully your reputation as one who knows how to pick 'em. So brace yourself and do your stuff. Remember, Chevrolet expects every man to do his duty.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932



"Merry Christmas, Hell!"

How to Shave, According to the Ad Writers

With a brush that is hollowed to fit the cheek apply the soothing lather that cools as it shaves and lets water in at the base, (since water really does the work), squeeze out just enough (a few days experience will show you just the right amount) insert a blade that men have been talking about that is made of the finest Damask steel that men can swear by, not at, and are at last satisfied with in the new style handle that prevents rusting. Then realize that luxurious super-shave you've dreamed about.

After finishing leave some of the cream on the skin, as you use more this way, and besides you can't wash it off anyhow.



Number 308 (in Harem): "Did you know that Solomon is 85 years old tomorrow? What shall we give him?"

Number 23: "A night off."

—Yellow Jacket.



He: I'm outa gas.
She: John, you start this car right now—you ought to know I'm a nice girl!



***This year
you can give***
FRESH
cigarettes

NEVER before at Christmas could you give what you can send to friends this year—because this is the first Christmas of Camel Cigarettes in the Camel Humidor Pack.

That means you can give the unmatched flavor of fine, clean, dust-free, fragrant tobacco—in cigarettes which *stay fresh* till the last Camel in the last package has been enjoyed.

Contrast that with the bite-and-burn of dried-out or parched dry tobaccos, and you'll know why Camels make such a welcome gift.

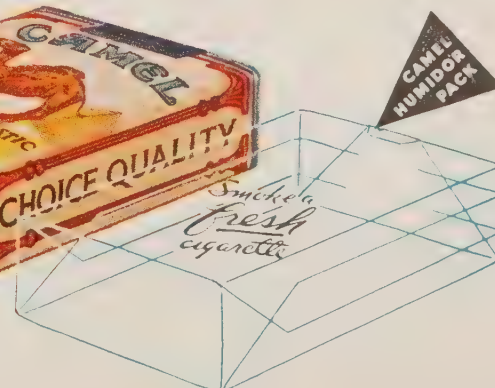
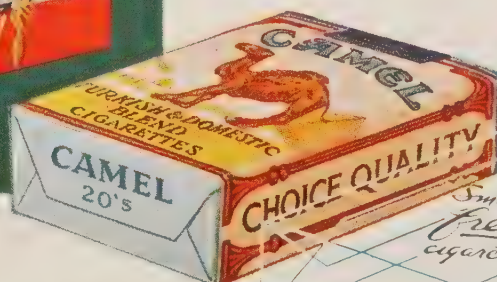
No matter how many miles you send them, no matter if someone else happens to send Camels too—the fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos in Camels will keep mild and cool and throat-easy, thanks to the *moisture-proof* wrapping which seals Camel flavor in the Camel Humidor Pack.

Be smart this Christmas. Make your shopping easy — and your gifts welcome by sending Camels straight through the list.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

Smoke a **FRESH** *cigarette*



CAMELS

Mild . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

First Row: "That's the girl I met in the West Indies."

Second: "Jamaica?"

First: "Not quite".

—*Boston Beanpot.*



The collegiate distress signal.

\$ 0 \$

—*Record.*



She (dreamily)—When did you first know that you loved me?

He—When I began to get sensitive when people said you were brainless and homely.

—*Siren.*



WE WISH HER LUCK

Girl—Lately landed, wishes housework or children. G. Sullivan.—*Dirge.*



The auctioneer's son walked into the sumptuous fraternity house and looked about.

"Do I hear any bids?" he murmured.

—*Rammer-Jammer.*



A man came into a railroad station and then remained standing at ease not far from a window. A Federal Agent near by chanced to notice the stranger had something in his coat pocket from which drops were falling in slow trickles. The Dry Agent walked over, put his finger out under the drops, caught one and tasted of it. Then he spoke to the man.

"Scotch?"

"No," was the reply, "It's just an airdale pup six days old."

—*Royal Gaboon.*



"Who says that all men are born free?" wailed the young father as he received the doctor's bill.

—*Wash. State Cougar's Paw.*



Baby Stork: "Mama, where did I come from?"

—*Octopus.*

Lem Tucker says he is having an awful time with the cows lately—one of them wants to go to Hollywood. She's in love with Bull Montana.

—*Wasp.*



Knick: "At the burlesque the other night my eyes felt like birds."

Knack: "How's that?"

Knick: "They were flitting from limb to limb."

—*Cannon Bawl.*



Student (translating passage in German class): "I fell to the ground humbly and clasped her by the knee —"and that's as far as I got, Professor."

—*Parrot.*



The haughty Senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny Freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The Freshman hung his head in shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am, he said, but I'm working my way through college and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

—*Purple Parrot.*



"Gee, James, are you sure you love me?"

"What do you think I bought you that box of popcorn for?"—*Sun Dial.*



First Drunk: Whadda those two girls mean by smilin' at us?

Second Drunk: I dunno, but if they don't we'll sue 'em for breach of promise.

—*Sniper.*



Someone should tell the coeds that neck is a noun—not a verb.

—*Indiana Bored Walk.*



The Puritan had his blunderbus —today we have the baby carriage.

—*Voodoo.*

EXCHANGES

Damon, the demon freshman, says that horse sense is the result of stable thinking.

—*Yellow Jacket.*



Then there's the absent-minded co-ed who left her negligee in the bathtub and slipped on a cake of soap.

—*Octopus.*



ROUGHLY SPEAKING

The parrot simply would not talk.

The man had been trying for five years to teach his parrot to swear. Finally he got it off in a corner, determined to do or have the parrot die.

"Lissen, dammit, say 'dammit'!" he creaked. "Now repeat after me: Dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit, dammit, and dammit!"

"My dear sir!" gasped the parrot in a shocked voice, "It's unutterably vile of you to attempt to instill in me such moral turpitude as you intend."

—*Mugwump.*



A sportsman was traveling through the fastness of North Carolina mountains after an unsuccessful hunting trip. From the roadside bushes came the powerful, though shrill, wailing of a small lad some seven or so years old.

"What seems to be the trouble?" the hunter inquired in a kindly tone.

"Ma's gone off and left me," came the answer. "Gol dern 'er, she's tryin' to wean me."

—*Yellow Jacket.*



And then there was the Scotch newlywed who chose Luckies instead of a suite.

—*Battalion.*



MATTERS OF PUNCTUATION

Motto of the Phi Bete: Study like hell!

Motto of the athlete: Study? Like hell!

—*Widow.*



Gold Seal Milk

Pasteurized Grade "A"

Before breakfast deliveries to Chapel
Hill homes and dormitory rooms

Retail Store 140 E. Franklin St.
Telephone 7766

DURHAM DAIRY PRODUCTS, INC.
Durham and Chapel Hill

The Friendly Cafeteria

Wishes You a Merry Xmas



OUR BREAKFAST PRICES HAVE
BEEN REDUCED

We now have a \$3.00 meal ticket for \$2.50 and may we suggest that you use this ticket for your breakfasts and use our "\$7.00 for twenty-one-meals" Ticket for lunch and dinner. Those who eat a light breakfast, can eat with us for 75c to 80c per day.



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The Bank of Chapel Hill

*Oldest and Strongest Bank in
Orange County*

RESOURCES OVER ONE AND
A HALF MILLION DOLLARS

M. C. S. NOBLE, *President*
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Healers of Soles

When your understandings get worn down, it is time to have them repaired, and if you want a thoroughly good job made of it, send your shoes to us. We put into the work good, honest leather, and practical experience in shoe repairing.

Our prices are as low as can be found anywhere

University Shoe Shop

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Phone 3016

2 doors from Post Office

**"I have to be
kind to
my throat"**

"I've tried several brands of cigarettes but I prefer Luckies. I smoke them regularly as I have to be kind to my throat. I learned this from my previous stage experience. **Your improved Cellophane wrapper is splendid. A flip of the tab and it's open."**

Kay Francis

When **Kay Francis** left the stage and enlisted in the Hollywood army, pictures got a great recruit! The tall brunette beauty was a great success on her film debut, and she's charged along to even bigger things. She is one of **Warner Bros.'** brightest stars.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough

**And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps
that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**

**MOISTURE-
PROOF
CELLOPHANE**
*Sealed Tight
Ever Right*
**THE UNIQUE
HUMIDOR
PACKAGE**
**Zip —
and it's open!**

Copr., 1931.
The American
Tobacco Co.

**★ Is Miss Francis'
Statement Paid For?**

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Francis to make the above statement. Miss Francis has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 5 years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Warner Bros., her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.



The Carolina BUCCANEER



HANGOVER
NUMBER

Drawn from Hearsay
by

HEY YOU!

Would You Like to be Hysterical?

You will be if you read the Historical number of the **Buccaneer**. It has more history in it than eighteen four-foot book shelves. It has more dates in it than you can find in a high school girl's diary. It gives you more low down on the high-ups than has ever been written before. Are you uncertain about history? You need not be because now everyone can know more than they ought to about the scandal of all times.

Who invented the loose leaf system?

How did Noah make the arc light?

Why did Lady Godiva get on her high horse?

All of these questions are answered so that any child could understand them.

By the way, send the kiddies a copy and also remember that you will never be at a loss for a hot date if you have this masterpiece.

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX JANUARY 1932 NUMBER 4

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With a cry of a wounded animal Rollo reached for his hat and then swung around and reached for her hungrily again. His lips found hers. "Rollo, your exams!" she cried and pushed him to the door. They kissed once again. "Don't worry, dearest; I know that you'll pass the math tomorrow," she said encouragingly.

Rollo reached the gate and then slowly retraced his steps to the house. "Jane!" he cried brokenly "I have a confession to make; I couldn't leave tonight without telling you." She clutched at the table to support herself.

"Jane," he began, "I tricked you. I am the professor of mathematics. I tricked you because I was afraid that you would hate me. I posed as a student to win your love."

Jane went white. "Then who—who is this man, upon whom I have bestowed my favors, so that he would pass you in the mathematics final, if you are the mathematics professor?" And she threw open the door of the closet. Rollo stared at the cringing figure crouching therein. "That is the dean of the college," he said slowly.

—*Boston Beanpot.*



**"have
you
heard—**

that there's still time to win \$3000? It seems that COLLEGE HUMOR and Farrar and Rinehart have extended the annual Campus Prize Novel Contest, and the new closing date is June 30th, 1932!"

"Wonderful! I wanted to enter, but last summer was so hectic—"

"I know. That's just what happened to me. By the way, the rules have been changed, too. The new ones are in the current issue. Let's run around the corner and get a copy and look 'em over."

"Oke . . . I feel this way about it—if Betty White and Cleo Lucas can do it, we can do it!"

**College Humor's
Campus Prize Novel
Contest
has been extended
to JUNE 30, 1932**

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

The demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar, her slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her child-like eyes to the sedate face of the old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.



Indignant Young Woman: Oh, you beast, if I were in your condition I'd shoot myself.

Well-Oiled: Lady, if you wash in my condishun you'd mish yershelf.—*Lehigh Burr.*



Once: Was he surprised when you said you wanted to marry his daughter?

Twice: Was he? The gun nearly fell out of his hand. —*Mugwump.*

HORSES, HORSES

The young man was rapidly exhausting his rather voluminous vocabulary in discussing his pet hobby with the pale little man at his table.

"Horses!" he cried ecstasically. "The horse, not the dog, is man's best friend. I have a stable of thorobreads. Yessir, my filly Blue Streak won the Wimbledon Cup at Lincolnshire on the Stein last year. You really should see my horses. You'd love them all as I do. The Police Department borrowed them to ride in the parade the other day. Horses! What superb creatures they are! Gentle, affectionate, friends to all, malefactors to none, loved by humanity. Set up in a thousand monuments. Don't you just LOVE horses?"

"Naw," said the pale little man. "I'm a white-wing." —*Mugwump.*



"A penny for your thoughts."

"A penny hell. It's the kind of thing you pay \$8.80 a seat for on Broadway."

—*Jack-O-Lantern.*



Women are born—and made. —*Dirge.*

A shipment of college boys were visiting the booby hatch and one of them asked an inmate his name. The man replied, "George Washington."

"Why," said one who had visited the institution before, "The last time you said your name was Abe Lincoln."

"Yeah, that was by my first wife."

—*Redcap.*



OUR LITTLE HOME

Mother's in the kitchen washing up the jugs;

Father's in the cellar, bottling up the suds;

Sister's in the pantry, mixing up the hops—

While Johnnie's on the front porch, watching for the cops. —*Battalion.*



I think that I shall never see

An F as lovely as an E.

An E whose form is pressed.

Upon the records of the blessed.

An F comes easily—and yet,

It isn't easy to forget;

F's are made by fools like me,

But only God could make an E.

—*Ghost.*

The scene is a dress rehearsal of Noah's Ark. Hundreds of people and animals are running about. But above all the confusion can be heard the shrieks of the electrician: What lights shall I use? What lights shall I use? And the heavens open and a voice comes to him, The flood lights, you sap.

—*Pitt Panther.*



A woman arriving in this country after a short trip in Canada, was asked by the customs officials at the landing port:

"Anything to declare, madam?"

"No," she replied sweetly, "nothing."

"Then, madam, said the official gravely, "am I to take it that the fur tail I see hanging down under your coat is your own?"

—*Green Griffin*



"Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

"No, and its awfully exasperating. He only smiles."

—*Ollapod.*



Father is the necessity of convention.

—*Medley.*

Something *New* and *Exciting*



Shortly after Mr. Machamer finished sketching this scene, four men actually fell out of the window! But as they landed on the well-cushioned seat, nobody was hurt. Thank heaven, no bloodshed stained this historic occasion—the first appearance of the new Chevrolet Six on the streets of dear old Whatsis.

And, by the way, have *you* seen the car that's causing all this furore? But that's a foolish question. Everybody has who gets around at all. It's the sensation of the season—beyond question the most stunning automobile you'll see this year. The performance is just as exciting—exceptional speed delivered with amazing smoothness and quietness. Yet prices remain as low as a gigolo's I. Q.

If you have the price, you'll buy the new Chevrolet Six on sight. If you haven't—well, we aren't worried about that. Once you've seen this car, you'll find a way to own one.

The new Chevrolet Six, just announced, offers driving thrills you have never had in any low-priced car. Its new features include: the famous silent-shift Syncro-Mesh transmission—simplified Free Wheeling—60 horsepower—65 to 70 miles an hour speed—smart new Fisher bodies—even greater six-cylinder smoothness and quietness, and even faster pick-up. It is available in 20 distinctive models, priced as low as \$475, f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value for 1932



TWO YOUNG BOYS STRUCK
BY AUTO AT PLAY IN STREET
—*Headline in Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Times Leader*
Autos will be autos.



Swimming Coach: "Hey did you take a shower?"
Dumb Frosh: "No, is there one missing?"
—*Colgate Banter*



Mary had a little lamb. The lamb and Mary are doing as well as can be expected.
—*Virginia Reel*



Co-ed:—"Is he fresh? Why I had to slap him three times before I gave in."
—*Rice Owl*

"Is that pooch a bird dog?"
"Sure. C'mere, Oscar, and give the lady the bird."—*Pelican*
Old Lady (to child): What is your name, little girl?
Child: None of your damn business.
Old Lady: And is your father a college man, too?—*Kitty-Kat*



Customer: "Id like some rat poison."
"Will you take it with you?"
Customer: "No, I'll send the rats over after it."—*Grinnell "Malteaser"*



"Why so silent?"
"I can't find a cuspidor."—*Dirge*
If all the college students who sleep in class were laid end to end they would be more comfortable.—*Green Gander*

Gunman: Put your hands up or I'll shoot.
(Drunk raises one hand).
Gunman: Get 'em both up.
Drunk: Hic—It's all right—I'm half shot already.—*Widow*



"What caused the explosion on Si's farm?"
"He fed a chick some 'Lay or Bust Feed,' and it turned out to be a rooster."
—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*



'Twas the morning after
the night before,
The cat came home at the
hour of four,
The innocent look in her
eyes had went,
But in its place was a look
of content.—*Jester*

An Englishman and an Irishman were returning to their native countries on board one of the larger ocean liners. As the ship neared the Irish coast, the Irishman, leaning over the rail, cried, "Hurrah for Ireland!"

"Hurrah for Hell!" returned the Englishman.

"That's all right," replied the Irishman. "Every man for his own country!"



Frosh: It says here that a butcher found a collar button in a cow's stomach.

Senior: That's a lot of ballyhoo—how could a cow get under a bedroom dresser?
—*Mugwump*



"I know my girl like a book."
"Between the covers you mean?"
"Naw, from beginning to end."—*Bison*

HANG OVER

NUMBER



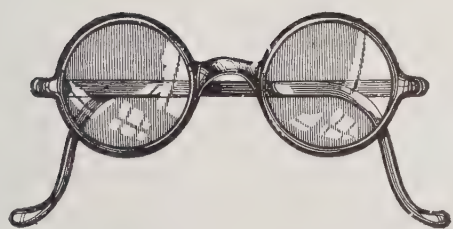
READERS

Before you turn another page remember that this is the HANGOVER NUMBER OF THE BUCCANEER. Before you draw too many conclusions maybe you might draw a couple of pictures for this magazine, before you throw this issue aside in disgust remember that you too might have returned to school with a hangover, and that even if you did not that someday one of those terrible maladies might even raise up and fetch you a smack across the head. If you like this issue we hope that you will tell your friends and if you don't like it we hope that you will drop a card to the Buccaneer and give your honest opinion. We have had slams before and we will get plenty more, but if you have any idea that you think would be of value then mail it. And remember, do not suggest that we discontinue for ever because we have this suggestion on our files and we might sue you for plagiarizing.

With aching heads and fast-beating hearts,

The Editor and Staff

On The Campus



A hangover is a sign of weakness. It comes as a result of getting drunk—our ancestors didn't have hangovers. They were never sober. If they were sober, why are the likes of you wandering around the campus. They used the kind of stuff we get drunk on for a chaser. Them were the days when men were men and women stayed at home and liked it.

Howsomever, it used to be that everybody waited until he was a man to get drunk. It used to be:

"Father, dear father, come come home with me now, the clock in the tower has struck three."

That has now changed to:

"Wake up, you young scamp, and take a hot bath. You've been away two weeks on a spree."

My Grandpa once told a story about when he was in the Confederate army. The whole army was marching through a blinding snow. It was 12 below zero. Many soldiers had on no shoes. Provisions came at last, and there was enough whiskey for everybody. Grand-pa drained a bottle. Then he had to take off

all his clothes and roll in the snow to keep from being overcome by the heat.

Being drunk is a pleasant feeling—so I have been told. It is like viewing beautiful scenery or a gaudy colored animal. The hangover is the discovery that the animal is a Skunk. Some people who are at their best when drunk are at their worse when having a hangover. While tight they feel like breaking out window glasses and kicking over ash cans. When having the hangover they feel as if they have been kicked in the head with the ash can.

This country is now having its hangover from the spree it had when the prohibition law was invoked. The kind of hangover they are having in Russia is probably caused from drinking too much Vodka.

A foggy and muddled atmosphere prevails a hangover. It's like the city of Pittsburgh. Londoners have a perpetual hangover; they are always in a fog.

Noah had the first hangover. It is said that he saw more snakes, lizards tigers, and dodes than any victim of delirium tremens ever recorded.

I know twins who look so much alike that when one gets

drunk the other has the hangover.

Marriage is the hangover of love.

An optimist is a person who wants to have a hangover to see how it feels. A pessimist is a person who has already had one.

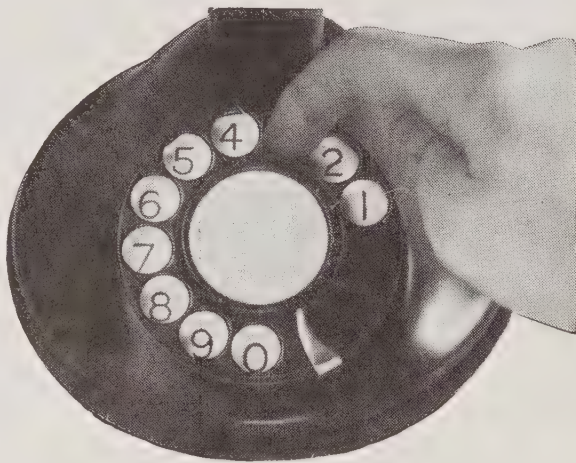
Did you ever hear of the absent-minded professor who put the empty Rye bottles to bed and threw himself in the ash can with a hangover.

The word hangover, etymologists say, comes from the old pig-latin proverb, "Heavy, heavy hangover your head."

If all this can come as a result of a little "corn"; think of the results obtained from a hangover of Wine, Women, and Song.



(By Pete Ivey)



I'll dial for dear old Pi Phi!

The porter looked surprised when I spoke to him in French. He ought to: I never have passed French 1 yet.

The Book-of-the-Month Clubs apparently make their selections by the "blindfold test."

Cigar stores used to have an **Indian** out in front; now they are probably using a bicycle or selling for cash and carry.

What the well dressed man is wearing: Anything he had a couple of years ago.

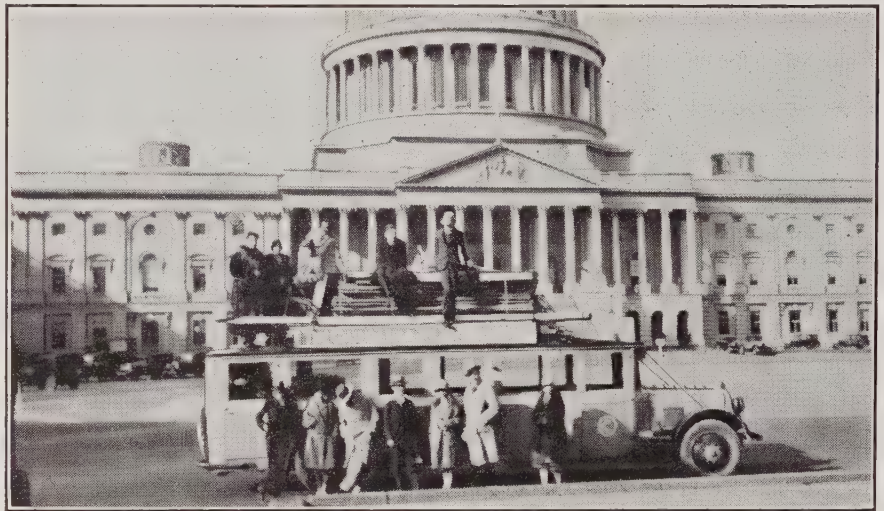
Insurance Agent: Would you be interested in some health insurance for your little daughter?

Scotchman: Hoot no, Mon! I'm going to plant an apple tree for her.

"So you didn't go to Europe this summer."

"No, we weren't able to afford it, since my wife changed from Blisterine Tooth Paste."

"You make me sick, you big stiff," muttered the new med student the first day he was in the dissecting room.



The Playmakers find a capitol place to park



"What caused the explosion on Si's farm?"

"He fed a chick some 'Lay or Bust Feed,' and it turned out to be a rooster."

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay

"These are trying times," remarked the judge as he opened the courtroom door.

Is Miss Zilch's statement paid for?

No, they still owe her for most of it.

Dear Dorothy Nix: Some time ago I went out with a young man and later went to his apartment where we had a couple of drinks. Did I do wrong?

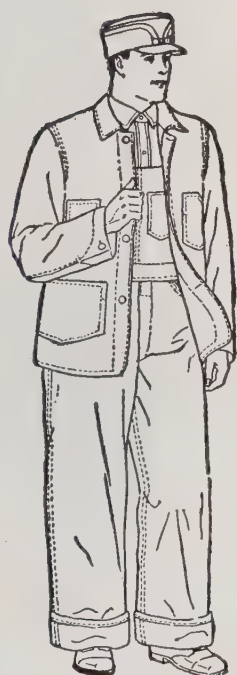
Laughing Brown Eyes Answer: Try to remember, dear.

"There's gold in them bills," remarked the bankrupt merchant to the auditor.

Why is a doctor like a stork? He usually has a big bill too.



What is your Future



Are you going to be like the happy carefree men sitting on the bench at the left or are you going to be a slave like the poor wretch on the right. It is something to think about folks. Why not be like the well dressed man on the left—your own master. You can be if you help us with our campaign known as "OWN YOUR OWN OVERALLS WEEK."

Overheard at football game: "There goes Barber in with Pyles."

Sweet thing: "Oh—how brave!"

—Jack O'Lantern

Then there's the story about the Scotsman that spanked his children and then put them out in the flower bed to cry.

—Punch Bowl



"What end have you in view?"



Scene in front of Pritchard-Lloyd Drug Store the day after Christmas

"How was the corn crop this year?"

"Fine! We got five more gallons to the acre than last year."



"What the Duce is this?" said the Italian official as he opened up one of Mussolini's latest orders.



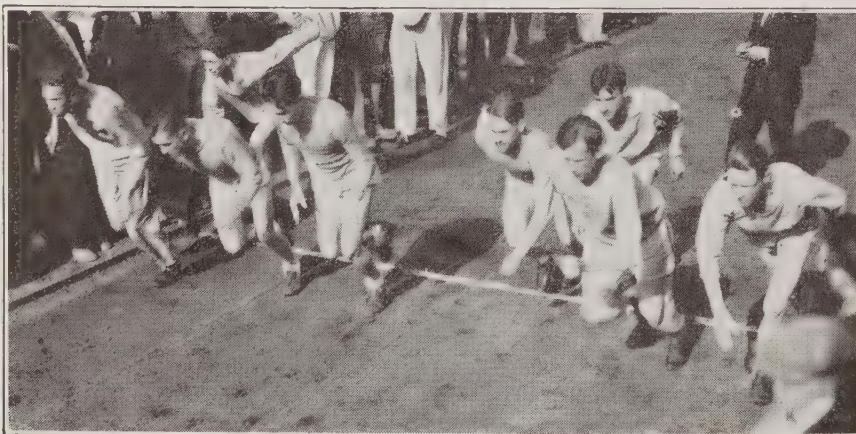
"What do you think of *Five Star Final*?"

"I never tried any, but it can't be much better than *Three Star Hennessy*."



Buffalo Bill: Do you treat all white men like that when they call you Sitting Bull?

Redskin: No, We really do have some reservations!



A few freshmen starting out for the Christmas holidays.

"We're up against it now," remarked a fly as a couple of them landed on the fly-paper.



They laughed when I sat down to play. Ha! Ha! Somebody had removed the bench.



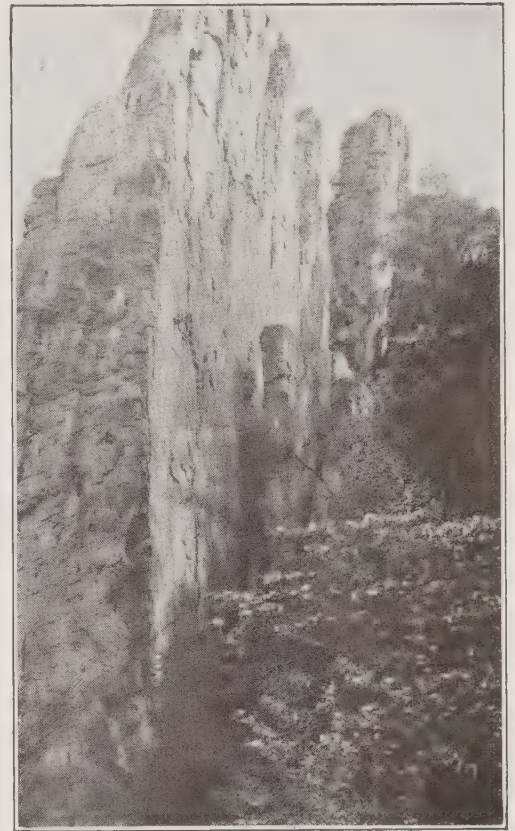
When Greek meets Greek they usually start a fruit stand or an argument.



Porter: Shall I brush you off, sir?

Passenger: Never mind, I'll climb off like the rest of the passengers.

—Red Cat



THAR'S TRUBBEL BRUIN

Stranger, aren't you afraid to let your little girl walk in the mountains alone; think of the bears.

Naw, that gal rides a bicycle and she can handle-bars.

—Battalion

You say you were gagged while in New York?

Yes, with a lot of old gags I heard years ago.



You remind me of an Indian Chief.

Why is that?

Because you Sittin' Bull so much.



Is your mother engaged, little boy?

Not any more; she married again yesterday.



One reason that girls are not walking home this season.

WHY I PREFER THE HANGOVER

By Oscar Burp

I prefer the hangover to any other car because it gives you that thrill of free wheeling wizard control, triple point suspension combined with the freshness made possible by the moisture proof cellophane. I never have spent a sleepless night on a Thomas mattress and I know that the date is on the can and therefore I am determined to trade in my sedan for one of the better makes of wheel chairs. The finest and most useful gift that one could possibly want is the Bridigaire and the two tone dentrifice that will buy you more golf balls than the law allows. And let me tell you that this new Marrow collar will never replace the iceman because in the first place there are fourteen users of the Cumber-some system to every Lents player.

They call him Harry—
The Chapel Hill King—
You can get his sandwiches
Made out of ever thing.
He can make 'em out of Bacon
He can make 'em out of Cheese,
And Hot Dogs he can make 'em
Out of Airdales or Pekinese—
And after the dances
Take your girl down there—
She'll spill hot coffee
All over her hair.
And that night late
You don't have to wait
For a little kiss.
When She's full of Swiss
from Harry's
The Chapel Hill King.

Music the same as Harmonica Harry.

Words by Distinguished member of the D. K. E.—W. V. S.



"Hey, Pa, Can I go to that Deke houseparty?"



"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, will not trade."

—Satyr



Graham Memorial: "If I ever go on a party with you again I certainly will go crazy."



Library: Well I ain't so good myself—the doctor has been working on me for a week.

MELODRAMA

'Twas a dark and stormy night,
And the waves dashed on the
shore,
When Nell, the fisherman's
daughter,
Came knocking on our door.

"O father, father, are you here?"
The little maiden cried.
"To find you I have searched the
town,"
She added as she sighed.

"No, little girl," we gently said,
"Your father is not here."
And as we spoke, we saw her
brush
From each blue eye a tear.

"Be brave now, Nell," we said to
her.

But hers was a broken heart.
Yet underneath this awful strain
She played a brave man's part.

"Wait, Nell," we said, "and we
will go
To aid you in your search."
So thru the blinding storm we
passed
The dance hall and the church.

The night was black; the wind
was chill;
The foaming sea ran high;
The pelting rain beat thru our
clothes;
No star shone in the sky.

"Ofather, father, are you still
Upon this frothing sea?
I know you are, for I can hear
The mad waves laugh with glee."

All night we searched until the
dawn,
Thru all the sleet and rain,
But found no trace of the fisher-
man—
Our search had been in vain.

"Be calm, dear Nell," we whis-
pered.
"We know it's hard to bear,
But if you'll only let us
We'll try to grieve our share."

"Oh that's not it," cried little
Nell,
And with sobs her body shook.
"He's got my 'Seven Sinner's'
And I loved my little book."



"Sho, Honey, But don't let Erwin Walker give you a black eye."

WHO HAD THE FIRST
HANGOVER

By Willie Splitt

As to who was the first hang-
over victim we are uncertain but
that almost everyone has had
one at one time or other is cer-
tain. When Pharoah's army got
drowned they all had hangovers.
When Eve and Adam were driv-
en from the garden they were
almost certain to have had hang-
overs because they lost every-
thing. When Moses beat on the
rock he was feeling badly; when

Saul threw the spear at David
he was not feeling at his best;
when Goliath had his head in
David's sling he was not feeling
like a spring chicken. We would
never have had the law of gravi-
tation and motion if someone
had not been feeling badly.



"Oh, please help me to find my
husband. I've lost him in the crowd."

"How will I know him?"

"He has a mermaid tattooed on his
stomach."—Texas "Ranger"

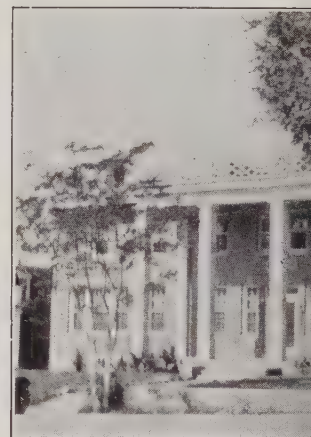


Picture of dear old Tappa Keg just before the Federal agents jumped from the lush undergrowth and seized the piano, fourteen bottles of beer and two pledges.

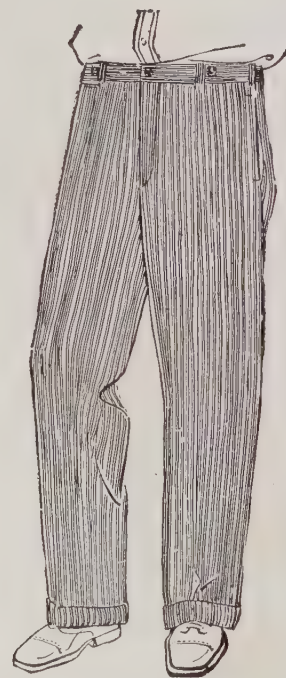


Where the trouble all started. Genuine prewar picture of the breeding place of the alcoholic situation at Carolina. In the foreground is the well-known gutter that we have all read so much about.

Rho Dammit New Chapter



"Thar's a bar in th



First president of Rho Dammit Rho. His greeting to fellow members is: "Where are my pants?"

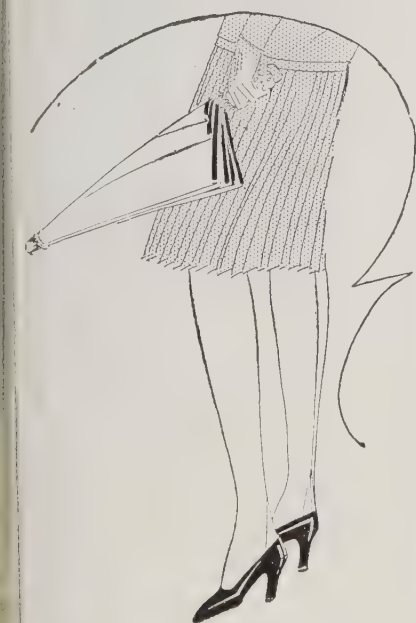
Rho Installs ers at Carolina



ar basement boys!"



Sloppy Joes, alias, rum row Louies, alias half-shot Oscars, alias empty flask Mo's—the seat and back of the home brew racket for Orange County and surrounding counties. (Note that the windows all still open from the last raid which was just ten minutes before this picture was snapped.)



Sweetheart of Rho Dammit Rho
ses for us. "I pleet your cause,"
ere the last words she uttered
fore being hit by a well aimed
n bottle.



The Fiji Pop House—home of some of the best known Rho Dams on the campus. At the time this picture was taken the boys were expecting a raid and if you look closely you will see the machine guns poking from the upper windows and the gangsters crouching behind the shutters—ever-ready to toss a handy pineapple.



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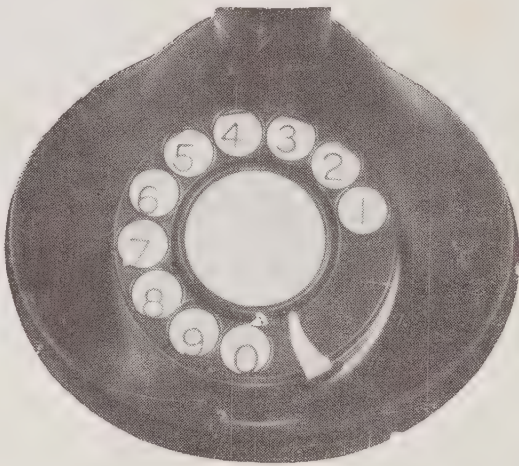
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Editorial

"Carolina Professor To Head Bla Bla Institute". We read such lines as these and say "Ah, another Carolina man has made good." Yes, he has made good after he has passed through our experimental station and has received the best efforts that our faculty and laboratories could offer—but then he moves away. Carolina is just a bush league training ground for men that are being snapped up by other colleges as soon as they show the qualities that are developed and nursed here. It is not their fault for moving away—who would not when offered a position that has a salary of three times that which he got at our developing laboratory.

If our state legislature continues with the belief that good students and good citizens can still be produced with a crippled faculty then it is high time that another declaration of Independence be signed by the people to resolve to put into office men that can see far enough over the head of our present depression to find ways of taxing the state without resorting to financial cuts in the state's educational system. With every wage cut that the legislature makes the university puts on the market faculty members that have spent their "test-tube breaking years" in our laboratories and then move elsewhere to give their best efforts to some other part of the country.

What is going to be the outcome of the wage cut? Will it continue until we have so weakened our faculty that a commerce professor is forced to teach classes in geology while the head of the English department gives two hours a day to freshman mathematics? How long are we going to allow ourselves to have our faculty members under the hammer—for sale—cheap?



A picture of the Dialectic senate along with some of the hot numbers they are offering this season.

Little Boy — Mother, why don't married people say, "Now I lay me down to sleep"?—*Purple Parrot*



Significant of the times is the story of the man who was so lazy that he adopted a baby.—*Phoenix*



Upper: What can you tell me about nitrates?

Lower: Well, er, they're a lot cheaper than day rates. —*Log*



"Now," said the professor, "pass all your papers to the end of the row; have a carbon sheet under each one, and I can correct all the mistakes at once." —*The Columbus*



Heel: How can you make anti-freeze?

Toe: Easy — hide her pajamas. —*Beanpot*



"I know my girl like a book?"

"Between the covers you mean?"

"Naw, from beginning to end." —*Bison*



"Mama, is there a Santa Claus?"

"No, dear, it's really your father."

"Mama, is there a stork?"

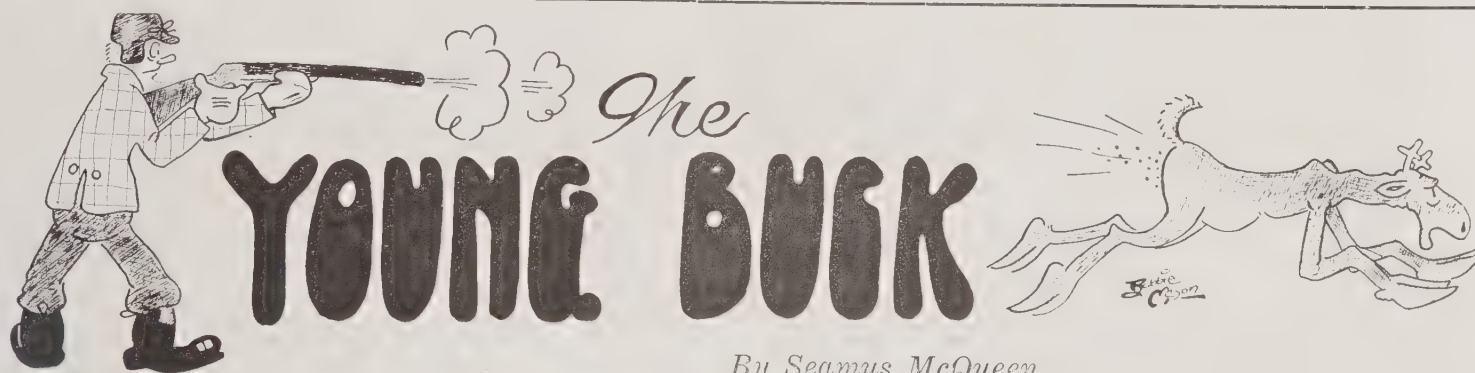


Garage attendant as auto drives up: Juice?
Motorist: Vel, vat if ve are?

—*Boston Beanpot*



There, there, Little girl, I told you not to eat at Swain Hall.



By Seamus McQueen

I often wondered just what it was about the Education department that drew so many attractive co-eds into its folds. Surely it wasn't all a matter of preparation for teaching. Well, I've found it all comes down to the subject of Hunter. Mr. Elwood Cortelyou Hunter, when not adorning Graduate Club or Spencer Hall dances, takes charge of labs and lectures over in Peabody—and Mr. Hunter has It. Mr. Hunter has It by courtesy of the U. S. Post Office Department, as my research has shown. Some time back he was a wall-flower; his lectures lacked punch; people laughed when he sat down at the piano. But he took a course in the development of personality by correspondence, and it worked like Lydia Pinkham's never did. There's a moral in this somewhere—maybe if the University does have to close down and we all get our education by mail, we too can be social lights and professional successes.

* * *

There have been ever so many remedies offered for our financial straits. Two strike me as perfect solutions to the problem. One was the solution offered by one of our leading class-cutters: Increase the faculty by about one hundred percent, and make each instructor pay the University ten dollars for each class he teaches. Full professors ought to pay about fifty bucks, and nobody could afford to be head of a department. The faculty offers a counter-solution: With Duke all flustered about her team rapidly getting no better under Wallace Wade, why

not sell Carolina's All-State group down the river? We could realize enough on the sale to buy another book for the Library, another chime for the bell-tower, and even another meal for the Deans. These solutions strike me as much better than the one by which we were to give Al Capone an honorary degree (Doctor of Artillery, or Master of Thirst-quenching) in return for a sizeable slice of his income.

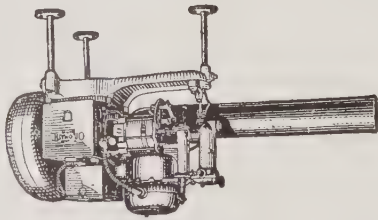
* * *

This being the Hangover Number, I suppose something ought to be said about those quaint maladies that come over people on Sunday and often on Monday mornings. Everyone has his favorite hangover story; a glitter comes into his eye, he seizes you by the arm, gets you securely cornered, and tells you about the time when he felt so bad he first was afraid he'd die, and then was afraid he wouldn't. But most of the talkative hangovers are grossly exaggerated. If a bird tells you he feels terrible over and over again, the chances are that he only has a mild case, and is talking about it to cover up his social weakness. The real wonders are the silent, uncommunicative hangovers. All of which reminds me of the time last June when I met Roy McDade at the drug store at eleven in the morning. I sat down beside him and said "Have a dope, Roy?" Then I retired into my own personal misery, saying nothing, thinking nothing, doing nothing except suffer. At exactly ten minutes past one Roy answered. He said, "No thanks, I don't feel so good."

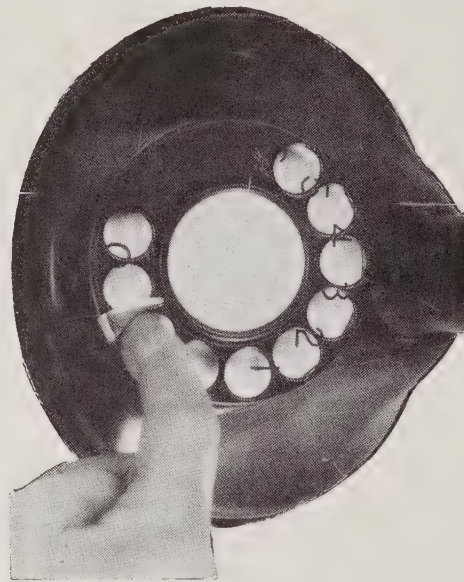
Then, worn out by this burst of conversation we relapsed into silence until supper time. Those were the days when hangovers were hangovers.

* * *

The logical sequence to any mention of a hangover is a discussion of the various cures that everyone talks about, but which never seem to do any real good. The combined forces of the Med School and the graduate students in Chemistry worked all last year trying to find something that would really fix up that morning-after feeling. Being real scholars, they made a thorough investigation, first, of the causes of the hangover. Untold alcohol was sacrificed by these noble lads to find out the truth. And they unanimously decided that hangovers were caused by drinking, which was suspected all along, though it's just as well to have scientific research confirm mere opinions. But they failed in their ultimate purpose, and had to fall back, like we lesser mortals, on aspirin, bromos, milk of magnesia, tomato juice, and all the rest of the concoctions. I can't place any faith in any of these remedies, as they all seem to offer only temporary relief. The best treatment I know of is mental. It was used religiously by Mac MacGinnis last year, and he should have known. When he woke up Mac would say solemnly, "I swear I'll never touch a drop of that stuff again as long as I live!" He would repeat that steadily at five minute intervals until he had convinced himself that he really was a teetotaller, and by then he always felt fine.



A Mazurka



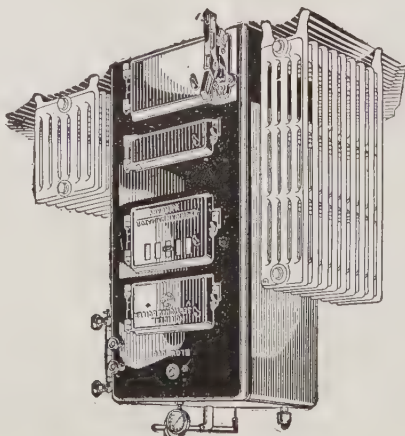
A Gimmick



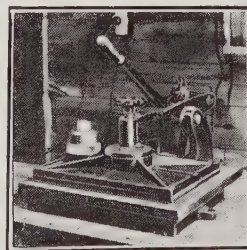
A Potzenstull

What the Hell Page!

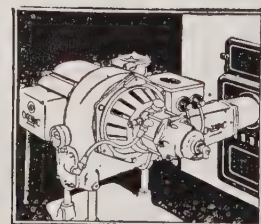
The Buccaneer is offering four thousand dollars for the best written description in twenty words as to what the hell this is pictured on this page. Remember no more no less and the answer must be written on twenty Buccaneer covers or if you do not have the twenty covers then twenty facsimiles — remember that we are giving four thousand smackers away every day while this contest lasts. To help you with your answers we are giving clues as to what the things pictured really are.



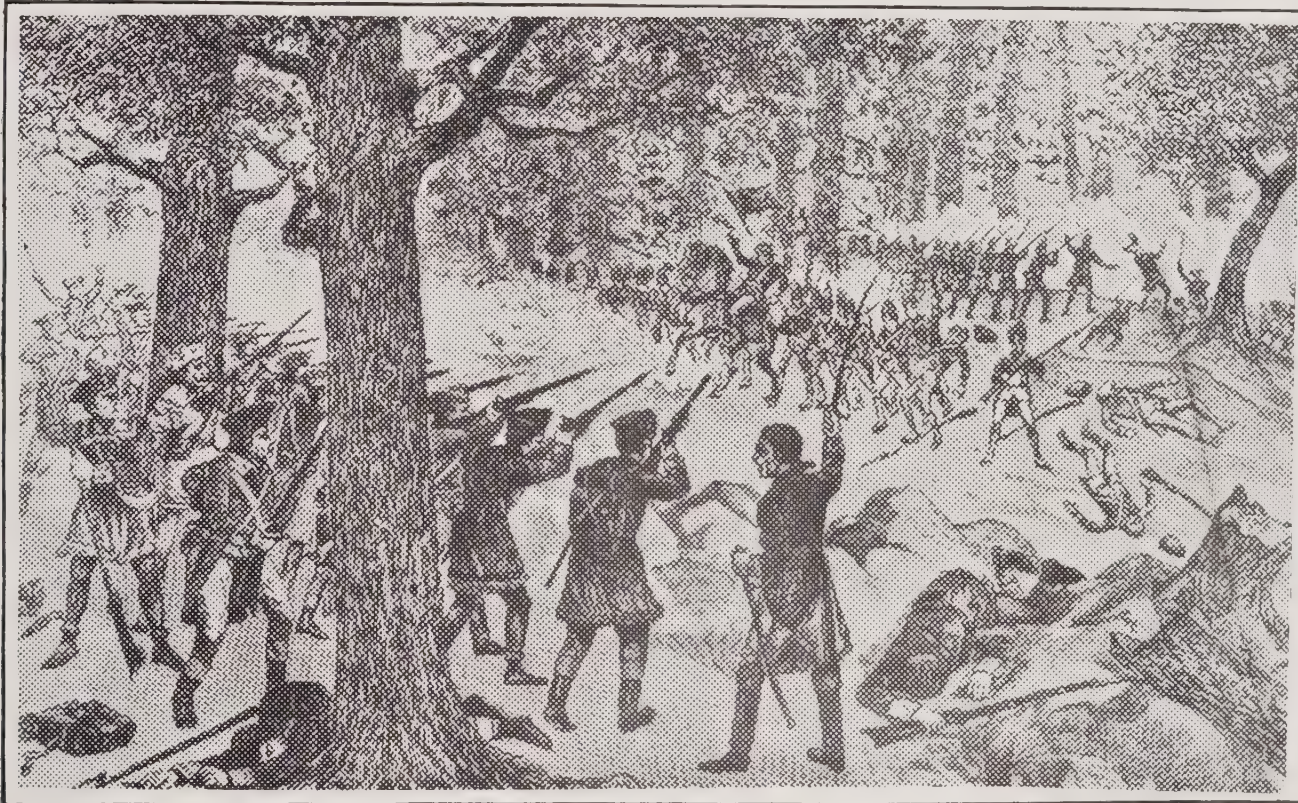
A Monnnnnnoh



A Kazzzzzax



A Pflisiz



Private: Sir, the enemy are as thick as peas.
 Captain: Well, go shell them, idiot.

"Who's in that garden?"

"Only us pansies."—*Jack-O-Lantern*



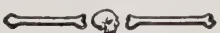
Bill was the first one she should think of, considering what she was thinking of . . .

—*Cosmopolitan Magazine*



"What shall I do? I'm engaged to a man who says he simply can't bear children."

"Well, you can't expect too much from a man."—*Sour Owl*



Banker (telephoning): "Mr. Cohen, do you know your bank account is overdrawn \$17?"

Mr. Cohen: "Say, Mr. Banker, look up a month ago. How did I stand then? I'll hold the phone."

Banker (returning to the telephone) "You had a balance of \$440."

Mr. Cohen: "Vell, did I call you up?"—*Malteaser*



Man Found Dead on Pool Table.

—*Traveller*

Nice shot.—*Harvard Lampoon*

"Sure sorry to hear about that ambitious street cleaner getting kicked in the face."



"What makes the Dean stagger that way?"

"Oh, that's just the Dean's list."

—*Lampoon*



Frosh: It says here that a butcher found a collar button in a cow's stomach.

Senior: That's a lot of ballyhoo—how could a cow get under a bedroom dresser? —*Mugwump*



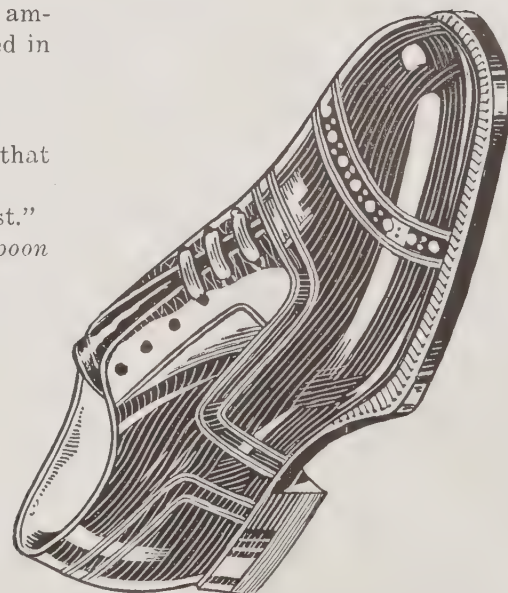
"And does the nice little cow give milk?"

"Well, not exactly; you gotta sorta take it away from her. —*Anapolis Log*



"What are you standing over there throwing rocks at that little boy for?"

"I dasn't go no closer, ma'am. He's got the whooping cough."—*Goblin*



Above is what the Buccaneer would like to suggest for the writer of "Give yourself a pat on the back"—except he would like to lower the suggestion—to the seat of the trouble.

Office Boy:—There's a salesman outside with a woman."

The Boss:—"Tell him I've got a woman."



The latest affair Betty Co-ed was in was the riot scene she pulled over at the Tappa Nu Keg house when she was playing her Ukelele in her pajamas and the string broke.

Quotation from a history book: "The Ancient Greeks often committed suicide."—Those were the good old days! You can only do it once, now.

—*Boston Beanpot*



Little Willie: Mom, you said the baby had your eyes and daddy's nose, didn't you?

Mom: Yes, darling.

Willie: Well, you'd better keep yer eye on 'im. He's got grandpop's teeth now.—*Carnegie Puppet*

She:—"For seventeen years I led a life of shame."

He:—"And then I suppose you reformed?"

She:—"No, I got over being ashamed."—*Beanpot*



Mrs. Professor: Your wall papering job looks fine, dear, but what are those funny bumps?

Mr. Prof.: Good Heavens! I forgot to take down the pictures.

—*Drexard*

Collegian:—"What's wrong with these eggs?"

Waitress:—"Don't ask me, I only laid the table."—*Tech Puppet*



She (at costume dance): "Who does that fellow over there represent?"

He: "He's spouting so much, I guess he's Moby Dick."

—*Cornell Widow*



(Told on an elevator):

Girl Operator: "Floor, please."

Gent: "Eighth floor in a hurry."

G. O.: "Here you are, son, eighth floor!"

Gent: "Where do you get that son stuff? You're not my mother."

G. O.: "That all right, I brought you up, didn't I?"—*Exchange*



Advertisement: "Eskimo Spitz Pups for ten dollars apiece."—*Satyr*



"I don't know where we can put up this lecturer for the night."

"Don't worry, he always brings his own bunk."—*Wampus*

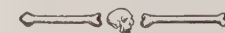


Suitor: "May I marry your daughter?"

Stern Father: "What is your vocation?"

Suitor: "I'm an actor."

Stern Father (angrily): "Then get out before the foot lights."—*Battalion*



Advertisement: "You get the girl, we'll do the rest."

Groom: "That's hardly fair."

—*Dirge*



Lady (to little boy): "My dear, does your mother know you smoke?"

Small Boy: "Madam, does your husband know you speak to strange men?"—*Mugwump*



We just got a report from the State Highway Department that the road to Greenville is open all the way. It is understood that they had to open it until they got the detour fixed.

—*Carolinian*



"And I." said Co-ed Kitty, "wear black garters in memory of those who have passed beyond."

—*Rammer-Jammer*

IN MEMORIAM

In Memoriam: the year 1931, may it rest in peace, and its misfortunes soon be forgotten. It really couldn't help being a bad year though, at that. There were three Fridays the thirteenth! Our research department reports that since Friday falls on the thirteenth but once during the coming year we may be assured of a year only one-third as bad. This seems to be a plausible theory, and we hasten to refer it to the economics department for confirmation.

* * *

In Memoriam: the astounding power of one William Shakespeare, author, an innocent volume of whose works is held responsible for one of the recent automobile accidents on the much mal-lined road to Durham. Picture, if you will, two demure co-eds—obviously of the student variety—driving to Durham, one at the wheel, and one reading the next day's lesson. Came an illustration of vital importance—a glance from the driver was enough—and there were Misses Brickman and Montague all of a heap. All of which goes to prove that scholarship has been overemphasized to such an extent that it is endangering the morals, health, and public safety of the country.

* * *

In Memoriam: cobra bites. Scene: the co-ed shack. Time: just before the last bell. Characters: President of Woman's Association McColl, House President Fennell, their dates, assorted bystanders. Action: in three acts. Act I: The McColl date rolls up trouser leg to identify cause of local disorder in vicinity of knee. Act II: The

McColl raises hell on grounds of propriety. Act III: The Fennell date rolls up trouser leg to identify cause of local disorder in vicinity of knee, this being a move of the "true to tradition" type. (We don't know what tradition, but feel sure there must be one around somewhere.) Act IV: The Fennell raises hell on grounds of propriety—threatens divorce. Act V: Both dates, to the amusement of the assorted bystanders, declare independence by rolling up both trouser legs. The fantasy ends in a snake dance, it having been proved that a cobra was to blame. Suggestion: Let Gerald, the Valleyview mongoose, be transferred to the co-ed shack, thus obviating the possibility of future snake bites, and the ensuing embarrassment of the people involved.

* * *

In Memoriam: Bubble and Squeak, the Valleyview omnibus. We were moved to query as to the connection between its absence and the presence of a likely looking scar over the Harris eye, but were eventually convinced that there is a depression on. And by the way—that wasn't such a likely looking scar, after all!

* * *

In Memoriam: Ted Shawn and his dancing troupe. Best remark heard: "There's nothing like a good clean Mazurka." We were tempted to ask the co-ed who made it some of the details of the washing technique involved, but we didn't think it would get across very well, what with the Watch and Ward Society and one thing and another.

Besides, about that time we discovered that it was a number on the program, and not an article of clothing at all.

* * *

In Memoriam: A dumb co-ed. She asked Mrs. Stacy for permission to visit one of the unchaperoned fraternity houses—after she had been there.

* * *

In Memoriam: Another dumb co-ed. Time: an evening during summer school. Location: a car parked near the airport. Musical accompaniment: crickets and Whip-poor-wills. Dumb comment: "Listen to the screech owls."

* * *

In Memoriam: A dumb freshman. He fixed his schedule so that he had no classes meeting before eleven o'clock, and then got kicked out of the university for overcutting.

* * *

In Memoriam: An astonishing rise, showing that all is never lost. This might also be called "From Office Boy to President," or almost anything that appeals to the reader. For obvious reasons, the name must be suppressed, but the diary of his success is available through the remarkable work of operative Number 1759. January 4, ineligible for readmission. January 6, readmitted. January 8, appointed to the university faculty. We are quite serious in our feeling that this is recognition of true worth which is seldom found.



"Why did you quit your job?"

"The boss was so bowlegged I fell through his lap."

—Longhorn

A Short-Short Story: There's not a drop in the house, boys.



WASTED EFFORT

If four out of five have "It" there isn't much use advertising all these personality courses.



Trent's Last Case: Call up the bootlegger, then.



Doctor: Have you eaten any thing other than that prescribed in my diet?

Patient: Why, only my regular meals, Doc.



Five-year-old—Mama, look at that funny man across the street.

Mother—What is he doing?

Five-year-old—Sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana peel.

Royal Gaboon



KISS ME AGAIN

Corinne: Did you see that? Babe just kissed Max in the bay window.

Morinne: Oh, I didn't think she'd stoop so low.

—Gargoyle

When a guy takes the cushion out of the front seat, he isn't always looking for a monkey wrench.—*Exchange*



Mexican Weather report: Chile today and Hot Tamale.

—Log

"This sure is a patriotic pen."

"How come?"

"Gone dry, my boy, gone dry."



One Freshman still believes that his mother waters the lawn with ladies' hose.



Fresh Mistakes

Being Material Taken from Freshman Examinations

About 1620, Jamestown was burned and this was the end of the first permanent English Colony in the new world.

The pope drew and imaginary line called the papal bull.

In a battle, Bacon barely escaped aliver.

From the Orient were brought such luxuries as spices, germs, and si ks.

John Cabot was an original Italian.

The pope was forbidden to propagate.

Perseverence of Saints. The idea is that saints persevere on earth as well as in heaven.

The Dutch granted large tracts of land to virgin settlers and this helped in the development.

Drake prayed on many Spanish ships.

In 1858 the Lincoln-Douglas debates were held. Lincoln was

a Republican and Douglas was a yankee.

"What special help are you looking for from this course?"

"To study the lives of the low and high during the middle ages."

The negroes in America in 1840 were better off than running around in Africa eating themselves.

Philip II tried to conquer England by sending an alma mater against her.

Humanism was a movement prevalent in Europe in 1500. The leaders of this movement were called humorists.

Labor in the colonies was composed of six classes ranging from the negro slave to his white colord owner.

In classifying Georgia with North Carolina, it should be said that little is known about Georgia.

In the days when the colonies were founded the fish were so plentiful that at times it was difficult for ships to navigate.

The Moslems, who lived in the Netherlands, were all protestants.

The early philosophers took these things for granite.

The pope appointed the cardinals, but the office of the pope is hereditary.

When a man received extreme unction, he had something rubbed on him.

In the election of 1844 Polk ran as a black horse.

Confirmation consisted in bestowing the Holy Ghost upon the individual.

Extreme unction enabled a person to make a safe get-a-way.

The third of the seven sacraments is the Holy Ghost.

One of the first great papers in the U. S. was the New York Tribute.

Pocahuntas married a settler named Wolfe. The Wolfe was at the door.



Small boy: Grandmother, when are you going to start playing football?

Grandmother: Why, sonny. I can't play football. Why?

Small boy: Well, papa says he is going to buy a new car as soon as you kick off.

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas and all through the house,
 Everybody was raising hell, all were soused.
 No stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 But clothing was thrown about here and there.
 Some pickled brothers were upstairs in bed,
 Because the bum liquor had gone to their head.
 Some were in pajamas, some were in less,
 A look at the house showed it all in a mess.
 When out on the lawn there arose quite a clatter,
 Those who were able scrambled to see what was the matter;
 Away to the window one gent tore like a flash
 As the heat of the room made him lose all his hash.
 The moon on the crest of the muddy clay road
 Showed uniformed cops — damn what a load.
 Not only the cops, but the wagon they saw,
 They knew they'd soon be in toils of law.
 In Came the chief, snappy and quick,
 Some drunk said that he looked like a hick.
 He whistled and called all his coppers by name,
 More quickly than looked for in they all came.
 "Now catch all these guys, we'll then make a raid,
 We'll take them to the station," is just what he said.
 But up spoke a brave brother, while showing a roll.
 "A ride in the night air would give us a cold."
 The chief's eyes twinkled! his dimples how merry!
 His cheeks were like rose, his feet like a ferry!
 He reachd out his hand to the brother who spoke,
 "Give me a hundred or I'll let you bums soak."
 The hundred was paid in the flash of an eye,
 The chief laughed aloud and smacked his thigh.
 He turned to his cops and around they all wheeled,
 It could easily be seen that they were all heeled.
 He left with his men, and as the door closed
 The boys were all posed with their thumbs to their nose.
 The chief in his wagon gave the signal to go,
 Away went the cops. Up went a roar—
 The boys were back to their drinking once more,
 To keep the night after Christmas from becoming a bore.

A violinist entered a little music shop in London. "I want an 'E' string, if you please," he observed to the man behind the counter.

Nervously producing a box from behind the counter, the Cockney said, "Would you mind pickin' one out for yourself? Y'know, I 'ardly can tell the 'e's from the she's."
 —Chaparral

Prof: Can you give me an example of a commercial appliance used in ancient times?

Stude: Yes, sir, the loose-leaf system, used in the Garden of Eden.—Anapolis Log

"Good? They've got to be good!" said the chaperon as she peered out on the dance floor.
 —Longhorn

Indignant Passenger: Can't you run any faster than this, Conductor?

Conductor: Yes, but I've got to stick with my train.



"How do you find yourself on cold mornings?"

"Oh, I throw back my covers, and there I am."

—Burr

Lawyer, in his office on the twentieth floor: And who brought you up?

Client: Oh, I came up on the elevator.



Have you smoked a CAMEL lately?

IF YOU want to enjoy cool, smooth mildness in a cigarette—*real* mildness—just try Camels in the Camel Humidor Pack.

It's like giving your throat a vacation—so free are Camels from the slightest trace of bite or burn or sting.

Women, because their throats are more delicate than men's, particularly appreciate this relief from the hot smoke of parched dry-as-dust tobacco, and are switching to Camels everywhere.

The secret of Camel's unique mildness is that the blend of fine

Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos of which they are made is brought to the smoker in prime factory-fresh condition.

All the fragrance and aroma of these tobaccos—and all the natural moisture which means cool flavorful smoking—is preserved intact for you by the Camel Humidor Pack.

So try Camels and see what it means to smoke fine cigarettes—kept fine—switch to them for just one day, then leave them—if you can.

● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

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See radio page of local newspaper for time

CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH



© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

He: I would like to have some good old-fashioned lovin'.

She: O. K. I'll take you over and introduce you to my grandma.—*Log*.

From a History paper: "A Papal Bull is a cow that is kept in the Vatican Gardens to give milk for the Pope's children. —*Ranger*."

Girl (at florist's): Have you any passion poppie?

Old Clerk: Gol ding! Just you wait till I lay down these roses!

—*Belle Hop*.

Father: A night watchman, my son, is the result of Platonic love.

Mama: You're too old to cry, Tommy.

Tommy: And I'm too young to have what I'm crying for.

—*New Jester*.

"Can you operate a typewriter?"

"Yes, sir, I use the Biblical system."

"I never heard of it."

"Seek and ye shall find." —*Widow*

Legs—I heard that your brother died and left you a fortune.

Al—Yeah, the police shot him before he could get out of the bank window.—*Blue Bucket*

SPANKING OF GIRL COSTS THAW \$16,000.—*Herald*.

BOTTOM PRICE.—*Lampoon*.

Infidel (to lame explorer): Ha, Christian, how is your bunion today?

Christian: Fine, Abdul; how's your koran?—*Belle Hop*

Darkie—"I wants a marriage certificate."

Clerk (noticing three kids with him)—"Whose children are these?"

Darkie—"They're mine."

Clerk—"But why did you wait until you had a family before you got married?"

Darkie—"Sorry, boss, but the roads out our way are shore bad."—*Red Cat*

Customer: "Say, waiter, where is the menu?"

Waiter: "Straight down the aisle and the first door to the left."

—*Green Goat*

A student taking an exam just before Christmas holidays was at a loss how to answer the last question. Thinking that the holidays being so near the professor would have the right spirit, he wrote, "God knows, I don't, Merry Christmas." The prof in marking the paper apparently had the Christmas spirit for the student received his paper marked as follows: "God gets 100, you get 0, Happy New Year."—*Drexerd*

First Ditto: "What would you do if a horse fell into your bathtub?"

Second Ditto: "I'd just pull out the plug."

Drag: "I'm all run down."

Middie: "Guess you'll wind up in my arms."—*Anapolis "Log"*

Patient: "Doctor, how are my chances?"

Doctor: "Oh, pretty good, but I wouldn't start reading continued stories."—*Sniper*

The difference between a car wreck and a train wreck is that the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman.

—*Rice Owl*

A Mormon is a man with an exaggerated idea of his capacity.—*Dirge*

"Yes," said the football manager, "we had to fire wo of our freshman assistants for misappropriation of equipment. Right after they had been pledged by a fraternity, they took some of the money that was supposed to buy liniment for the team, and used it for their own ends."

—*Washington "Dirge"*

Man—Do you serve shrimps here?

Waitress—Yes, sir. We serve any one.—*Battalion*

"Is that you John?"

"Yeah, m'dear, if taint, I'm going to 'ply for a divorshe."—*Case Tech*

Irate guest phones down: "Say, night clerk!"

Clerk (snippy): "What's on your mind now?"

Guest: "Mind, hell, they're all over the bed."—*Chicago "Phoenix"*

Spit may be a horrid word, but it comes in damn handy when you're brushing your teeth.—*Ski-u-mah*

Simple: "Could you pass the bread?"

Simpleton: "I guess. I moved pianos last year."—*Witt*

Doctor: The best thing you can do is to give up cigarettes, liquor and women.

Patient: What's the next best thing?—*Sour Owl*

Minister: Do you take this woman for your lawful wedded wife?

Man: Hell, no; my wife wouldn't know what to do with her.

—*Punch Bowl*

A Grammatical Kiss

A kiss is always a pronoun because "she" stands for it.

It is masculine and feminine gender mixed, therefore common.

It is a conjunction because it connects.

It is an interjection; at least it sounds like one.

It is plural because it calls for another.

It is singular because there is nothing else like it.

It is usually in opposition with a caress; at any rate it is sure to follow.

A kiss can be conjugated but never declined.—*Rammer-Jammer*

"She's a very nicely reared girl, isn't she?"

"I should say so. Not so bad from the front, either."—*Bison*



TYPOGRAPHY

To begin with, the design of a piece of printing should be considered in its relation to the idea of the thing itself, its sale and use. Obviously, the type faces, color scheme and illustrations should be keyed to the end of making it easy for the reader to get the idea.

Let us design your next piece of printing

The Orange Printshop

Chapel Hill, N. C.

★ *NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE* ★



Back in the days when football players gloried in unshorn locks and the Flying Wedge, many a shoe string tie peeped from beneath a collar like this. It may look a bit goofy to you today—but remember! Your Dad probably wore a collar like this—and won approving glances from the girl who was to become your Mother. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.

Here is the Arrow Trump—the shirt that sets the style for 1932. Made of a specially woven broadcloth, the Trump has carefully tailored shoulders—correct arm lengths—a shirt front that lies as smooth as a summer sea—and a collar with the trim, smart fit that only Arrow can achieve. In white, stripes and plain colors. The Trump is America's best shirt value at \$1.95.

Arrow Shirts stay their original size because they are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process. The only process of its kind. The Sanforizing Process guarantees permanent fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered.

And that fit is worth retaining. For every Arrow Shirt is tailored perfectly throughout. And you can get your correct sleeve lengths in Arrow Shirts, and they stay correct forever.

And every Arrow Shirt has a collar that has been the despair of other shirt makers. For Arrow—maker of over four billion collars—knows more about putting fit and style and trimness into a collar than anyone else in the world. When you're buying shirts, be sure to look for the Arrow label. Remember, if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

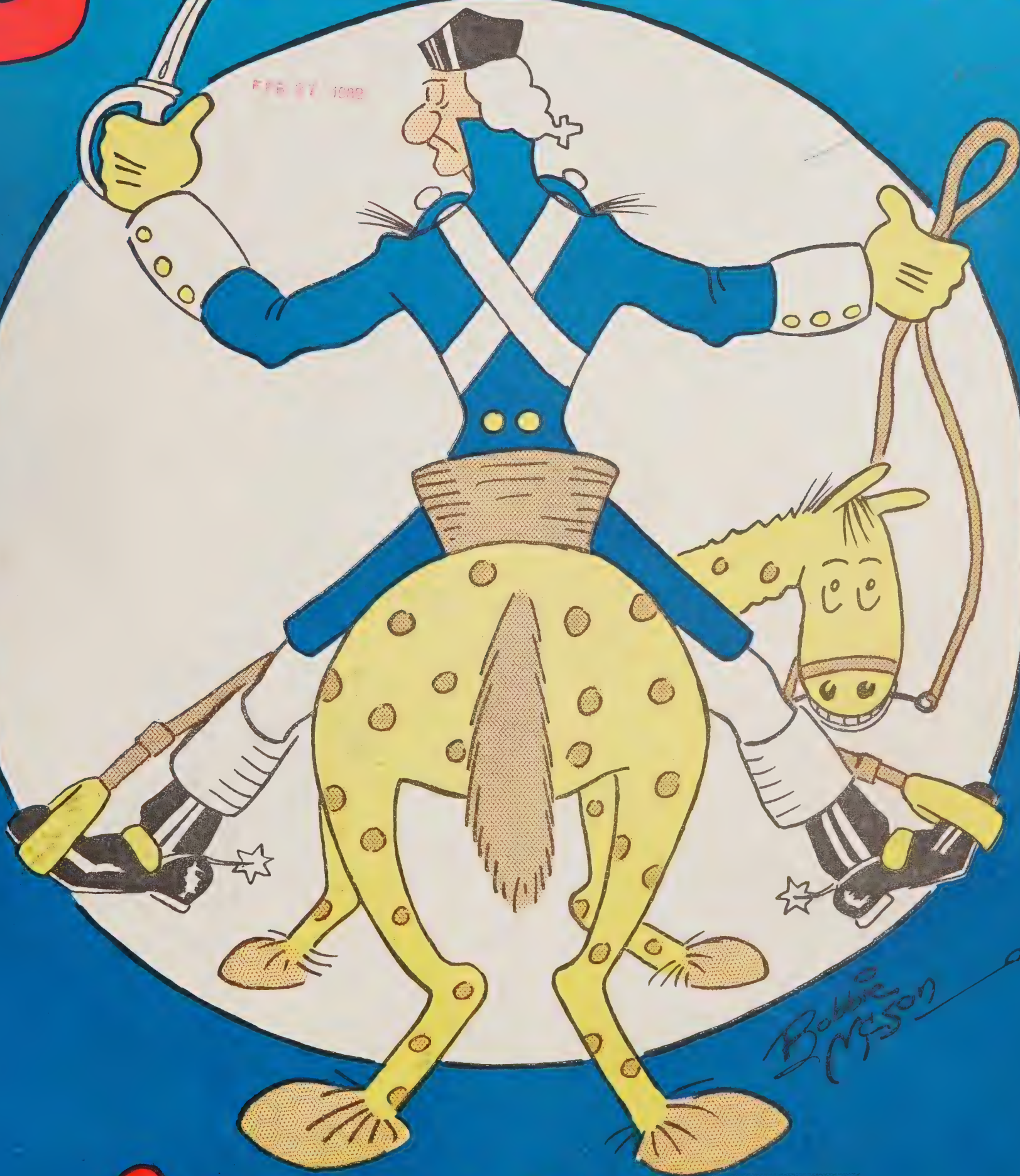
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ARROW SHIRTS *SANFORIZED*
SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

BUCCANEER

FEB 27 1982



REVIEWING THE PAST

"Watch out, you'll spill the beans . . .

"...but before you say any more, I want to ask you one question.

"Why do they use pictures of pretty girls in advertisements?

"And while you are thinking about what you are going to say—

"I will tell you this much:

"Many pretty girls like a MILD and PURE cigarette that TASTES BETTER . . . and that's Chesterfield."

They Satisfy

WRAPPED IN DUPONT
NO. 300 MOISTURE-
PROOF CELLOPHANE...
THE BEST AND MOST
EXPENSIVE MADE



GOT A DATE TONIGHT? Hear "Music that Satisfies"
—Nat Shilkret's Chesterfield Orchestra and *romantic*
songs by Alex Gray. Nearest Columbia station, 10:30 E. S. T.

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

Volume IX February, 1932 Number 5

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SMOOTH
or SHAGGY?



WHICH shall it be? The good old grads are attacking the Eastern colleges and calling names. It all came about because their football teams didn't win. If you want to know why, read HENRY MOTON ROBINSON'S defense of the effete Princetonian in the March COLLEGE HUMOR.

Darrell Ware again writes a smooth story about LITTLE BLACK CLOUD; and the smoothest novelist of them all, DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE, has turned out a serial especially for us concerning "Baby Face," gangster's son and college man.

Other smooth stories complete an issue that is a tribute to the campus.

CollegeHumor
MAGAZINE

NECK AND NECK

She: And if I sit over in that nice dark corner with you will you promise not to hug me?

He: Yes.

Her: And will yo promise not to kiss me?

Him: Yes.

Feminine: And will you promise not to—

Masculine: Yes.

She: Then what in hell do you want me to go over there for? —*Rammer-Jammer*



EPIDEMIC

Annie: Come in see the baby.

Teacher: Thank you, but I'll wait until your mother is better.

Annie: You needn't be afraid. It's not catching, teacher. —*Puppet*



"Let's make a date for Saturday."

"I have an engagement Saturday."

"Make it Sunday."

"I'm going out of town Sunday."

"How about Monday?"

"Oh, damn it; I'll go Saturday."

—*Wampus*

BIG BUSINESS

Johnny was over visiting the Kappa Gammas. In fact, he had one of them cornered on the sofa.

"Kiss me, darling," he said.

"There's a house fine of \$10 on the fellow who kisses a girl within these confines," she said.

"I'll gladly pay the fine, on one condition," he told her.

"What's that?"

"That you let me turn out the lights and take as long as I want to, and kiss you as many times as I wish."

"Heavens, yes, of course!"

Three-quarters of an hour later she said to him:

"You're kissing beautifully tonight, John!"

"Johnny, hell!" the guy kissing her stated roughly. "I'm just one of Johnny's fraternity brothers. Johnny's at the door taking tickets."
—*Kitty-Kat*

"Adam! Quick! The baby just swallowed a safety pin!" cried Eve.

But Adam just laughed, for he knew that safety pins hadn't been invented yet.
—*Purple Parrot*

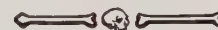


YE OLD RED FLANNELS

She: Getting right cold, isn't it?

He (reflectively): Winter draws on.

She: Sir!
—*Wisconsin Octopus*



WITH RESERVATIONS

"Is this the Salvation Army?"

"Yes."

"Do you save bad women?"

"Yes."

"Well, save a couple for me for Saturday night."
—*Bison*

Applicant: Yes, sir, and I am a direct descendant of George Washington.

Employer: But I want to hire a man to work, not for breeding purposes.—*Skipper*



It was a dark night, star-powdered; it was the sort of night that makes love-making almost a necessity. They were riding slowly along in a cozy coupe, the night air softly fanning their faces. Yet neither of them made any movement toward the other. They hardly spoke. In fact the entire width of the seat separated them. The situation was incomprehensible. Suddenly, the boy at the wheel murmured, "Jim, gimme a fag."
—*Aggievator*



The worst case of halitosis on record: The angel of death destroying the army of Sennacherib by breathing on them.

—*Medley*

Daughter, your hair is all messed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?

He thinks he did, mother.
—*Phoenix*



1st Kangaroo: Annabelle, where's the baby?

2nd Kangaroo: My goodness, I've had my pocket picked.
—*Orange Peel*



NEW SONG HITS

The fraternity song: "My Coat Belongs to the Pants That Belong to Somebody Else."
—*Texas Longhorn*



Jane: I weigh 117 stripped for gym.
Her Father: What!
—*Widow*



What America needs is a good five-cent football ticket.
—*Bored Walk*

Students Need Emergency Loan Fund

"We Must Save The Seed Corn."--Governor Swain.

By FRANCIS F. BRADSHAW, *Dean of Students*

Over five hundred worthwhile students in the University of North Carolina will be forced out of school back upon "bankrupt homes and jobless towns" unless an Emergency Student Loan Fund of \$100,000 can be raised for each year of this biennium.

This group includes sixty students on the honor roll with an average grade of "B" or better, many leaders in all campus activities, boys from the best homes of all sections of the state, sons of alumni, boys working from 5 to 50 hours a week to earn their expenses, seniors almost ready for graduation and employment, graduate students at work upon significant problems—all threatened by conditions which have destroyed savings for education, reduced or eliminated family aid, drastically cut rates of pay and opportunities in self-help at Chapel Hill, and exhausted completely the Student Loan Funds already established.

SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS

These boys are successful as students. They have survived scholastic competition which eliminates one of every three that enter the University. One freshman in the group made five "A's" in the fall while living on two meals a day—doughnut and coffee for breakfast, no lunch and a thirty cent supper! A junior made two "A's" and a "B" while he cooks, cleans, and washes dishes for twelve other boys. A sophomore made two "A's" and worked in the Library 3 hours a day. Sixty averaged "B" or better in the fall quarter.

SELF HELP NOT ENOUGH

These boys are doing all possible to aid themselves. Three have rented a single room in which they sleep, study, and cook their own food each getting room and board for a total of \$12 per month. A freshman withdrew his application for a \$25 loan when he found out that his mother and sister had small Christmas savings accounts which they would give him. One boy studies till twelve but rises at four to work his paper route. A sophomore works 3 hours a day at the dining hall, 4 hours a day in the dormitory, studies typing 1 hour a day and makes "C" on two courses, but still must borrow or drop out. The lowering of wage scales has cut all self-help students in dining hall, on the campus, in the Library, at the laundry, in the telephone office. Every cut in University budget and community business drops self-help students from payrolls by tens and twenties.

VICTIMS OF CIRCUMSTANCE

These boys are in difficulties not of their own creating. One freshman had stored up

in a bank \$3,000 for a college education. This and his family's reserve have completely and permanently vanished. A brother and sister with shares in a \$300,000 estate providently created by a father now dead find the estate cannot now be sold for enough to cancel its debts of less than \$90,000. A mother of two alumni comes to Chapel Hill, literally in tears because her youngest must be denied what his brothers had and what all reasonable efforts had stored up for him. A senior within one quarter of graduation is going home to a father who cannot help his own son, although he has in past years helped many men and their sons.

LOAN FUNDS BEST WAY

The loan funds constitute the best channel for aid to these students. Loan Fund aid preserves initiative and sense of individual responsibility. To receive a loan the student must submit written application covering pertinent facts of his home background, scholastic record, work experience, financial condition, time and money budgets, vocational plans and plans for repayment. He furnishes two references and gets the approval of his dean. All University offices and former employers may be asked for appropriate information. He signs a two year note and secures two endorsers whose solvency is certified to in writing by a Clerk of the Court. He pays the legal rate of interest and repays the principal as soon as possible. In general the amount so borrowed may be used only for the payment of University bills for tuition, room, board and book. If any incurrence of debt is wise, surely, within limits, debt for the personal satisfactions and vocational skills usually secured from college work is most justifiable and most readily discharged.

GREAT BENEFIT TO MANY

The loan funds constitute a way of helping not only these students but many others. The oldest, the Deems Fund, began in 1879 (during the great depression of 1873-1880) as a gift of \$10,700. Today its value in student notes is \$63,000. In the meantime it has made loans of \$225,000 to 1835 persons including 36 ministers, 208 lawyers, 280 teachers, 33 journalists, 113 doctors, 23 bankers, 17 manufacturers, 20 chemists, 47 engineers, etc., etc. Governors, college presidents, and a federal judge are included in those figures. Donors of loan funds have in the past fifty years put \$97,000 at the disposal of University students. These students have not only repaid this money but through interest payments have added \$100,000 to the total. The University Auditor estimates that less than

1 per cent of the paper now held will prove uncollectible. Through three depressions these funds have proved the wisdom of Dr. Battle's statement that while "single investments are often lost by panics, misfortune, or fraud, the annihilation of the value of the secured notes given by rising young men seems practically impossible."

SALVATION BEGINS AT HOME

The foregoing facts of student need and student loan fund achievement have inspired a great unity of effort to make the student loan funds adequate to this day of higher costs, larger enrolment and world-wide depression. The students led by President Mayne Albright are concluding a campaign which has secured 100 per cent participation from eight of fourteen dormitories and twenty-one of thirty-three fraternities, and in such activity groups as the Student Council, Y. M. C. A., Golden Fleece, Inter-fraternity Council, the Grail, Woman's Association. Two thousand students have contributed in amounts ranging from one cent to \$250 to a fund of over \$1,000. Members of the faculty from salaries cut once and about to be cut again are giving from \$3 to \$500. The University Janitors Association gave \$5 saying, "In times like these we all have to stick together." The women of the community raised \$172 by a benefit bridge, the movie theatre \$240 by a benefit show, the Grail \$130 by a benefit dance. The Sunday Schools, the U. D. C., a Circle of the Episcopal Church put in their bits. The Chapel Hill Weekly, the Tar Heel, the Chapel Hill News and the press of the state lend a hand. Two trustees give \$1,000 each and the Board resolves to raise \$30,000. The Alumni Association endorses the Emergency Fund and three alumni help by adding \$2,350. The employees of the laundry, white and colored, vote 10 per cent of a week's wages. Two colored women of their own accord offer free work to a benefit party.

These are some of the facts which indicate success. Each doing his own best bit inspires another to do his, all gladly co-operating in an imperative endeavor to:

Help some student to stay in the University;

Help some family sacrificing to educate their children;

Help the University to do its work;

Help create a permanent loan fund which will double every twenty years, benefitting students, University, and society for generations to come.

Students! Faculty! Townspeople! - - -

Eat Good Food
At Even Better Prices

\$6.00 Meal Tickets.....\$5.00
\$3.00 Meal Tickets.....\$2.50
or
21 Meals \$7.00

The Crescent Cafeterias, Inc.
(Formerly Friendly Cafeterias)

Same prices, same high quality and careful preparation of food that makes "Every Meal a Pleasant Memory."

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Company

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Equipment
Experience
Efficiency

Service
Quality
Speed

"Cleaners and Pressers"

HAPPY—SNAPPY—SERVICE

ERROR?

Grandma: I feel much better today, I don't think my appendix will have to be removed. But it was nice of the minister to call and see me.

Daughter: But mother, that wasn't the new minister who called to see you, that was a specialist from the city who examined you.

Grandma: Oh! He was a doctor, was he? I thought he was a little familiar for a minister.
Green Griffin



Brassieres, Algernon, are articles of feminine underclothing, which co-eds wear for two obvious reasons.
—Whirlwind



First Negro (rising angrily): Be still, Washington. Dat's de second time you wiggled yo' toe dis mornin'.

Second Negro: Aw, I ain't de kind dat can lay round and do nothin' all de time.

—Yowl

FANCY ICES

SHERBETS

Durham Ice Cream
Company
Inc.

"BLUE RIBBON"

Fast Frozen

ICE CREAM

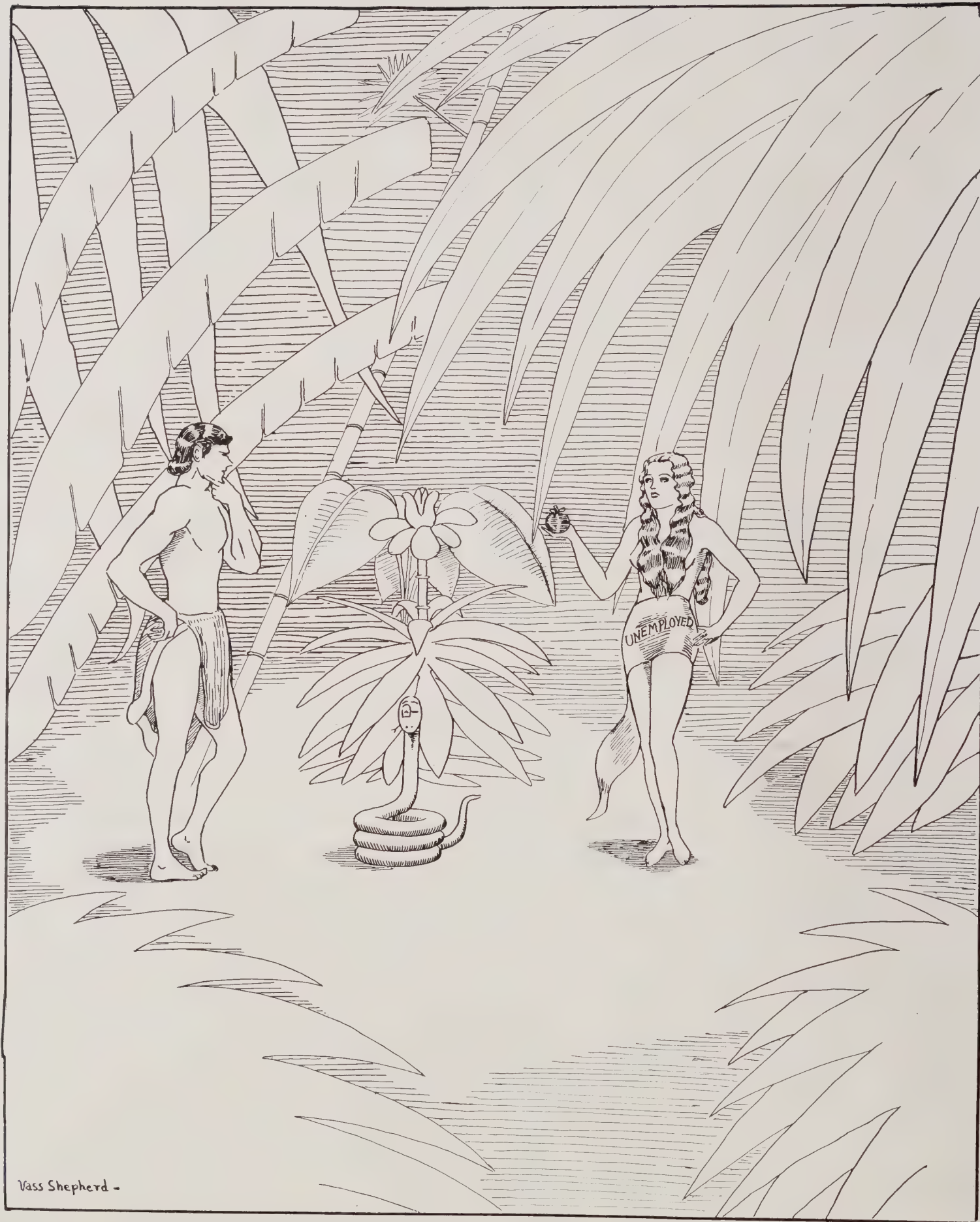
DURHAM, N. C.

Made with Pure Cream

BLOCKS

PUNCH

The
HISTORICAL
NUMBER



Vass Shepherd -

The First Depression.

The Carolina BUCCANEER

UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. IX.

FEBRUARY, 1932

NO. 5

On The Campus

From the *Tar Heel* we see the following: "Wrestlers leave for Army" and of course the comment that we make is, "Are they going to use ju jitsu on the Japanese?"

There are two stories that have come to light about the BUCCANEER this month and here they are: The first one is a compliment from a professor who said, "I have not seen some of the jokes in the BUCCANEER for fifteen years." The other story is about a boy who was trying to get some drawings which his girl had made, accepted by some magazine. It seems he had sent these same drawings to *Life*, *Judge*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and *College Humor* without a bit of success. At last tiring of this send and receive back game he said, "I'll try once more and if I don't get them accepted I'll give them to the damn BUCCANEER."

The other day the editor received a fan letter from a mysterious woman that said she was taking advantage of leap year to write. She signed her name H. A. H. The only reason that the letter has not been answered is because it was sent from Boone, North Carolina, and the name sounds too much like

a shot-gun fired in the distance.

One of the newer expressions that has taken hold of the campus is, "Kicking the gong around." There is no actual movement of the lower limbs and neither is there any resonance caused by the sound of a heavy bell—it's just an expression that is used—generally around weekends.

"Sonny" Tilghman, writer for the *Carolina Magazine* and other journals was recently standing on the gymnasium floor at Midwinters when a strange female sighted him and dashed toward him with open arms screaming "Buck, Buck." "Sonny's" first impulse was to ignore her nonchalantly, but when she reached him and threw her arms about his neck and kissed him tenderly he realized the foolishness of passing the buck and returned the kiss just as tenderly. "I'll meet you at the Inn after the dance," she said as she unembraced him and returned down the other end of the gym. Two-three-four o'clock found "Sonny" at the Inn but fate it seems had passed him the buck!

The most excitement that has happened on the campus is the burning of the S. P. E. house. The reporter saw the whole af-

fair from his bed on a nearby sleeping porch. The main events were students falling out of windows into trees and then falling to the ground. It reminds one of the strenuous times that the Chi Psi's had a couple of years ago when they not only lost their house but they also had a long wrangle with insurance companies as to whether they had committed arson—we have reached a terrible state of affairs when people won't trust a fraternity man.

Perhaps one of the best pictures of the month was Edward G. Robinson's portrayal of the "Hatchet Man." Manager Smith made one mistake in showing the picture early—he should have waited until the 22nd.

Noted visitors to the Carolina campus this month were: "Block" Bryson, writer of the famous column in last year's *Tar Heel* known as "Chips Off the Old Block." "Block" returned for the barristers ball and also to take a look at the bar which he passed so successfully two summers back. The other visitor of fame was Mr. William (Billy) Lindsay, famous general of the army of unemployed now located in Camden, S. C.



Adam: Darn these chiggers!

The population of Jonesburg is on a decline. For every baby born two college boys change their addresses.



Tee: What animal would you like to be?

Hee: A giraffe; he always has a lotta neck.



He: Let's sit this dance out.
She: I'm tired; let's dance awhile.



Blah: Where can I put this book that the janitor won't sweep it out?

Wah: On the floor.

Listen my children and you shall know

The terrible raid of the Alamo.
'Twas eighteen hundred and eighty-one

When all the gang had loads of fun.

There was liquor, and women, and wine and such;

The cops were dizzy: they'd had too much.

Their eyes were shot; their faces were red;

Only one was sober, but he was dead.

Then all of a sudden the merri-ment stopped.

Through the swinging doors a red coat flopped.

The crowd turned pink, then

red, then blue—

The man was Lincoln and his woman Lou.

Then up spoke Boone, his hand on a cup:

Do you think you can break this speak-easy up?"

The cup went flying; it struck bones—

But Abbie ducked; poor John Paul Jones!

The cops were coming—whatta fix!

The gang drank some spirits of '76.

They were nervously filled with rum and beer

But dependable Washington had an idea.

He called Paul Revere off to one side

And said: "I'll take you for a ride."

"You watch for the bulls and signal to me.

One, if by land; two, if by sea."

One hour later or maybe more George saw the flashes; he counted four.

The light kept flashing—at least seventeen.

What the devil, could Revere mean!

While Wash was thinking, the bulls came on—

The battle lasted 'til early dawn.

When the smoke had cleared, what a sight!

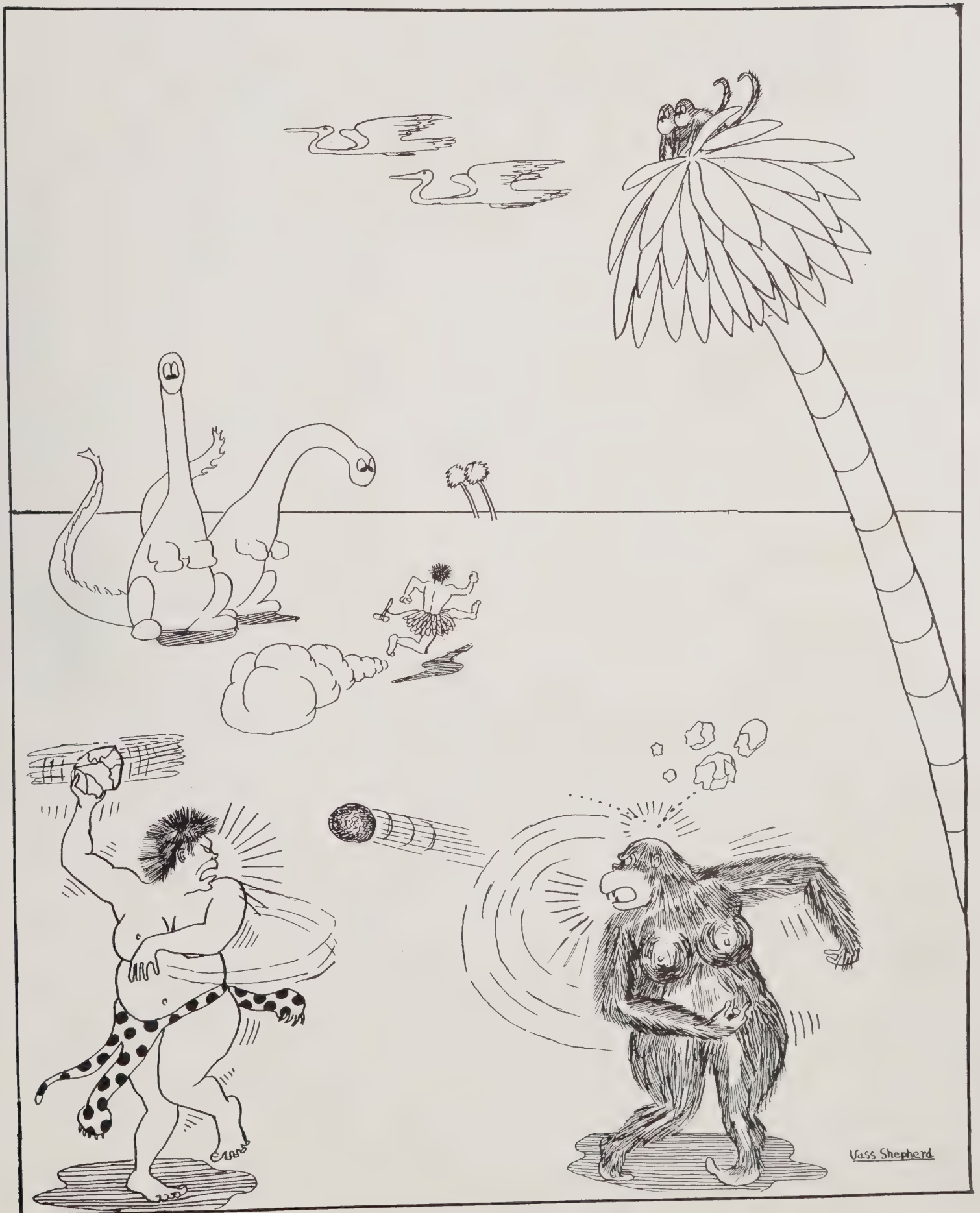
Both sides had been killed during the night.

With our ancestors killed, the future's forlorn;

Tell me how the hell are we gonna be born!



For two nights they had been staying together. But he couldn't sleep. She was constantly throwing her feet and legs on him. She even tried to sleep on his back. Poor Bill couldn't stand it. He got up on his feet and gave her a slow once-over. The kitten had no business in his dog house, anyway.



Why the Missing-Link Is Missing

HISTORICALLY SPEAKING

We all of us know that in the very beginning there was nothing, but a bit later a few things began to exist. It came about this way: There was nothing; then there was water; then there were rocks. The rocks beat o the water, and the water beat on the rocks. The result of all this beating was living creatures. (If you doubt this just read H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*. Go on, I dare you to.) These living creatures grew up into animals and fishes, according to whether they were Republicans or Democrats. After the split in the parties it was found that there were many fishes and many animals, but there were no people. What is a world without people? All right, how would you like to live in a world in which there were no people? Of course you wouldn't like it, and neither did the fishes and the animals. The question before the country was how to get people. So the animals won the election and without consulting the fishes, just like all republicans, made a very pretty garden. If the democrats would have gotten in they'd probably have made it a marine garden, and then look where we'd be. After the animals had fixed up the garden and put in all modern conveniences, running water, sunlight, and moonshine, they advertised it for sale—cheap. You know that it is always quite easy to find a sucker for any cheap piece of real estate, and it was true in this case. (If you don't believe it read the next chapter.)

Adam and Eve or (Who's Been Shaking My Tree)

The first prospect to look over the new development was a party named Adam. You've often heard people talking about a *damn man*, and this is the individual to whom they are referring. Well, Adam Man looked the place over and found it to his liking. After agreeing on terms he decided to lease it. However the low price of the

rent made him suspicious. He asked if there was a still on the grounds, or if there were too many filling stations on the adjacent lots. He was told that the reason he was getting it so cheap was on account of a pet apple tree which the owner wanted him to take care of for him. Adam agreed to look after the tree for him. Adam paid the first month's rent and the owner left him. What? Where did Adam come from? Oh, really you musn't ask questions in the middle of a discussion; and anyway if you'll ask your mama or papa they'll be more than delighted to tell you, or ask the dean.

Adam moved in and seemed quite well pleased, however, he was unable to locate an apple tree on the lot. However, he didn't bother himself about it. Soon Adam began longing for a companion, and said one night, "I'd give a rib for a companion," and so thinking he went to sleep. Next morning he woke up with a pain in his side, and not feeling very well he pulled the leaves closer around his neck and was going back to sleep when a voice disturbed him. "Come on, big boy, it's time to get up. Breakfast is on the table." Adam turned over and there stood a very nice-looking co-ed. "Who are you, where did you come from, what is your address and telephone number?" said Adam who was a gay old bard. "Remember last night when you wished for a companion? Well, you certainly pulled a bone that time. My name is Eve, and you've got to get up or the coconut juice will be cold."

Adam had always been used to having his own way about things, and Eve hampered him by not letting him go out at nights, and making him eat spinach. But Adam disapproved of one thing which Eve did, and that was talk to traveling salesmen. There was one salesman in particular that Adam dis-

liked, his name was Serpent. Now Eve seemed to like this salesman, and he was very nice. He would come to the house and ring the door bell and say "I'm a college boy working my way through school, I wonder if I could interest you in a subscription to this magazine." He would tell Eve jokes, and all the gossip. But Adam did not like Serpent, and frequently referred to him as "a snake in the grass," and said that one of these days he would have a come-down; although Serpent walked quite upright.

Not long after Eve came to Adam he noticed one morning that there was an apple tree in the garden. He told Eve that she must under no circumstances eat an apple off the tree. Now Eve was very fond of apples, and more fond of doing what Adam told her not to. Several days later as Adam came home on an early train he found Eve eating an apple. He scolded her and told her not to ever do that again. They went to bed early that night, and next morning when Adam woke up he felt a draft, looking around he found that he did not have any clothes on, and imagine his embarrassment when he found Eve in the same condition. So like a gentleman Adam got Eve a fig leaf, and got himself a palmetto leaf. About that time the door bell rang and the owner of the garden appeared and told them that they would have to leave his garden. So Adam signed a release, and he and Eve packed up and left. As they were going out Adam saw Serpent crawling around in the grass like a snake, and Adam suspected that Serpent had told the owner about Eve eating the apple. Here we leave Adam and Eve who were going out into the world to raise Cain.

(Of course, the above is only an allegory.)

Columbus

Columbus was the name of the



-Voss Shepherd-

Knight: Come, my lad, I'm going to scratch my back tonight if I have to loosen every bolt in my armor.

gent who discovered America. You can see how that works: Columbus discovered it and they called it America. It is rumored that Columbus is threatening to sue them for misrepresentation, but that's only hearsay.

The whole thing came about in this fashion. Columbus always had a yen to discover a new country, you know, he was just born that way. Well, Chris, (Columbus to you) wanted to discover a new country, but he didn't have any real reason for doing it. While looking around for a plausible excuse for discovering a country he fell for a very nice looking Spanish lady. This lady was very attractive and Chris being of rather a romantic temperament soon got a few dates with the jane; but she would never let Chris come to her house. (Boys, you should always be wary when a lady doesn't let you come to her house; maybe she doesn't have one.) Isabella was the lady's name and once when Chris had a date with her she said to him, "Chris, you really should put

your talent to a better use."

"What talent," inquired Chris.

"Well," said Issie, "you've got a roving hand, and an exploring complex. Big boy, you ought to discover something sometime." So Chris behaved himself for the remainder of the date. But what Issie had said made him think.

Several days later Issie said, "Chris, I've got something to tell you."

"Speak, Issie, my hot tamale," quoted Christopher.

"Chris, my hubby has just got back in town."

"Who is your husband, and are you married, woman?" mumbled Chris.

"Ferdinand, King of these here Spains, etc.," chanted Issie. "He is coming back next week, and, boy friend, you've just got a scam. Take these various and sundry jewelries and go to the Used Ship Department and swap them in for a schooner or three."

So Chris went off and got himself a dish of spaghetti and three schooners with what Issie had given him. He advertised

for seamen and offered them a chance to see the world and get an education. An as there was a depression on about that time he had little trouble getting three crews composed of college boys and other loafers. Chris went to pay his respects to Issie and three months back rent to the landlady, then the three ships sailed off with the help of the auxiliary engine.

The three schooners sailed for a month or two, and the crew began to get griped. The radio failed to work at times, they had drunk up all the home brew, the electric lights went out for two whole nights, and things were in a mess. So one easily sees why the crew was disgruntled. However, soon they began seeing cigar butts, and cases of rye and gin floating past the ship. By these signs they knew they were nearing America, were almost to the 12 mile limit in fact. A few of these cases soon put the boys right again, and Columbus was all a-twitter because of all the undiscovered countries he would rather discover America.

In 1492 Columbus landed his ships, and he didn't land on America. The boys had gotten stewed and driven to the Canary Islands. Anyway Chris called it America and let it go at that. He was given a great welcome by the Canaries and the Indians, they drove him up the main drag, and gave him the key to the jail.

Chris hung around the island for a while, but longing for his Issie he packed up and caught the next steamer back to Spain. From then on every time that Ferdinand would come back to Spain Columbus would take a sea trip, and come back as soon as Ferdie left. It was on one of these trips that he really landed in America. While in America he got a crush on an American maiden and Issie heard about it; so when Chris came back she put him in chains, and she lived happy ever afterwards, because she knew where Chris was.

Dear Dr. Zilch: I am a young undertaker just starting out in my profession. Will you advise me the best way to get ahead?

Answer: Wait till somebody dies.

Tramp: Lady, have you any old clothes in the house that would fit me?

Housewife: Yes, but my husband's got to wear them when he gets up.

"How's business?"

"Not so slow," answered the speed cop.



"Is it raining, boys?"

"No, only water so far."



J. PATRICK MCCOY

Mrs. Daniel: And don't you ever come home again and tell me you've been sitting up with a sick lion.



-Vass Shepherd-

Solomon: Oh Lord give me strength.
9th Wife: And give me patience.

In Memoriam: The Washington and Lee boxing match. To be more explicit, we remember with a glow of cheerfulness the lad who was shouting his wares so blithely, to the tune of "Cigarettes, candy and chewing gum." Presently a potential purchaser hailed him, requesting a pack of gum. After a thorough search of his basket, no gum could be found, but nothing daunted our hero passed on to other stands with his cry of "Cigarettes, candy, and chewing gum!"

* * *

In Memoriam: The same Washington and Lee boxing match. Our next door neighbor is also remembered, this time with pride. There is a man with will power. Between rounds, between bouts, and even during some of the rounds he succeeded in keeping the old mind centered on a novel! It was not until Peyton Brown stepped out to fight that the lad was able to evince some interest, but when he did! Sorry we can't provide his name, but we can tell you about the spell-binding book. It was *Castle Gay*, by John Buchan. We know, because we reviewed it for the—well, for one of the papers at home. We recommend it for boring fights—if you do that sort of thing.



Courtier: Why, Queen, where's your chivalry?
Queen: I traded it in on an Essex.

Editorial

Among recent headlines we note, CHANGE IN HONOR SYSTEM MAY BE EFFECTED AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

To speak of things material—Unfortunately, the honor system at Carolina has not been recently reviewed, explained, and extolled by our campus daily, as have many other of our noble institutions. Judging from its present category in our evaluation of venerable standards, it must have been created incidental to the eighteenth amendment.

Honor is a noble impulse which has served as an incentive to many heroic exploits as well as many wild rushes of fools. It is related to right, justice and equity. For the sake of honor, a Japanese may commit harakiri, a bank president may commit suicide after having been discovered in matters of misappropriation, or, to revert historically, a Spartan youth might have been disembowled by a stolen fox concealed in his shirt rather than betray his theft. To heartlessly deprive honor of all its heroic aspects we may say that honor is the direct result on our part of an overdose of Walter Scott to our grandfathers.

The honor system at Carolina has unmistakably been run on the triple standard—one for the student and two for the professor or, it has functioned as a wise, beneficent and character strengthening plan of co-operation. On the one hand we have personified the worst, and on the other, the best condition of moral control. Morality, high thinking, and clean living cannot be thrust upon the people as taxation from the government or the drenching rain from God. We can create morality only by logical reasoning and instruction to the formative mind.

It is with no tell-tale spirit that the following specific examples are cited.—An observation during the quiz of a large class in a professional school on this campus revealed the fact that at least 20 percent of the students were resorting to that nefarious practice of cheating, and of this twenty percent, the majority considered it a splendid game of matching wits. The honor system was represented by the usual compulsory pledges and the presence of an instructor who plodded ceaselessly up one aisle and down another, ever alert for signs of breach of our noble system.—On a

summer school class, a quiz was given on the second class period. This followed a prolonged discourse on "What you have to do, and what you can't do if you want to pass my course or even be allowed to remain on class." The instructor absented himself from the room and the percentage who "jumped the fence" was well over 60.—In another group in a professional school, which remained practically undisrupted for six courses, there was no instance ever observed of cheating or even the desire to be dishonest. In this case the usual pledges were signed and no overseer was left in charge. The signing of pledges was merely routine. The professor had inspired confidence and determination rather than fear of the honor system. From the standpoint of self preservation, the desire to cheat must have been stronger than usual for the percentage of D's, E's and F's was well above the average.

What then, is the answer to our problem, and what constructive measures can be formulated? They rest with the instructors and teachers primarily and reactively with the student. Give a man a dog's name and he barks with fury, consider him to be a gentleman and two to one he will not break faith though he be a rogue. There can be no middle ground, either place the student strictly on his honor without espionage or else make it a game for the instructor to watch the student and the student to watch out for himself. No rallies from the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the W. C. T. U., or the Board of Public Morals can remedy the situation by bombastic eulogy of past tradition.

What we most need is to assert the facts of the case and leave off the idealistic gassifying on ancient honor, neither do we need to revert to preparatory school days where each student is made a boy police. It is a salient fact that those who cheat have no remorse upon signing the pledge. There remains primarily one of two possible choices. Either place the student strictly on his honor without the reflection on his honesty occasioned by the various systems of espionage, or else let the instructor watch the student and the student watch out for himself. Whichever method is chosen, the strict adoption of the former would effect the most radical change from the present system if not actually being a unique idea to raise the morality of the plastic student mind.



Nero just arson around

In Memoriam: The co-ed dance. We had a fine time—the best girl was invariably invisible when wanted, but there always seemed to be a good dancer around anyway, *mirabile dictu*. But weren't there a great many furriners among the ladies? If there weren't a lot imported for the occasion we must have been missing an awful lot. And by the way, have you ever noticed

how the dating increases the days after the dances are announced? It's truly remarkable how popular Club Lee becomes all of a sudden. But there is also the usual post boom depression, so it probably all adds up night in the long run. How about having dances oftener?

* * *

In Memoriam: Our old friend Howard Beebe. He's been gone

now these many months, but it seems like only yesterday that he staggered into Mrs. Lawson's and bumped into one of the inmates. "Pardon me," quoth Howard, "I'm a little drunk." Then after a moment's hesitation: "I'll retract that statement, I'm— drunk!"

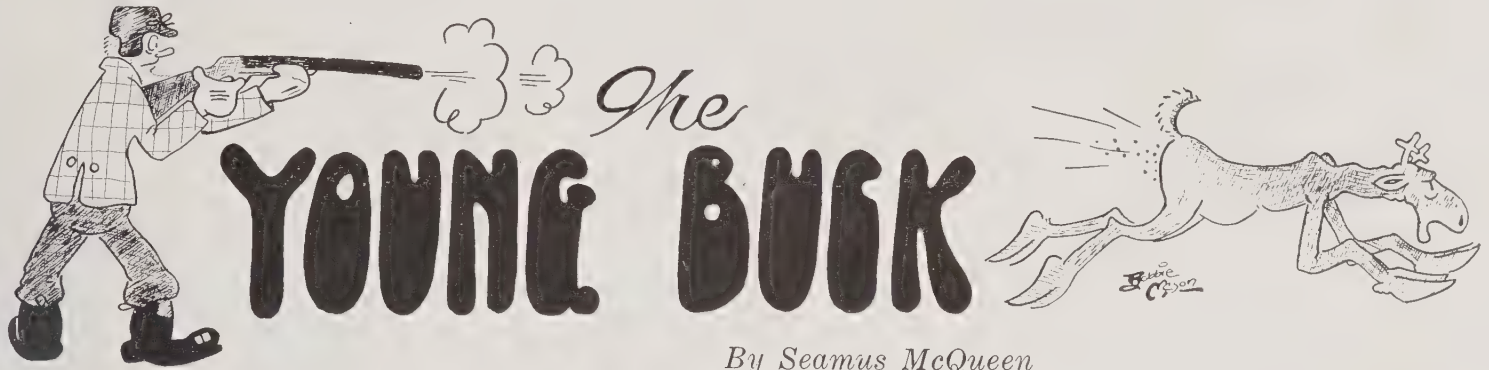
*Blanks out of deference to the Chapel Hill Watch and Ward Society and to Senator Smoot, Republican, Ut.



"But, Lady Godiva, how was I to know that you was going to ride bareback?"



Ye First Knight Club



By Seamus McQueen

Now is the time of year when the advantages of being a Junior make themselves most apparent. All the other classes, and everyone else connected with the university, find that life is just a bowl of sour grapes as February drags along. The Junior has nothing but an occasional hang-over, and a possible bad check or two, to worry about, but consider his fellows: The Freshman has lost his first-quarter enthusiasm, gained a fearful dislike of classes, and felt most frequently the firm corrective palms of his brothers-to-be. He doesn't like it. The Sophomore, being just that, doesn't know much about anything, but is just beginning to realize it, and he doesn't like it. The Senior is chased all around the Library by the threat of a comprehensive, which, if he does pass, will throw him jobless on the cold wide world. The graduate student is acquiring a fine set of carrel-callouses on the reverse side of his lap. The professional students come up out of their dust-heaps long enough to show by their wild-eyed expressions that *they* don't like it. But the Junior is having a grand time. In fact, with the willing co-operation of a slightly grouchy faculty, I think I'll stay a Junior for several more years.

* * *

One of the more interesting sights of a sunny Chapel Hill afternoon recently was that of Mr. Carl Pegg of the History department dashing with frolic-

some abandon through the Arboretum. Spectators wondered what it was all about. There was something of the aesthetic dancer about it all, with just a touch of the hen whose chicks have disappeared. At great personal risk, I investigated the true facts. It seems that Mr. Pegg was strolling through the *flora* with a young damsel. She, with innocent curiosity, poked a stick into a bush, whence came a strange humming. Unfortunately there were bees in the bush, and they came right out. With true chivalry, but no sense of justice, they ignored the lady and went to call on Mr. Pegg. The mysterious capers were a perfectly natural result.

* * *

Spencer is getting to be more and more of a bulwark of inconvenient respectability every day, and there are those, I don't mind telling you, who are getting pretty damn sick of it. First they stick in posts in the driveways to keep us from getting near the place in style. Now they've gone and put floodlights on the corners, and lit up that nice little approach from behind the church, so that the visitor feels like he's making a stage entrance. Next I'll bet they put a moat around the place with a drawbridge and armed guards. Those floodlights have had a serious effect, though. Statistics prove that 28% less girls had 65% less books carried back from the library for them the first week the lights were in op-

eration. What this proves, I don't know.

* * *

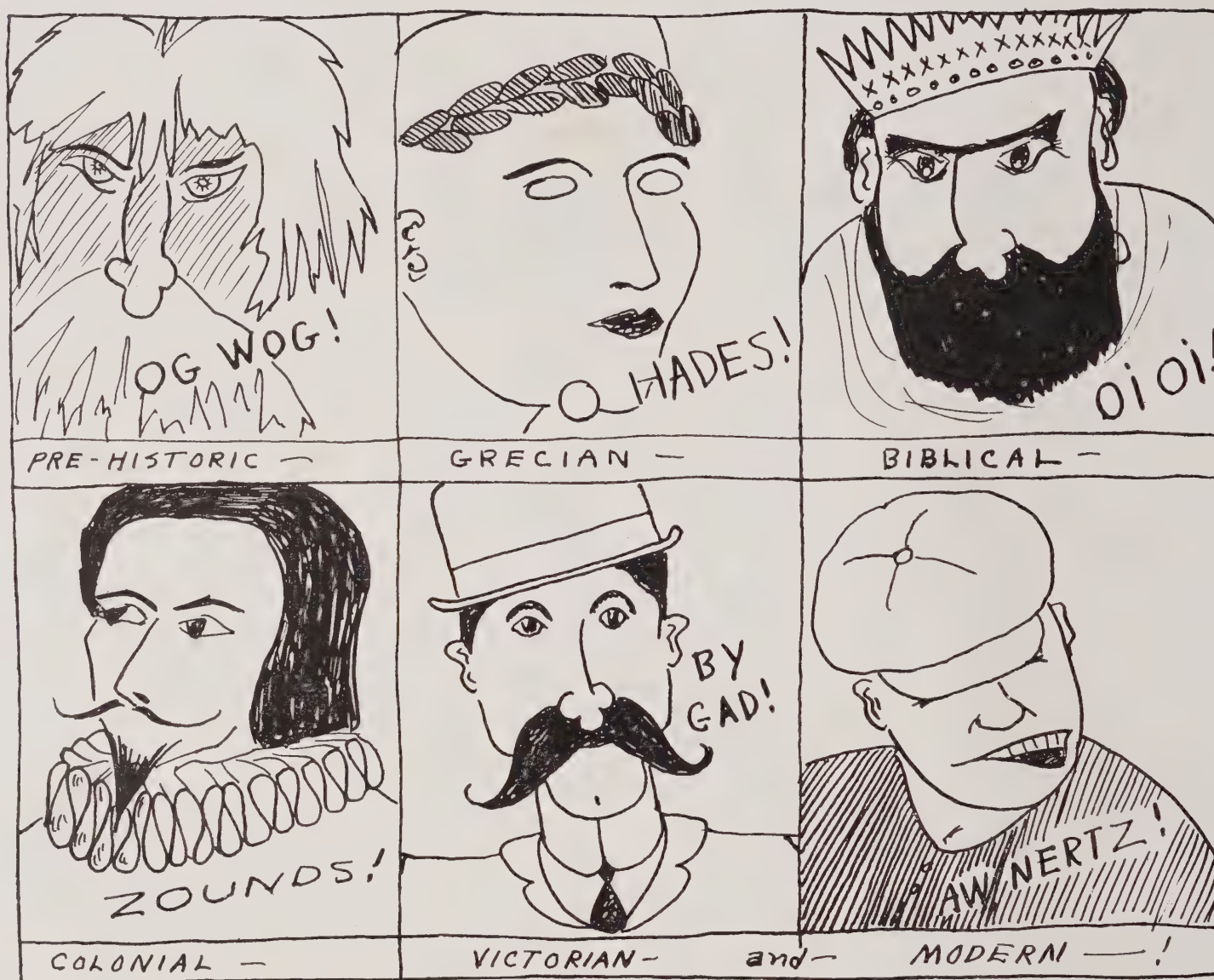
Of course there are co-eds who strive to keep up the old traditions of hospitality and entertainment even under such handicaps. A friend of mine tells me he happened to be down at Spencer the other day, and wandered quite suddenly into the lounge. The muffled scream came too late for him to back out gracefully, so he went over and gazed intently at the picture of Cornelia Phillips, with his back to the rest of the room. And yet, he says, Alice can't look at him to this date without blushing.

* * *

The Kappa Alphas, cute little devils, are always up to tricks. One of their latest was to collect a package of dainty theses and thoses, do it up all nicely, and mail it to "Mrs. Tom Watkins, Pi Beta Phi House, Chapel Hill." Boys will be playful, and I can understand all that, but why did the Pi Phis present the package to the recently elected Beauty Queen of the campus?

* * *

Note to Pete: Maybe this isn't enough for a full column, but as you well know, all the really scandalous doings around here of late involve you, and you wouldn't print 'em even if I was yellow-journalist enough to write them down.



Development of the raspberries.

Famous Dates in History

Speaking of famous dates in history, how about Cleopatra's with Antony—or was that infamous? At any rate the BUC-CANEER by special borax mule team has brought to its readers a hitherto unprinted account of that memorable night when the boys of old D. K. E.—pardon us, that's another story.

It was night in Egypt. It was also night in Africa. That was because Africa was in Egypt. But as Shelly once so charmingly wrote in his "Ode to a Greasy Loin," "What the Hell." At all events, this was not only night, but Saturday night, and Antony, the old ducky-wucky, was on his way to the house-party—our error, we mean horsy party—that

Cleopatra, the vamp of the Vile was throwing. Just then the moon rose, so Antony gathered up the beautiful flower tenderly to offer as a token to Cleo, his beloved paramount. And as he Rinson—we mean did-so—he whispered fondly to himself, "If she's my paramount, she's the best show in town."

At the same moment, two men stood on a street corner in Hoboken. "Believe it or not, officer," they were saying, "we're only A. T. O. boys waiting for a street car."

"I belong to that sorority, too," said the officer, and all three disappeared from the story.

The party was proceeding

nicely. Three hours had elapsed, and so had most of the guests. Several others had relapsed. Even the mortgage had lapsed. And Antony was holding Cleopatra's laps-dog. How plural we made that singular. Or rather, how singular we made that plural. About that time the cow-bell rang at Spencer, and all the good little girls staggered home. At last Antony and Cleo were alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on a wide, wide (Pardon us, that goes in the book reviews.) "O Cleo," gargled Antony, "may I patra hair?"

"Stop, cease, dissuade," thundered a voice from above. Looking up the started—or rather startled — pair saw Caesar swinging from the chandelier.

"Let's make light of him,"



Just another slant of the Chinese puzzle.

whispered Antony.

"Delighted," Cleo remarked naively. "Will you pass the pea-soup?"

"No," Antony retorted snappily, "but I can parse the verb 'to was'."

At this moment Caesar alighted. "I sees her," said Caesar, as he seized her.

"Pardon me," said Cleo, "but I have some blueberries to pick."

"Woman, thou hast played me false," thundered the mighty ruler of Roman Imperial Hair Sources."

"Can't I change my mind?" said Cleo snappily.

"Yes, yes," chimed in Antony, doing a little better than the cuckoo clock. "Fight on for your immortal rights, Cleo."

"Immoral rights," corrected Caesar.

Slyly Cleo reached inside her

dress and brought forth the flit. Caesar flitted out.

It was late that night. "Do you mind babies?" whispered Antony.

"What do you think I am, a nursemaid?" said Cleo. But she succumbed.

"What do you think of my room as a whole?"

"As a hole it's pretty good, but it's not much of a room."

News Item: Last Tuesday night Hiram Jackson's wife surprised him with a fine baby boy.

We wonder if Hiram was much surprised, after all.

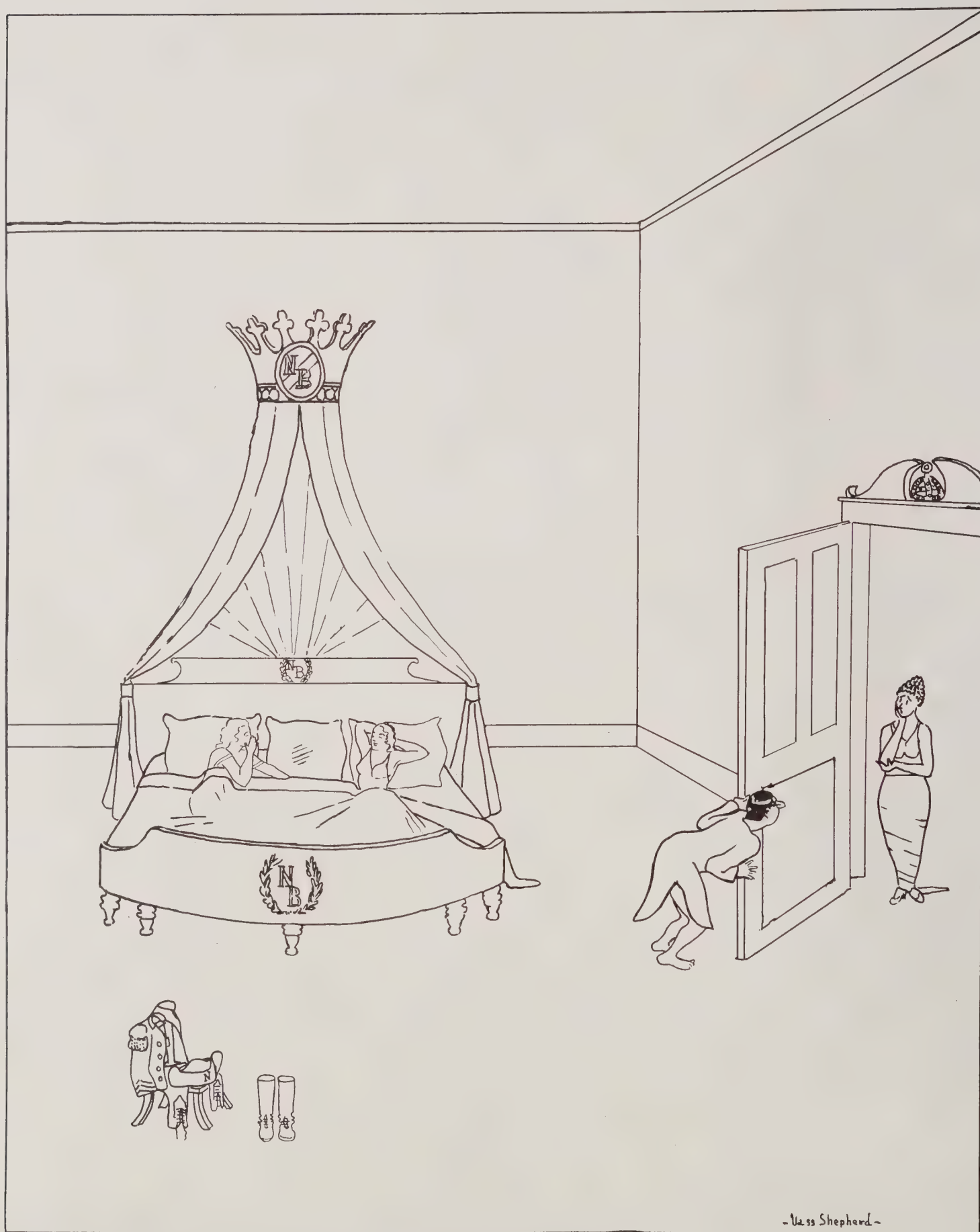
Professor: Who was it that said, "My kingdom for a horse."

Co-ed: It must have been the Prince of Wales.

Gasolina and whiskey don't mix, we are often told. It's been tried enough, though, from the taste of some of this Orange County corn.



Queen Elizabeth puts in some new innovations.



Napoleon: Not tonight, Josephine!



Paul Revere: Dammit I forgot those signals again.

"What a break!" exclaimed Humpty Dumpty as he fell off the wall.



Scotchman: I want to hire a horse.

Livery Stable Owner: How long do you want him?

Scotchman: The longest one you've got.



"What is your idea of a well-balanced meal?"

"Peas on a knife."



Famous Generals of History—

General Policy

General Conditions

General Manager

General Electric



Foolish Question No. 12,345,-469,620: Mamma, who brings these Baby Austins?



"What did I tell you I would do to you if I caught you dabbling in stocks again," shouted the irate father.

TRAVELOGUE TRIPE

NO. 198 OF A SERIES

By - NED WHEELER



HAWAII WELCOMES DEPRESSION

THEME SONG FROM THE
"GRASS WIDOW" REVUE -
"PEOPLE WHO WEAR GRASS
SKIRTS SHOULDN'T PLAY
WITH MATCHES!"

IN SPITE
OF
UNEMPLOYMENT
OF HAY DEALERS

- NED WHEELER

Graham Memorial Grill

is now open to

*Students with
Discriminating Taste*

The CAROLINA BUCCANEER so I'm told

Is full of jokes galore
But the reply when I read one
Is: I've heard that before.



She: Bill pretends to give out
of gas every time he takes me to
ride.

Sheg: Well, what do you do?

She: I pretend I have a
sprained ankle and can't walk.



Ques.: What is it about Mark
Antony that you like best.

Ans.: Cleopatra.

Ques.: Who is the bravest man
in history?

Ans.: Johnny Smith. He told
his parents he was on the BUC-
CANEER staff.



Mark Anthony: I'm glad Cleo has asperations because
it makes her keep abreast of the times.

When three's
not a crowd



When there's an important selling job to be done, after hours, on some moonlit roadway, or shadowy campus drive, nothing gets you off to a better start than one of those new sport roadsters being built by Chevrolet.

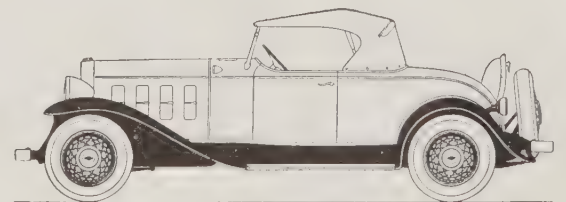
The front seat has plenty of room for the great American blonde, *yourself*, and several tons of raccoon coat—as well as a second blonde, if you believe in numbers. Then, if some offensive male decides that he'll go along too, there's a pleasantly remote rumble seat, where he can be placed in cold storage indefinitely.

In addition—with Syncro-Mesh and Free Wheeling, you can let the car practically drive itself. Chevrolet's six-cylinder motor runs so noiselessly that you can put across your personality without using a gold-lined megaphone.

And just as the Chevrolet Six never cramps your technique, it never cramps the allowance, either. Gas, oil, and servicings can be paid for, with plenty of change left over for cover charges and refreshments. And as for first-cost—well, bless your soul—just snap on the bifocals and take a look to the right!

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

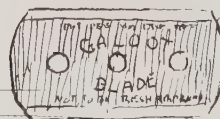
The Great American Value for 1932



The Sport Roadster, \$495

Twenty beautiful new models,
at prices ranging from **\$475 to \$660**

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich., special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors



Galoot

RAZORS  BLADES



Wife: I really wonder if he has ceased to care.

NATURALLY FRESH

never parched, never toasted!

The cool, flavorful *freshness* of Camel cigarettes is purely a natural product.

It is attained not by any mysterious processes, but simply by preserving the full natural goodness of fine sun-ripened tobaccos.

These choice tobaccos of which Camels are blended — fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos — are never parched or toasted.

On the contrary we exercise every care and

precaution to safeguard the natural moisture which is infused with their mildness and flavor.

That's why the Camel Humidor Pack is such a boon to Camel smokers — it could do little or nothing except for the fact that the cigarettes we put into it are fresh to start with.

To see what that means in cool, smooth, throat-friendly smoking pleasure, switch to *fresh* Camels for just one day — then leave them, if you can!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

Beach Censor: My dear young lady, I don't like to trouble you, but I object to your bathing suit.

College Girl: I know. You men are all alike, but they wouldn't let me bathe without it. —*Temple Owl*

FOREST PRIME-EVIL

She: There are a lot of couples that don't pet in parked cars.

He: Yes. the woods are full of them. —*Rice Owl*

Burglar: Don't be scared, lady, all I want is your money.

Old Maid: Oh, go away. You're just like all other men. —*Rice Owl*

"This is the skull of a man who was shipwrecked for two years on a desert island with two chorus girls."

"How did he die?"

"He wore himself out tearing down the signals they put up." —*Red Cat*

We hear that a salesman called on a nudist colony the other cold day to sell some clothes made of cellophane. —*Life*

Advertisement: You get the girl, we'll do the rest.

Groom: That's hardly fair. —*Dirge*

"Who was that dame you had at the dance?"

"She's the one that's got my pin. Want an introduction?"

"No, just ask her what I did with my vest, will you?" —*Siren*

WIDE AWAKE

Judge: What are your grounds for divorce?

Bride: He snores.

Judge: How long have you been married?

Bride: Two weeks.

Judge: Granted; he shouldn't snore. —*Medley*

"I'm hurt coach, but I need the money." —*Colgate Banter*

She: What is this primrose path, anyway?

He: What, haven't you erred?

—*Log*

RULES

Fraternity house rules:

No liquor allowed in rooms.

Do not throw bottles out of windows. —*Purple Parrot*

PRANKS

A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said, "What now, my little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy, "that's what I'm going to do." —*Frivol*

Him: Would you care to go to the Pre-Prom dance?

Her: Oh, I'd be delighted.

Him: Well, will you buy your ticket from me? —*Octopus*

Gangster: Say good-bye to the lady, son.

Son: Scram, Moll, scram. —*Medley*

Grog: Om' goss-sh. Here comes an assifer!

Also Grog: 'Sall right, 'sall right, we got plenty fer three people. —*Carolinian*

We didn't want to mention it but the new (and inevitable) salesman song is: "Vendor moon comes over—." O. K., O. K. —*Lyre*

OPEN CONFESSION

"I'll be frank with you," said the young man when the embrace was over, "You're not the first girl I've ever kissed."

"I'll be equally frank with you," she answered, "You've got a lot to learn." —*Lehigh-Burr*

A tiny dog was running rapidly across the desert. Lickety-split, he went, lickety-split. As he passed the Sphinx, the stone lips opened and the Sphinx asked: "Little dog, why do you run so fast? There is nothing to hurry about on this vast expanse of sand?"

But the little dog continued running. Lickety-split, he went, lickety-split. But as the Sphinx spoke again, the little dog turned his innocent head, and said, "Oh, me, oh my, what a long distance between trees on this street." And he continued, lickety-split, lickety-split. —*Pitt Panther*

Many a dull wife will make a very merry widow. —*Ohio Sun Dial*

Rho Dammit Padle
Easton, Pa.

Louise:

Jane:

Dearest Alice:

The fall Interfraternity Ball falls on next Friday night and I would like very much to have you come up. It is also the week-end of the Rutgers game and I'm sure you would have a good time.

Lovingly,

JOE TACT

P. S.: If you can't go please return letter.

—*Lyre*

"Well, my boy," said the new minister to the three-year-old, "what did Santa Claus bring you?"

"Aw, I got a little red chair," said the kid, "but it ain't no good. It's got a hole in the bottom of it." —*Voo Doo*

She was only a lumberman's daughter—that's why she always would. —*Bison*

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

The University of North Carolina

"Cream of the Crop"



Copyright 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"Now I use LUCKIES only"

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Sue Carol's wealth was a hindrance rather than a help. Hollywood thought she was ritzy, but Sue soon proved she was a "regular guy"... she made 14 pictures her very first year... her latest is UNIVERSAL'S "GRAFT." She has reached for a LUCKY for two years. Not a farthing was paid for those kind words. That's white of you, Sue Carol.

"I have had to smoke various brands of cigarettes in pictures, but it was not until I smoked Luckies that I discovered the only cigarettes that did not irritate my throat. Now I use Luckies only. The added convenience of your improved Cellophane wrapper that opens so easily is grand."

Sue Carol

"It's toasted"

Your throat protection — against irritation — against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

BULBAMBER





Where Turkish tobacco comes from



Let's all go to Turkey...



In every important tobacco-growing center of Turkey, Chesterfield has its own tobacco buyers.

Eastward ho! Four thousand miles nearer the rising sun—let's go! To the land of mosques and minarets. Let's see this strange, strange country. Let's see the land where the tobacco* grows in small leaves on slender stalks—to be tenderly picked, leaf by leaf, hung in long fragrant strings, shelter-dried and blanket-cured. Precious stuff!

Let's taste that delicate aromatic flavor—that subtle difference that *makes* a cigarette!

XANTHI • CAVALLA • SMYRNA • SAMSOON Famous Turkish Tobaccos

*Turkish tobacco is to cigarettes what seasoning is to food—the “spice,” the “sauce.”

You can *taste* the Turkish in Chesterfield—there's enough of it, that's why. Four famous kinds of Turkish leaf—Xanthi, Cavalla, Smyrna, Samsoun—go

into the smooth, “spicy” Chesterfield blend. Just one more reason for Chesterfield's *better taste*. Tobaccos from far and near, the best of their several kinds—and the *right* kinds.

That's why Chesterfields are GOOD—they've got to be and they *are*.



Wrapped in No. 300 DuPont
Moisture-Proof Cellophane...
the Best Made

Music that Satisfies
Every night (except Sunday), 10:30
Eastern Time, Columbia Coast-
to-Coast Network.

Finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos Blended and Cross-Blended

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

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STEVE MARSH.....*Business Manager*
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Presidential Timber!

▼ What this country needs is an all-around, all-wet president. Homer Bru, banker, business man, farmer and statesman, is that man. Mr. Bru's modesty is shown in his answer to his party's request that he throw his hat in the ring in the forthcoming election. His answer was simply, "Who, me?"

A play-by-play and plank-by-plank story of Homer Bru's campaign is being published in **COLLEGE HUMOR**. As citizens of these (we hope) United States, it is your duty to keep your finger on the pulse of the hectic politics of the aforesaid States. Bru's spotless record will inspire you. Read about him in

CollegeHumor

1050 N. LaSalle St., Chicago

A girl in Hollywood had a part in a companionate marriage plot which she did rather poorly. The director called her to one side and demanded to know if she knew just what a companionate marriage was. She really didn't, so he explained.

"Companionate marriage is one in which one enjoys the sensual pleasures of marriage without assuming the usual obligations."

"Oh!" she replied. "I thought that was engagement." —*Bison*



"Here comes the new cook. Now don't get after her. You know the reputation for cooking she bears."

"Who wants any she-bears?" —*Yowl*



And then there is the question of what Mahatma Gandhi would have done if he was in Sir Walter Raleigh's shoes at the rescue of Queen Elizabeth from the mud puddle. —*Widow*

And there's the story concerning a Che-pachet clergyman, who, at a dinner, had to listen to a talkative young man who had much to say on Darwin and his "Origin of the Species."

"I can't see," bawled the young whippersnapper, "what difference it would make to me if m'grandfather was an ape."

"No," skirmished the clergyman, "I can't see that it would. But it must have made a great difference to your grandmother."

—Brown Jug



He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback upon his ear;
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and the halfback then
Sat down on him to rest;
The left guard sat upon his head,
Two tackles on his face,
The coroner was then called in
To sit upon his case.

—Beanpot

Temperance Lecturer: If I lead a donkey up to a pail of water and a pail of beer, which will he drink?

Unconverted: The water.

T. L.: Why?

Un.: Because he's an ass.

—Whirlwind



Austere Aunt: Young man, don't argue with me. Why I knew you when you were but a wicked gleam in your father's eye.

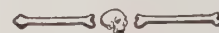
—Punch Bowl



"A woman is a fool to marry . . ."

"Yes, but what else can a man marry?"

—Rice Owl



Success comes as a result of conquest—
not request.

—Skipper

"A funny thing happened here last week."

"What was it?"

"A farmer put a setting of rotten eggs in his incubator and when they hatched all the chickens had halitosis.

—Yowl



"O Captain, if my husband gets seasick, what must I tell him to do?"

"Don't worry, lady. If your husband gets seasick, he'll do it."

—Yowl



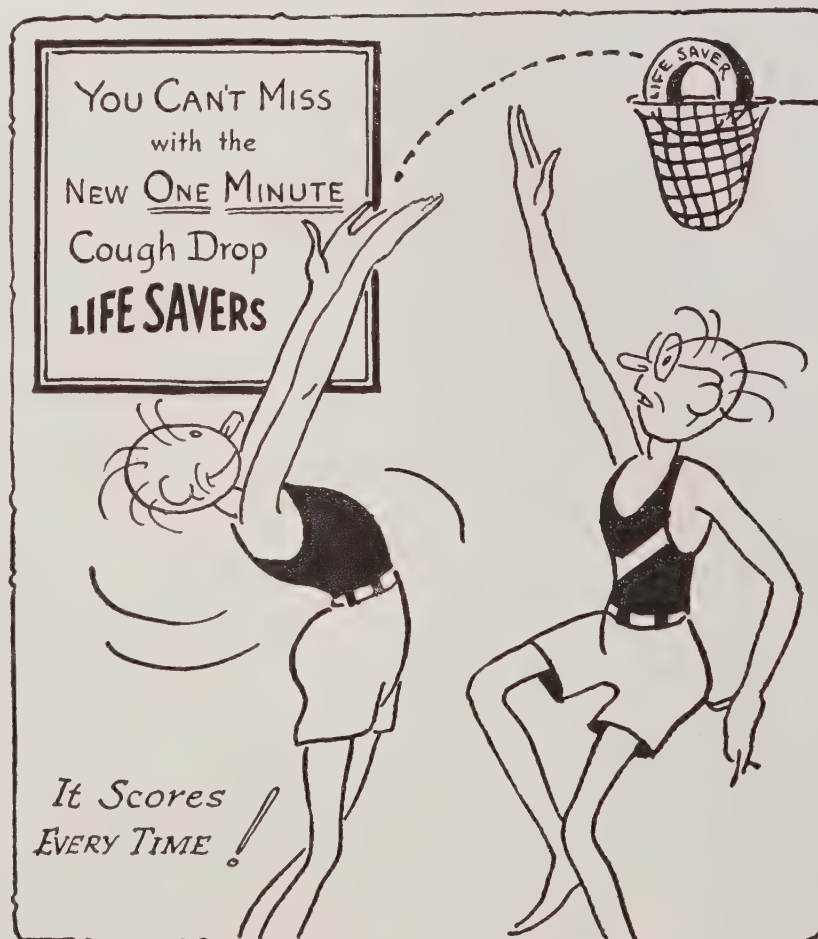
Lost—A lead pencil by Marjorie Weats, blonde, blue eyes, good dancer. Finder please call Holloday 9998 between the hours of 7 and 9 P. M.

—California Pelican



It has been said that Radcliffe girls are born, not made.

—Lampoon



I used to love my garden,
But now my love is dead;
For I found a bachelor's button
In black-eyed Susan's bed.

—*Carolinian*



Father: Why do you have dates with that girl?

Son: Because I want to.

Father (suspiciously): Want to what?



"So you are going to be married to Ella, eh? You know, I thought that was merely a flirtation."

"Yes. So did I."

—*Yowl*



"How's your new girl?"

"Not very good."

"You always were lucky."

—*Columns*

He who laughs last has found a dirty meaning.
—*Yowl*



"Life is just a bowl of cherries," wailed the senior on the way home from his sixth unsuccessful date.
—*Mountain Goat*



Cleopatra: Gee, it's way past midnight. You had better get started.

Anthony: O. K., blow out the candle.

—*Mountain Goat*



Dawson: I understand blondes are hard to make.

Blonde Blizzard: No, a little peroxide does it.

Dawson: Thanks for the tip, I wasted a whole quart of gin on one last night.

—*Mountain Goat*

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University Shoe Shop

Owned by a Carolina Man

Phone 3016

Two doors from Post Office

College love seldom survives a double Bromo Seltzer.
—*Ski-U-Mah*



Then there is the story about the baby born with blisters on his feet trying to keep time with the wedding march.

—*Mountain Goat*



Serious Minded Individual: Say, I hear Al Smith has his eye on the President's chair again.

Student: That's nothing. Look what Hoover has on it now.
—*Sun Dial*



He: Do you know from which sheep they get virgin wool?

Him: No, which?

He: The ones that outran the shepherd.

—*Mountain Goat*

If she be smooth enough, any man may slip. —Widow



Married 52 Years, Man Wins Divorce to Get Some Sleep.—Headline in *The Atlanta Journal*.

Mmmmm, What a woman! —Beanpot



The girl who never kissed a boy
Can scarce expect connubial joy
A kiss is trifling, still we know
That mighty oaks from acorns grow.
—Harvard Lampoon



Despite the depression, girls without principle still draw interest. —Belle Hop



"My girl's like a shot gun shell."
"Howzat?"
"She's half powder and half shot."
—Yellow Jacket

A: Wanna take my sister to houseparty?
B: What does she look like?
A: I'll pay half your expenses.
B: No, thanks, I gotta date. —Burr



A passenger on a Southern train, looking under his berth one morning, found one black shoe and one tan, and summoned the porter.

The porter scratched his head in bewilderment.

"Well, if dat don't beat all!" he said, "dat's de second time this mawnin' dat mistake's happened." —Wasp



Little Jane walked into the corner drug store and said her mama wanted some tissue paper. The clerk wrapped up three rolls and handed them to her.

"Charge them please," she lisped.

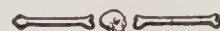
"Certainly," replied the clerk, "but who are they for?"

"All of uth," sighed the little girl as she walked out. —Mountain Goat

"Say, haven't you gotta horn?"
"Sure—wanna blow it? —Rice Owl



The man with his arms full of kids is the one who wouldn't take "No" for an answer. —Puppet



First Negro: What fo' dat doctah comin' outa youah house?

Second Negro: I dunno, but Ah think Ah's got an inkling. —Mercury



Our passion glowed in the night
Like a Cigarette
For a while and
Then you let
The red coal fade. Tomorrow night
Some other mutt
Unknowingly
Will smoke the butt. —Puppet



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The

PURITY

NUMBER

The New Editor

On the sixth of April the students of the University will go to the polls and vote on the officers and leaders for the ensuing year. At that time the editors of the various publications will be chosen. Although the **Buccaneer** has been averse to any political activities it seems quite just that the staff should decide upon which man they think best to fill the position of Editor for the following year. There was but one nomination made and this was unanimous—Bobby Mason of Mebane North Carolina. This man has served faithfully for three years. He has been art editor and mainstay in the structure of the magazine for the past two years. He is a non-fraternity man, a member of the Order of the Grail, holds other offices and has been the receiver of numerous honors. It is with a great deal of pleasure that the retiring editor and his staff submit to the student body a man so capable of leading the **Buccaneer** in the future.

The Editor and Staff

The Carolina BUCCANEER UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX

MARCH, 1932

NUMBER 6

On The Campus

It seems that the BUCCANEER has been very much *off the campus* this past month. Maybe it is because the editor has been taking too many trips to Ocracoke and there getting stranded while the waves dash fierce and high or maybe it is because the Spring holidays came at a most inopportune moment in this magazine's life.

* * *

One of the best stories of the month is that of one freshman, Lee Folger who was registering for Spanish. "Do not put me in Mr. X's section; I've heard he is hard as hell," said our hero. "There is only one section this quarter and I *will* try and live up to my reputation," said the registrar as Mr. Folger left in blushing haste.

* * *

In the Spring a young man's fancy turns to thoughts of—marriage. Thus was one James Fathman and one Miss Elizabeth Ward joined in holy matrimony. Mrs. Fathman gave up listening to the ring of the cash register long enough to listen to wedding bells. The BUCCANEER wishes this attractive couple every happiness.

* * *

The May Frolic dances are somewhat like the March BUCCANEER this month because they are going to be held in April. There is no paradox about this situation, it is just a preventa-

tive against having the Junior-Senior, Alpha Alpha Alpha, and several other fraternity dances on one afternoon.

* * *

Thank goodness the Senior committee that picked the regalia for this year did not have an overall complex or we would have to live through another week of painter's colic this year. As it is the seniors are just going to be a lot of white sweater boys that will be able to move about without cries of "convict" and "gangster" being hurled after them.

* * *

With the coming of Spring the gates on the stadium will be harder to get past than during the Georgia game. It is funny how these balmy evenings seem to draw the crowds. The business manager has estimated that four thousand were present at the last full moon while the next one is expected to break all records for attendance. Spectators will not be allowed to leave during the half and the gates will only be opened when the thirty bell rings. Better make reservations now if you would be *neckst*.

* * *

Tony's (St. Anthony) has been unusually quiet for the past few weeks. Why we passed there the other night at four and there was scarcely a light on the third floor and there were only about

a dozen cars in front—they must have settled down to some real serious something.

* * *

One of the best trips of the season is the one that Dale Ranson, track coach, is sponsoring to the Olympic games out in California. If the editor has his salary raised maybe he could make the grade with Frank Nurmi, Pavvo Wycoff, and any others that know a fast track when they see it.

* * *

Perhaps one of the best trips of the year was the migration to Raleigh for the Pika ball. The stories that came out of this affair are numerous. Getting into the dance without tickets offered one of the first obstacles but within five minutes this was solved by a group of five that went in by five different methods and none of them used the front door. After the ball was over the night club was the next event. It was here that such games as "sock your best friend," and "excuse me did I bust your leg" were played. Coming home at five o'clock and going to class with a hangover were merely incidental but make us glad that the Pika ball is over for another year.

* * *

Due to Spring elections this is the next to the last BUCCANEER that will be published by the old regime. Thankgod!



First: I heard your sister left that man in his pent house and is now living in a convent.

Second: Yeah, sorta repent house.

We understand that the reason that women do not make good contractors is that they are troubled more with asphalt.

The most unprofitable job
For undertakers—so I'm told
Is their own funerals—
They always go in the hole.

"I can't figure you out," said
the physical culturist to the thinnest girl in town.

The fact that most love goes to waste seems to be slightly above most college boys.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Nowhere else could he stand,
Water, water everywhere
But not a drop of land.

"Three Chairs!" cried the
auctioneer at a furniture sale.

She sat out in the sunshine
Beneath a clear and beautiful sky;
She remarked, "The weather's fine,"
As a rain-drop hit her in the eye;
She wondered just how that could be,
But strange things happen beneath a tree.

Question: Do you believe in love at first sight?

Answer: That depends on what you see?

Fanny says she likes to park under the traffic light. Then she can get a breath once in a while.

McDonald, the Scotchman, gave his first gift just before he died the other day. He gave his lifetime Sheaffer fountain pen to an armless beggar.

The greatest problem confronting College boys today is being seen at a dance with the kind of a girl they would want to see home afterwards.



"But Mr. Barrymore a lot of people tell me that I look exactly like you"

Mr. Barrymore: Well they might be right—my father was a traveling man.

LOVE

I wanted love
 You gave me love
 I wanted life
 You gave me life
 I wanted thrills
 You gave me thrills
 Love was great
 Until
 You sent me
 The Bill.



THE LATEST VERSION

R. B.: Who was that Gentleman I saw you out with last night?

S. B.: That was no gentleman, he was my husband.



He: You borrowed ten bucks from me while you were drunk.

Hee: O. K. Wait 'till I'm drunk again and I'll pay you.



Nuff: You believe in bigamy?

Said: 'Pends on how late you work at night.



She: Psst, he looks exactly like that man in Macy's that sold us the baby carriage.

DEPRESSION

Dear Father,

I'm nearly broke, with only a dollar or so.

Dear Son,

I'm flatly broke, so send me all your dough.



"You crook," cried desperate Black, "Them aint the cards I delt ya."



She: Moonlight on the water is no more romantic to me than an electric light over a bath tub.

He: Don't you think it would be a bit crowded?



"Aren't you tired of Shot-gun Jokes?"

"But I don't think he was joking."



"Gee, I'm so tired I cannot move another step."

"Me too. If this was a winding stair I'd drop my watch."

KARL SPRINALE



Visitor: And what is wrong with this man?

Guard: His wife burned up his income tax report the night after he had it finished.



"Hey why are you putting razor blades in your homebrew?"
Well, I thought they might put an edge on it."

A Hell of a Gal Was Hannah

By PETE IVEY

1

A hell of a gal was Hannah;
Boy, how she loved to maul.
She took her fun where she
found it,
And never grew tired at all.

2

A hell of a gal was Hannah;
But didn't we have fun?
When, with a cold, took her out
And her nose began to run.

3

A hell of a gal was Hannah;
Not that she won't allright,
But with six teeth out in front,
She shure did look a sight.

4

A hell of a gal was Hannah;
She was almost six feet tall.
She had a terrible temper
As a result of a busted gall.

5

A hell of a gal was Hannah;
She had ears like a Belgian hare
She stopped having birthdays
long ago;
'Cause she's young as the Old
grey mare.

6

A hell of a gal was Hannah;
But I don't mind that a lot.
The only thing I'm worried
about,
Is that this poem may be rat-
ed, "not so hot."

Father: Do you think my legs
are noticeably thin?

Friend: No, why?

Father: I heard the nurse tell
the children that an old stork
brought the new baby.



The students who live in dor-
mitories hope that the radiators
will remain as cool in the spring
as they have all winter.

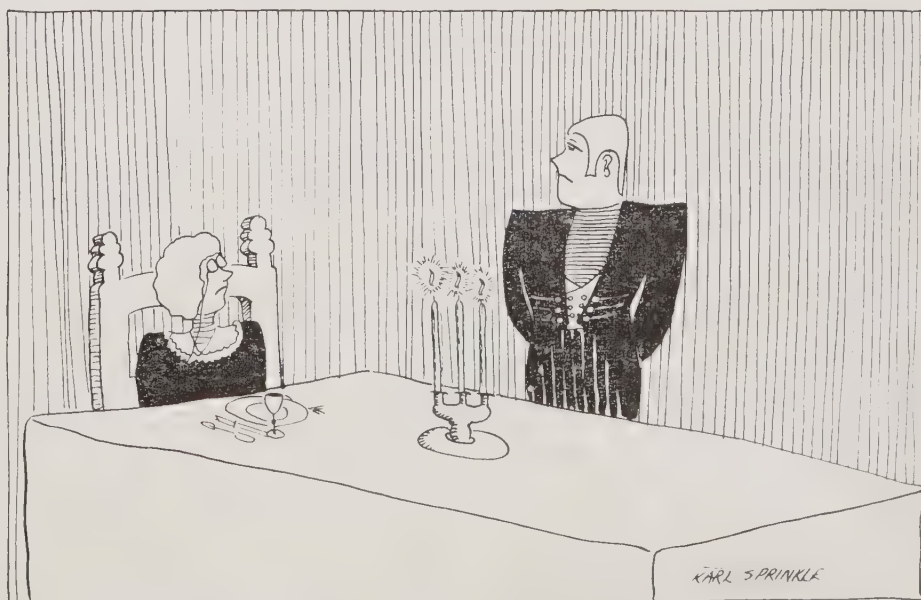


Prof.: Have you ever heard of
anybody sleeping with cats?

Fresh: Yeah, Mrs. Katz.



Speaking of sports, fencing
has its points.



James: Cripes madam ain't you gonna gargle yer soup?

The Legion's Toast, or Butter Late than Never

By PAT GASKINS

(Author of "The Sex Life of the Tomato" and "19,999 Leagues Under the Sea, or Baseball among the Floun-ders.")

CHAPTER 3.1416

*Baseball, swimming, ping-pong,
chess,
Marching, walking, eating mess?
Also various other forms of
sport.*

Who are we? Take a guess.

Yale? NO. Harvard? NO. Vas-sar? NO.

*You don't know? Then we'll tell
you.*

**FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION!
RAH! RAH! RAH!**

A hundred throats bowed their heads as the mountain-climbing-and-descending cheer of the FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION rent the air led by Beau Tye, hero of the Legion. Then the Beau Tye song was led by Dan Garter, one of Beau Tye's supporters. After "You call It Madness, Beau Tye Call It Love" was concluded, Breakfast was served.

"I'm sorry, sir" said the cook, who was serving five years as well as breakfast*, dinner*, and supper*. "I haven't sent to the grocery yet for the flour to make the waffle batter."

"That's perfectly all right, Pierre," replied our hero, "Butter late than never, you know."

CHAPTER 98c

At the conclusion of the meal the FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, so called because people came from foreign near to join this famous organization, shouldered their trusty rifles (trusty not rusty typesetter) and marched off into the Sara desert, or was it Gladys. (You know, my dear young readers, provided I have two, it's always best to get your just deserts). As they trudged off, the strains of the soup song, "The Campbells Are

* Beans.

Coming", floated off into the distance.

* * *

"Halt," cried our hero, "What is that?" The LEGION saw a man with a long black beard, lying in the sand.

"Who are you, and what are you doing, and why?" Beau could always be depended on to ask nonsensical questions at the wrong time. Since he had been in the LEGION, his queries were always of the rank and vile which was the only thing to his discredit.

"I am a Fuller brush salesman, and I'm dying," panted the man with much gusto.

"Yes, yes, go on," breathed they in unison, except for one of the Generals who who was afflicted with asthma.

It's these damned nomads," sighed he with much vehemence, "They live in tents and consequently don't have any doors for me to knock on." With these words he collapsed.

"Quick, bring some water," shouted Beau Tye, the scourge of the desert dwellers.

"We're sorry, sir, but we have no water."

"Well hurry up and get some then, bottle late than never." It was too late. The salesman had already gone to a better land where even the lowest had doorbells.

CHAPTER 1

They continued trudging.

"Halt," shouted Beau as he had a habit of doing when he wanted his men to stop. They could see an old man approaching through the sand and spin-ach.

"Grittings, strangers" saluted he when he reached them. They casually passed the time of day. It was twelve o'clock when they started but as time

casually passed, it became one o'clock.

"Oh, by the way," chuckled the stranger, "I'm the Western Union boy out in this neck of the woods, and a few days ago we received a telegram for you, and being as how I didn't have anything to do today, I decided to come over and deliver it."

"Quick," ejaculated Beau, "What is it?"

"Oh, it just says that the Riff-Raffs are attacking led by there rascally leader, Etaoin Shrdlu, and for you to hurry over immediately and to put down the uprising. And it also says that they hope that you and the LEGION are getting along all right, and not to work too hard, and also to wear your winter underwear."

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it," moaned Beau "I don't believe that they could say all that in ten words. Anyway let's hurry over and see what's doing. Battle late than never."

We are sorry to inform our young reader that it all turned out to be a false alarm. When Beau Tye found out how he had been deceived, he began to lose confidence in the author.

CHAPTER 2-3059

(If a man answers, hang up)

The LEGION was sitting around the campfire singing that old song of the LEGION, "French Again". However to those of you who have heard them sing before, it may easily be observed that this did not have the spirit in it that it should. Let's listen to them speak and find out what is wrong.

"Oh my, Oh my, oh my," moaned Beau with a horrible oath.

"Why so sad, Beau," asked

Dan Garter?

"It's that damned author," sighed Beau, "Here I am the hero of this story and the last chapter is here and I haven't seen a young lady, much less fallen in love with one. Wait what's that," cried our hero. A cloud of dust appeared on the horizon. A beautiful lady on a milk white steed came rapidly into view.

"Am I in time? Is the last chapter finished?" she exclaimed.

"Why, why it's Olga," stammered Beau, "dearest Olga Rch-koqski, my childhood sweetheart." Who could blame him for stammering as he said his beloved's name?

Yes, darling, it is I."

"Hurry, sweetness, hurry, there are only a few more paragraphs and you are in the nick of time."

The strains of the wedding march by Mendelssohn floated down the aisle as Miss Agatha Crunch, house-mother of the

LEGION, fingered the zither.

"I do," said our hero.

"I do," said our heroine.

And so they lived happily forever after each other.

THE END

Editor's Note: A new adventure of our hero will appear in an oily issue entitled "Phedip-pedes Tye in Greece, or The Frat Is in the Fire."

"Ah, ah, ah," his breath came in short gasps.- His blood pounded in his veins making him feel every inch a man. He knew he had made a great discovery and wondered why he had never done this before. He thrilled with the sheer ecstasy of that marvelous feeling. He was sure that no other person had ever experienced such a rapture. A great wave of joy surged through his entire body. His whole being tingled with pleasure. His doctor had warned him against it, but still he had been unable to resist the temptation.

However, it was too late, and anyway this new mouthwash was good.

by that old three blind maestro, Pat Gaskins.

Revised motto for hotels: "The customer is always tight."

The height of conceit: A chauffeur driving a Baby Austin.

"Just a case of bad luck," muttered the hi-jacker as the whiskey fell off the truck.

"Hey you! What are you doing over there?"

"Just putting in a little bit of water," replied the out-board motor engine as the canoe nearly grounded.



Half: I think I'll take a horses neck.

Shot: Well there is no use killing two horses, I think I'll take an eyeball.



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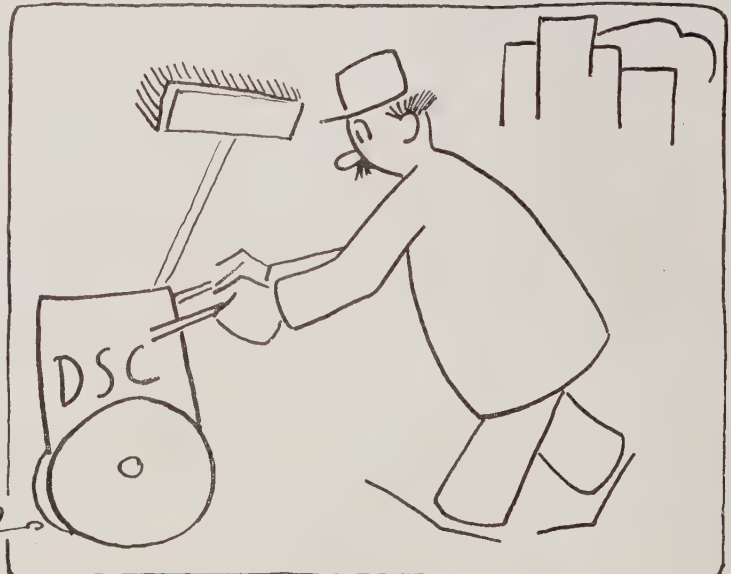
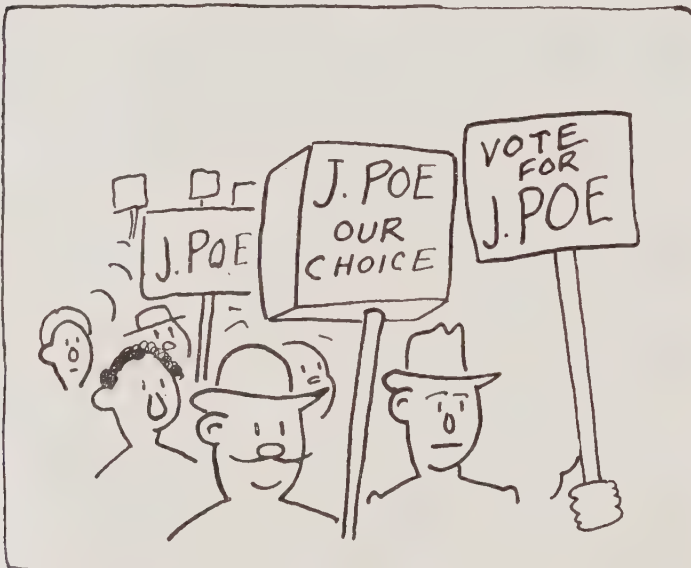
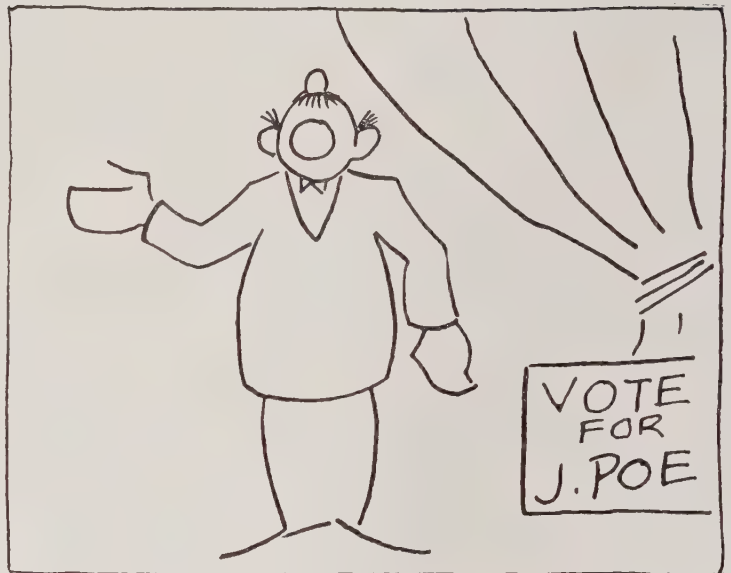
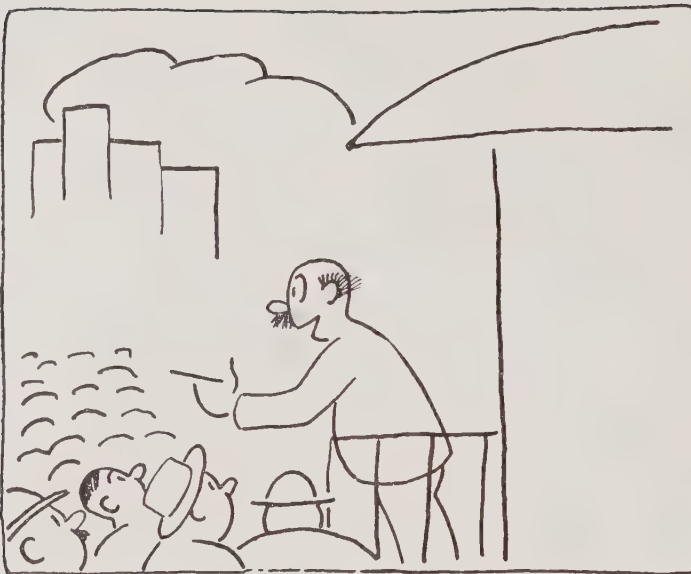
Why The Buccaneer?

Current events tell us that *Judge* or rather the corporation that publishes it has gone into receivership. For a number of years this magazine has been foremost in the class of comic magazines and we of this humble publication wish to express our regrets at its demise.

The general opinion for its lost popularity seems to be because "it failed to give the public what the public has recently demonstrated itself to want." It has been kept fairly above the belt in its humor, but the sudden successes of the more modern competitors would seem to show that fun is not fun to the average American reader unless the element of suggestiveness is introduced. A great many old heads will raise up and denounce this and all other college comics as unreadable. Perhaps they are for them, but it is not printed for a clientele of above the college age. Of course the jokes about sex, drinking, and college antics are well worn and have cobwebs, of course the jokes have the same emptiness as the kiss we receive from Aunt Emma, but they are all that we of collegiate age know. College comics will always have the same type of humor because colleges will always have deans, proms, co-eds, whiskey, gin parties, sex, and everything else that seems so important in the undergraduate's life. How will the humor in colleges ever change and be anything other than it

is now? Recently one of the Deans on this campus expressed himself by saying that ninety-five per cent of the humor in the BUCCANEER was about drinking and sex. He was wrong, the percentage was a little higher in the issue that he commented upon! But what is to be done about a situation of this nature when the students, owners of a student publication, clamor for just such a type of humor? The members of the BUCCANEER staff are not fiends that slink about in dark corners with muck buckets and do their level best to rake what filth they can. They enjoy a good joke even if it was told in Sunday School. We are not out to see what destruction we can accomplish upon the minds and morals of the undergraduate. We are giving them what they want and we do not print one per cent of the material that the general student sends in because it is unprintable.

At this very minute the BUCCANEER is under fire because it is classed as an unnecessary expense and as being poor publicity for the University during times that the institution is receiving so much criticism from many quarters. We are not begging for leniency because the humor has at times reached a low level, but we are asking what is to be done about a student publication that is printed for the students by the students and is paid for by this same group?



Politics and Fraternity Minus Purity

By PETE IVEY

A politic is different from any other kind of tick. A lightning bug is an example of the latter kind of tick. A postmaster is an example of the former kind. The lightning bug must have light while the politic works better in the dark.

The Boll Weevil is the aristocrat of ticks, having been the subject of more speeches than you could shake a couple of sticks at. If the Boll Weevil could talk he would probably say, "These potato bugs think they are hot in their gaudy colored coat, but I'll have 'em know that clothes don't make the tick."

Boll Weevils and other sorts of bugs have political machines just as we do. I remember reading in a bug book about an election that took place in the cotton patch. A certain Boll Weevil was running for alderman of his district and was being opposed by a potato bug. The potato crop had been bad that year, therefore the potato bugs had just muscled in on the Boll Weevil's territory. However, the Boll Weevils submitted to an open election until the potato bugs began to run cock roaches in on them. The roaches were challenged but were able to read and write the constitution of the cotton patch.

Eventually open hostilities broke out at the polls. Scar Wing Boly was at the head of the Boll Weevil gang. Spotty Spud headed the potato bug gang assisted by a gang of hireling Cock Roaches whose leader was Black Mike, the Kitchen Kid. Not to be outdone the Boll Weevils enlisted the services of Zippum, the Bee's gang. Zippum's men were not very useful except in close in "bayonet" fighting. Hostilities ceased when gas fighting was introduced as a result of the potato bug gang enlisting the services of Freddie, the Skunk.



"I was so mad I did not know whether to cry or kick my slippers off."

A politician is a man who kicks your enemies to your face and kicks your slats when your back is turned. The position of a politician is like that of the farmer who had to sit on a fence and feed his pigs on one side and his ducks on the other so that he might keep both in a good humor.

The form of government that we have in this country is a democratic republic. It could be more appropriately called a demaniac republican form of government.

We have in this country a game called prohibition. The participants in this game are bootleggers and revenue officers. The queer thing about this game is that both sides win. The bootleggers win, and the revenue officers profit as a result.

A straight line may be the shortest distance between two points, but a crooked politician is the shortest means to an end.

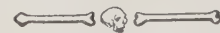
Wonder why politicians don't cash in on advertising like the other celebrities do? Can you imagine an advertisement like this:

(Senator Zumbum endorses BURNIMUP gargle for the throat. "My tongue has never been more oily," says Senator Zumbum. "Juicy promises seem

to slide off my tonsils like a greased snow ball in an air pocket." Is the Senator's testimonial paid for? Of course not, but don't forget to vote for Senator Zumbum, the peoples choice.)

Suppose national politics were run like student politics. Here's a glimpse of how it would be:

"Sure enough, old man, you ought to vote for Oscar F. Squatz for Congressman. He is a loyal Rotarian and one of the best ping pong players in the club. He has been a professional boxer and pitched for the Boston Green Sox for three seasons. He speaks to everybody and calls even the cabmen and porters by their first name (Taking for granted all are named George). Vote for him and I'll guarantee that you'll be placed on some big commission at a comfortable salary investigating to find out whether birds fly or crawl."



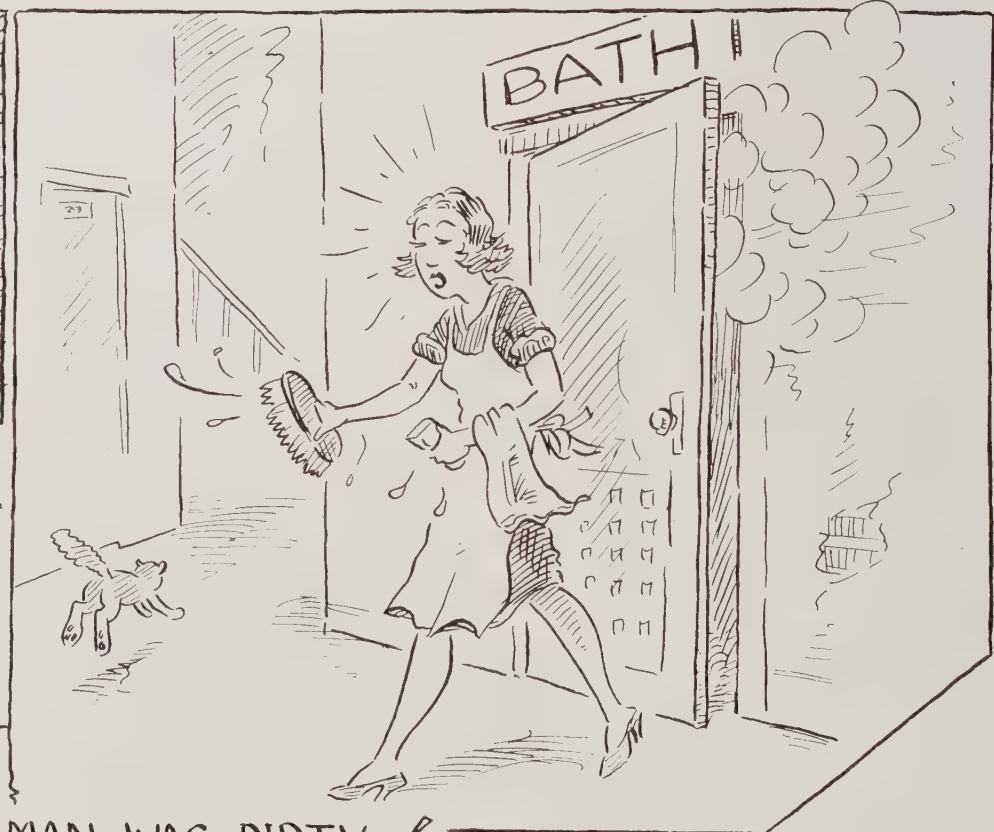
For the benefit of our absent minded professors there should be tacked on every class-room wall one of those little brass signs reading: "Stop! Have you forgotten anything?"



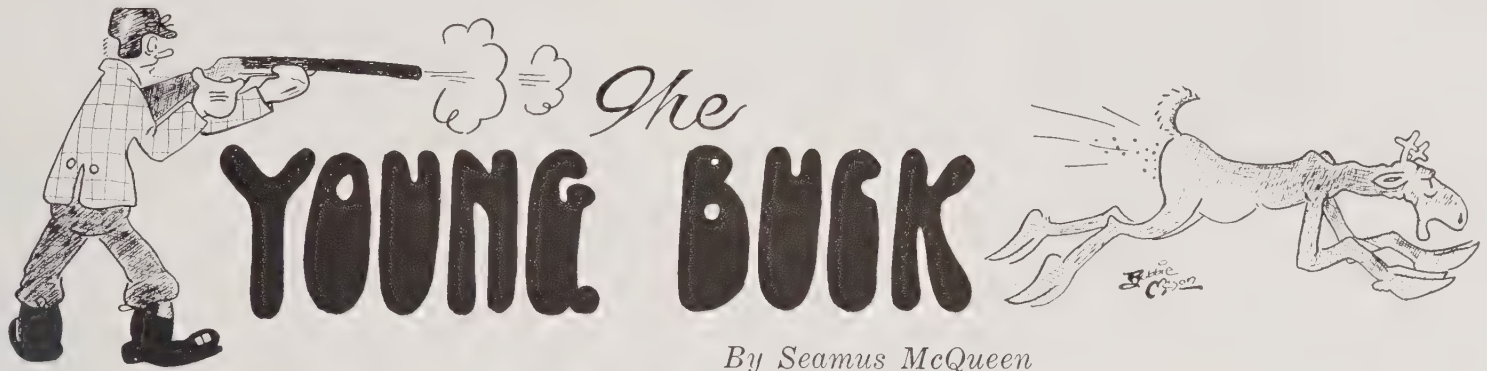
LADY, COULD YOU GIVE ME A ROOM AND BATH?

2
HOURS
LATER
→

-NED WHEELER
(ORIGINAL
COMPOSITION
BY
HERB HAZELMAN)



GOSH, THAT MAN WAS DIRTY!



By Seamus McQueen

Well, I had hoped that the visit of the Irish Players would teach some of you blokes the correct pronunciation of my first name, but Sean O'Casey wasn't even mentioned, so you probably don't know yet that Irish "se" is "sh" when spoken. The real highlight of the visit of the "literary ambassadors of the Irish Free State" was the grand exhibition of tact by our own favorite diplomat, Prof. Koch. You recall that just before vacation Lennox Robinson, of the visitors, made an address in the Playmakers' Theatre. He was introduced by Prof to a very meager gathering. Prof was worried about the small size of the audience, and felt moved to explain things. Chapel Hill, he said, really turns out in force for anything *worth while*—why Elizabeth Risdon had filled Memorial Hall at a dollar a seat. Since Mr. Robinson's speech was free, there was nothing for the poor gentleman to do but take a large gulp of water and go on with his talk before Prof could think up any more comparisons.

* * *

Co-eds have a feminine weakness for asserting their authority over the poor swains that bow at their feet, but every once in a while they encounter a swain made of sterner stuff, and don't know what to do about it. For instance, one of our most popular young ladies was taken to a dance not long ago, and after the intermission thought she detected forbidden aromas on her escort's breath. She pro-

ceeded to tell him things, lots of things, whereupon he got very very penitent and promised to send her a big box of flowers next day as a sign of remorse. Sure enough, next day there was delivered at the Shack a large florist's package. All the girls gathered round with squeals of shrill excitement as the box was unwrapped, and the decorative tissue paper taken away. There, in solitary splendor, lay a new-plucked jonquil, all alone, but beautifully packed. And they've been calling her Jonquil Brown ever since.

* * *

The late W. S. Gilbert announced in one of his operettas that a policeman's lot is not a happy one. Undoubtedly he was right, but I think the reason for the cop's sad life is that he tends to have a suspicious nature, and of course nobody likes a man with a suspicious nature. Recently two students — call them A and B — were out riding sometime after midnight, when student C hailed them. His car was out of gas and all the local stations were closed. Had they time to take him down to Tommie's Tavern so he could get some more? They could and did. The only thing they could carry the gasoline in, however was a fruit jar that had no top. They rode back through town, Student C carrying the fruit jar out over the side of the car, so the upholstery wouldn't be ruined. Finally they drew up near the disabled car, just as an eager flivver caught up with them.

Out of the flivver tumbled Ellis Fysal, all-State football guard and all-American crime detector." "Sorry, fellers," he lamented, "but you'll have to come with me." They protested innocence, but he remained firm. They insisted; he insisted. Finally he was just about to put them under his arm and carry them off, but C managed to stick the fruit jar under his nose. Ellis sniffed, looked surprised, and then apologized at length. A, B, and C were graciously forgiving, and the Law drove off. Then B produced a fruit jar that did *not* contain gasoline from between his knees and they all had a toast to Bigger and Better Policemen.

* * *

With the advent of Spring, the gang wars that so enlivened the campus last year may be expected to rear their law-defying heads once again. No one knows the exact strength of the rival crowds. The McDade mob has been pretty thoroughly wiped out, with Skinny himself gone West and Dopey Wyrick departed for parts unknown. The Valley-view gang has undergone many changes. Milkie Cannon, the boss, is doing time in Carr penitentiary, and Dred the dummy was last seen in solitary confinement in a carrel. But rumor has it that a New Haven beer baron named Whitehead has muscled in, and Six-gun Sehon may start spraying lead over the premises at any date. Then martial law will be declared and the town will be in a state of terror.

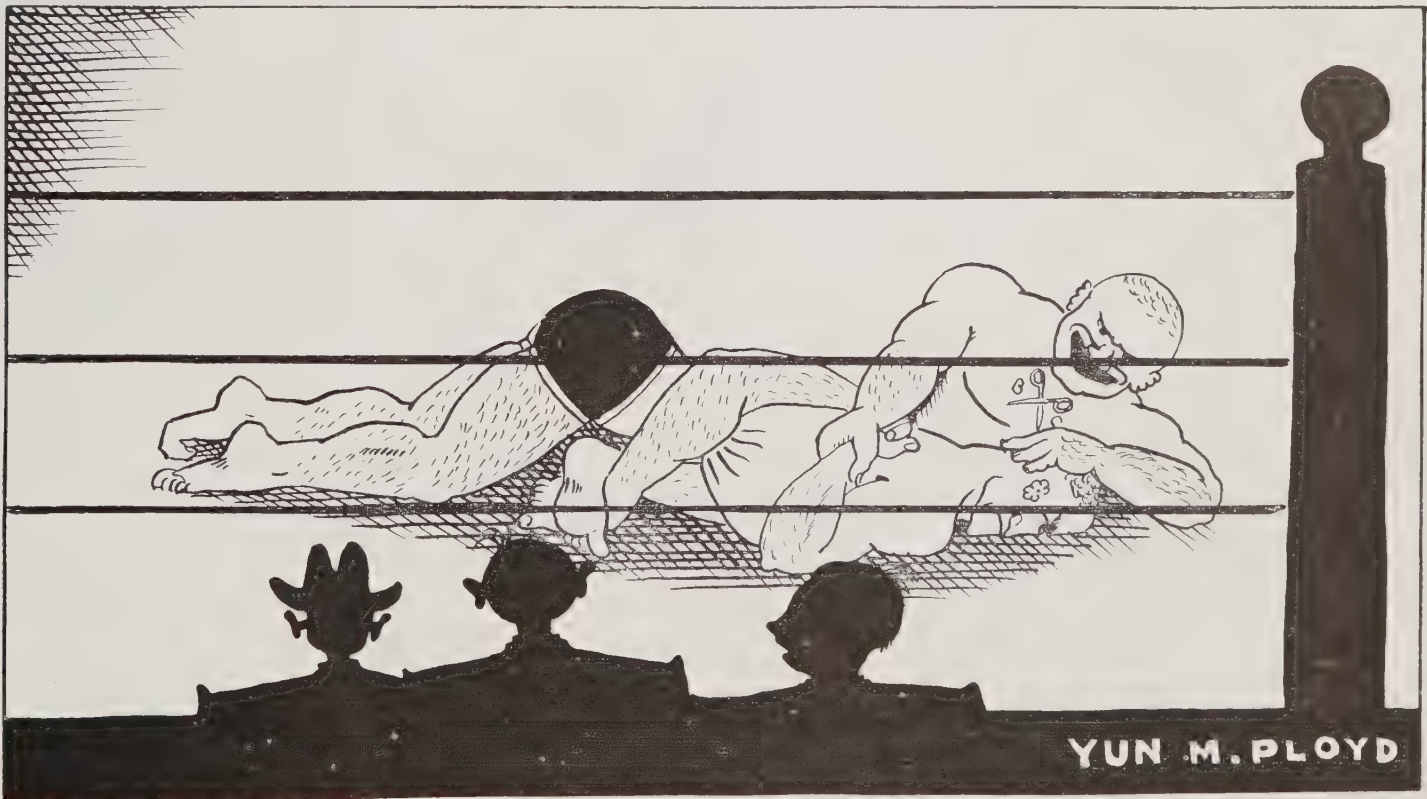


J. PATRICK MCCOY

"This is arithmetic beer."
"Howsat?"
"Two down and carry one."



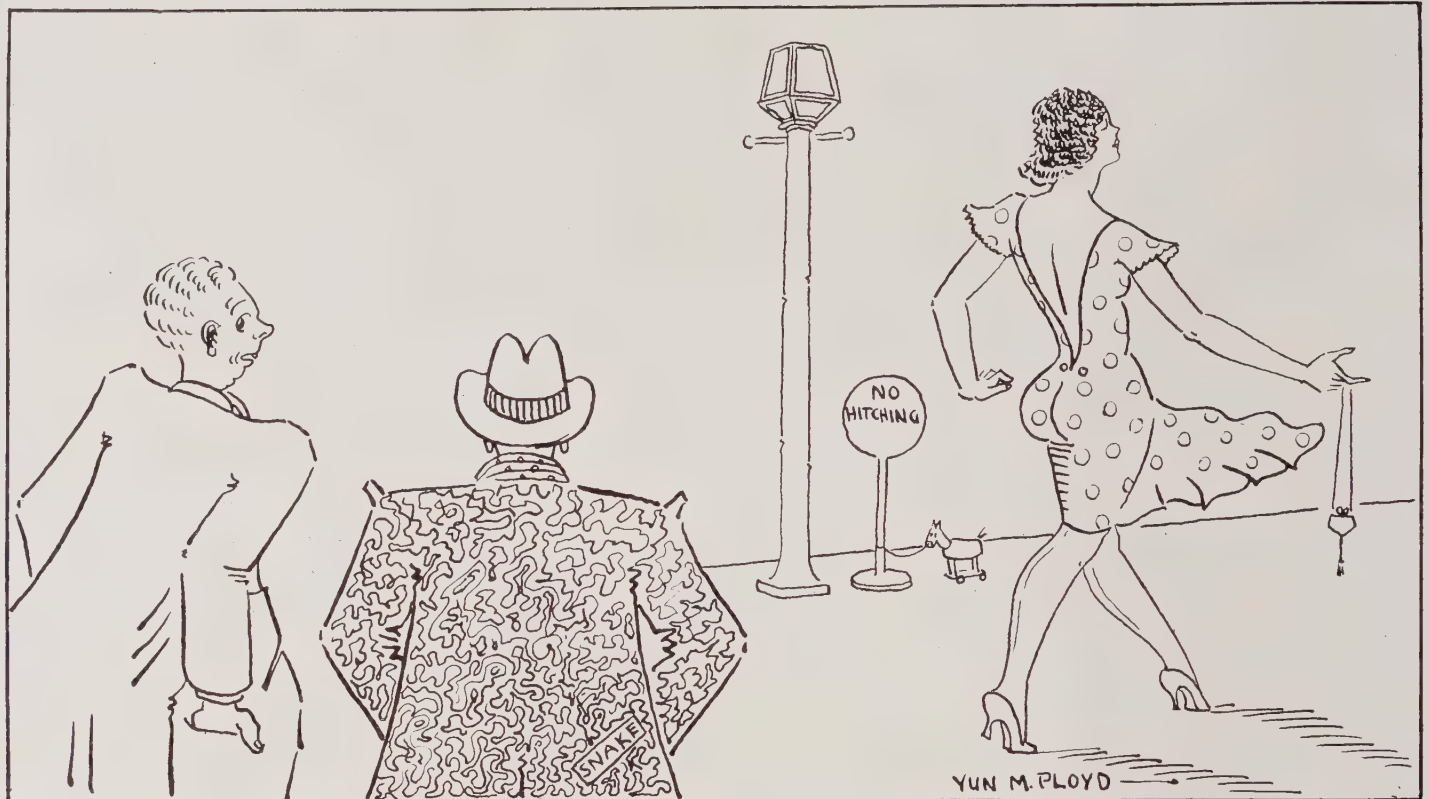
Doctor: You say your wife only kicked you off the front steps.
Patient: Yup but we live in a pent house.



Bottom: Well I don't see why you wanted to trump my ace.



"Hey you, quick gimme the list of things I'm supposed to do if I'm elected."



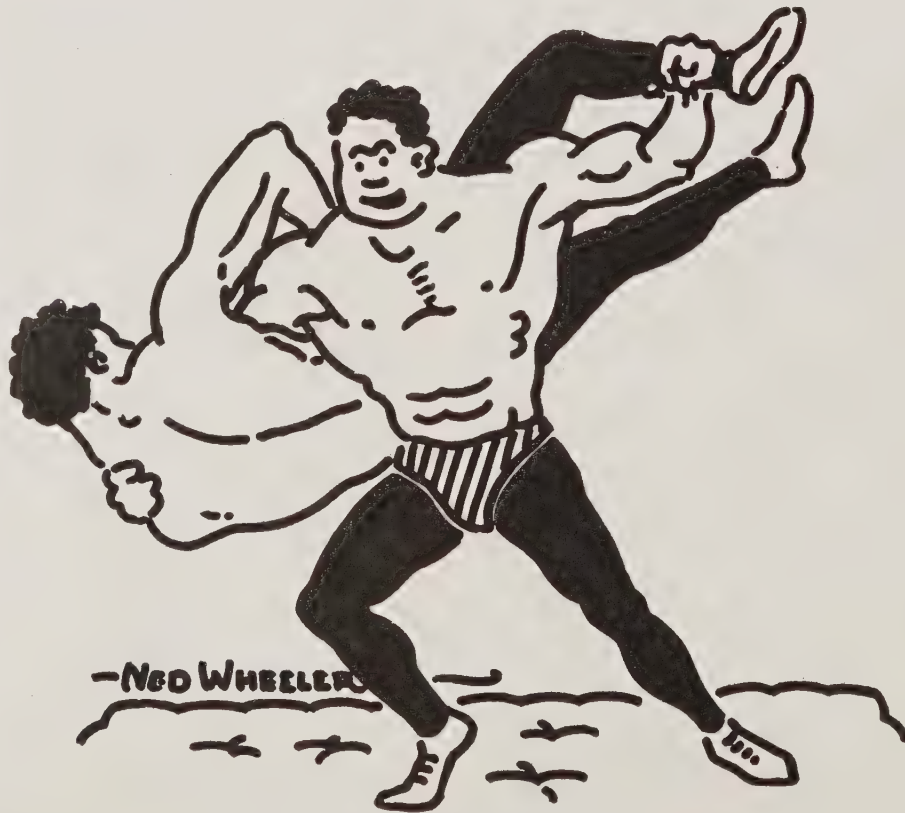
"Why I remember when she didn't have a stitch on her back."

"I told you sew!" shouted the floorwalker in the shirt factory as he caught the girls off-guard.

That co-ed is so dumb she thinks the Sino-Jap trouble is some kind of a disease.

"Why are most politicians baldheaded?"

"Because they throw their hats into the ring."



"You must drop in on me sometime."

Prof: Where did the expression, "A penny for your thoughts" arise?

Student: Probably some Scotchman uttered it on pay-day.

Dumb: Did you have as big a time this vacation as at Christmas?

Dummer: No, she's reduced quite a bit.

Professor: Give a practical illustration of the Einstein theory of relativity.

Student: In ten years' time a man grows ten years older, while in the same length of time a woman's age remains practically stationary.



Weary of scenes like this?

—then lend us your ears

This is the time of year when you feel that the lights have shone on fair women and brave men for the last time, as far as you are concerned. The feet that have trod so many miles of dance floors begin to itch for a more exciting occupation. And Absorbine Jr. won't cure *that* itch. What you need is to apply the uneasy members to the controls of a new Chevrolet Six.

And what a thrill that is! At the lightest pressure on the accelerator, the Chevrolet leaps ahead like a startled fawn (ah there, Keats), devours the miles like a ravening tiger (howdy, Byron), and skims along as smoothly and quietly as a bird in flight (and you, too, Shelley).

To be less zoölogical, you get places in a hurry, laughing mockingly at heavy traffic the while. For Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting combined with Free Wheeling makes the new Chevrolet Six as responsive to your touch as a generous parent. And wherever you go, heads turn, for the new Chevrolet Six is one of the smartest cars on the road. Moreover, you won't have to pawn those discarded dress clothes to pay for one, since Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which motor cars are sold! So climb into a coat—anybody's coat—and go down and see the new Chevrolet Six. It's a guaranteed sure-fire cure for winter jitters.

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The Great American Value

TRAVELOGUE TRIPE



NO. 1001 OF A SERIES

By - NED WHEELER

"BAILING OUT"!

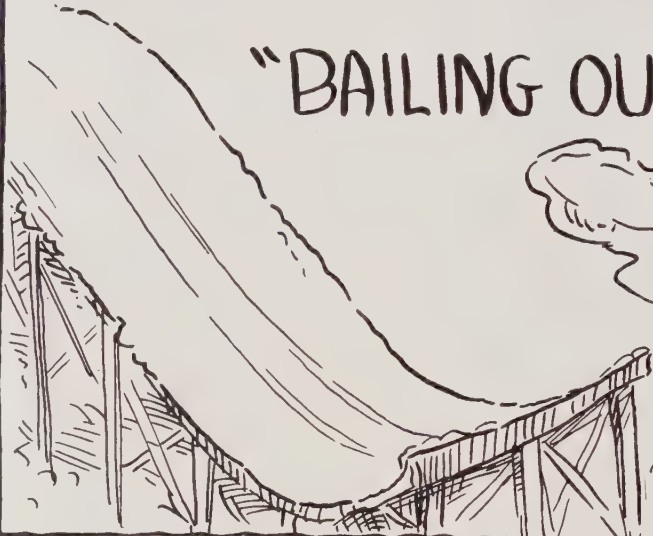


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LAWS OF NORWAY ~

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- Lake Placid Meet Gives Impetus to Toboggan Races •
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- NED WHEELER

"You like them FRESH? So do I!"

You don't have to tell the woman who has switched to Camels the benefits of a *fresh* cigarette.

She knows all about it—that's the reason she stays switched.

She has learned that the fine, fragrant, sun-ripened choice tobaccos in Camels have a perfectly preserved delicate mildness all their own.

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mony what a relief this smooth, cool, slow-burning *fresh* cigarette means to sensitive membrane.

Camels are fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack because they are *made* fresh, fresh with natural moisture and natural flavors—they are never parched or toasted.

If you don't know what the Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat so as to avoid parching or toasting means to the smoker—switch to Camels for just one day—then leave them—if you can.

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CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time



● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

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CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

Then there was the Scotch cadet who refused to drink out of a bottle because it had to be tipped.—*Skipper*



The reason so many men who go to Paris never take their wives with them is because one never takes sandwiches to banquets.—*Skipper*



"I am packing my trunks," said the sob sister*, as she put on her shorts.—*Skipper*



Her: I see where a young wife presented her 85-year old hubby with a baby boy. What do you think about it?

He: The same as you.

—*The Green Gander*



Prof.: If there are any dumbbells in the room, please stand up.

A long pause and then a lone freshman stands up.

"What, do you consider yourself a dumbbell?"

"Well, not exactly that, sir, but I hate to see you standing all alone!"

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo*



She was only the stool pigeon's daughter, but she was never known to squeal.



Two beautiful pillows covered with lace

Two happy lovers face to face
Everything in its proper place—
"Cheerio!"

—*Battalion*



She: Listen, Joe Military, I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth.

Keydet: Don't worry. I wouldn't have to get married if I were the last man.

—*Skipper*

Significant of the times is the story of the man who was so lazy that he adopted a baby.—*Phoenix*



When you're parked out in the country, all cuddled up with your sweetie, and her father drives up alongside of you and gets out—be nonchalant, although it won't do you a hell of a lot of good.

—*Wisconsin Octopus*



"Mama, where doth elephants come from? And don't try to thtall me off wiv that gag about the thtork.

—*Sniper*

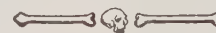


The plumber's face flushed, but being a good plumber, there was no noise.—*Octopus*



The slogan for a nice night's entertainment: "So-far and no father."

—*V. P. I. Skipper*



AN ANIMAL TALE

Allison had a cow and it sat on a railroad track, and the train came along and cut its tail smack off. "Growley" tried to sell it to the butcher, but he wouldn't buy it because he couldn't retail it.—*Skipper*



When a man of sixty marries a girl of twenty-five it's like buying a book for somebody else to read.—*Malteaser*



The young minister was reading announcements at the Sunday service. He stumbled across one of them and the following words slipped out:

"The Little Mother's League will hold their weekly meeting this afternoon. All those who wish to become Little Mothers please see me in the rectory."—*Tiger*

A CLOSED MATTER

Sophomore: My roommate fell down stairs last night with two pints of gin.

Junior: Did he spill any?

Sophomore: No, he kept his mouth closed.—*Purple Parrot*



EXTRACTS FROM MODERN HISTORY

"... and a dark cloud of depression Hoovered over the land."—*Skipper*



"When I was in China, I saw them hang a girl."

"Shanghai?"

"Hell, yes! Six feet off the ground!"—*Siren*



"WILD OATS"

It is understood that Sam Hardwick spent last summer on a farm, preparing himself for football. Certain people on the campus vouch for the following tale:

The farmer woke Sam about three o'clock one morning. "Here, what's this?" queried Sam.

"We're going out to sew oats," replied the rustic, shifting the straw to the other side of his mouth.

Samuel was interested. "Wild oats?" he asked.

"No," replied the farmer.

"Well," said Sam disgustedly, "why the hell are you sneaking around in the dark?"

—*Skipper*



The real panic sufferer is the man who would meet Joan Crawford on a desert isle and ask her to lend him a nickel.—*Ohio State Sun Dial*



"So you asked Betty to marry you?"

"Yes, but I didn't have any luck."

"Oh! Didn't you tell her about your rich Uncle Dan?"

"I did. Betty's my aunt now."

—*Annapolis Log*

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THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER
The University of North Carolina

**"Cream of
the Crop"**



June Collyer



Copr., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"The extra protection to my throat"

MIND IF I COLLYER "JUNE"? June gave Park Avenue something to boast about . . . she's one of New York's "400." When June middle-aisled it, dozens of eligible bachelors went back into circulation. Did you see her in WARNER'S "ALEXANDER HAMILTON"? For 4 years she has smoked LUCKIES. That nice statement of hers was not given for money. "Thanks, June Collyer."

"It's the extra things I get from Luckies that make me so enthusiastic. The extra protection to my throat, the extra fine flavor of Lucky Strike's choice tobaccos. And the extra convenience of the little tab which opens the Lucky Cellophane wrapper so easily."

June Collyer

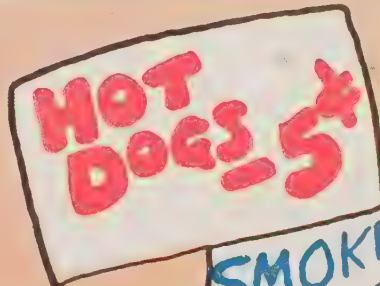
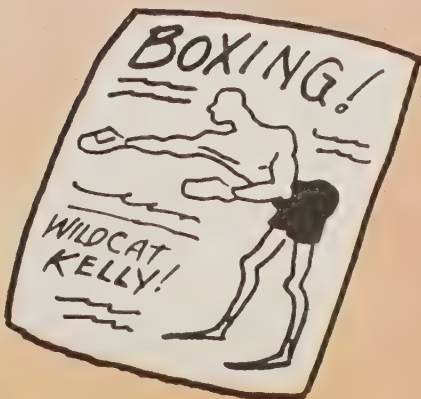
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**Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh**

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THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX APRIL, 1932 NUMBER 7

PETE GILCHRIST..... *Editor-in-Chief*
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"Tell me, Mr. Coolidge, do you ever feel blah?"

• Do you ever feel blah?

There's a sure cure for that sort of thing, and it doesn't come in bottles. It takes away that tired feeling, cures petrified pores — and doesn't make you feel like yourself again. It's a famous old formula, containing just the right amounts of double-chocolate humor and pungent fiction, topped with a delectable dab of Rolf Armstrong beauty. Makes you laugh and cry! Don't suffer in silence. Ask your druggist for

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1050 N. LaSalle Street CHICAGO

The height of noise: two skeletons wrestling on a tin roof while it's hailing.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*



An Englishman, after watching an American couple dance, remarked to a friend: "They always get married after that, don't they?"

—*Puppet*



"Conductor, I've been robbed. The fellow sitting next to me stole my pocketbook while we were going through the tunnel. I had it in my stocking."

"Why didn't you holler when he was getting it?"

"How was I to know what he was doing?"

And the moral of this little story, kiddies, is merely that girls with wooden legs should fasten their money down with thumb tacks.

—*Yellow Jacket*



Salome, the first woman to discover the relation between gauze and effect.

—*Blue Baboon*

King Solomon once attended the opening night of a musical comedy and enjoyed himself immensely. The producer hurried up to him after the show and asked, "What did you think of the chorus your Majesty?"

"Great," replied the potentate, "I'd like to date up the first three rows some evening."
—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*



Professor (in appreciation of music course): Mr. Jones, just what is your conception of the term "Hot Music"?

"Well, how about a tuba player with the hiccoughs and a trombonist with St. Vitus' dance trying to play 'Tiger Rag' as a duet?"
—*Bucknell Belle Hop*



"Who's in that garden?"
"Only us pansies."

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

Newsboy: Aw, hell, we don't wanta go ta war with Japan over China. Those Chinese dames don't look wurth a hoot."
—*Carolinian*



As much money as college men spend on bootleggers, isn't it funny that none of the latter ever advertise in undergraduate publications?
—*Carolinian*



"I didn't mean no harem, lady," said the sultan as he propositioned the girl.
—*Punch Bowl*



The bride was very much concerned at seeing twin beds in the bridal suite.

"What's the matter dearest?" asked the attentive bridegroom.

"Why, I certainly thought we were going to get a room all to ourselves."
—*Dirge*

Then there was the man who went in for raising rabbits and did not take into account their affectionate nature and was soon bothered by superfluous hares.

—*Sagehen*



Two Egyptian hermits who had vowed perpetual chastity wandered by mistake into a harem one day. There were beautiful women everywhere, and clothes nowhere; the voluptuous odor of burning incense filled the air; barbarous music was being played softly by negro slaves and best, or worst, of all, the lord of the harem was not at home.

There were the two hermits—now the question is, did the harem-scarem?

—*Whirlwind*



". . . And, boy, have I got connections!" said the Siamese twin.
—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah*



"Why," said the sweet young thing in the very front row, "I would rather commit adultery than smoke a cigarette before my mother."

"Indeed!" the strong masculine voice in the back of the room countered. "Who wouldn't?"
—*Exchange.*



Princeton undergraduates hope to see a resumption of football with Harvard, while Princeton alumni would be satisfied to see a resumption of football at Princeton.

—*Notre Dame Jugler.*



An angry telephone patron over at C. B. A., who was charged extra for a Boston call, roared: "Outrageous! Why, in my home city of Chicago one can talk to h—ll and back for ten cents!"

"Well," chirruped central, "that's inside the city limits!"
—*Boston Beanpot.*

DUDE'S DICTIONARY

BRONCS—A section of New York City.

CATTLE—A pot used for cooking.

COLT—What you catch from sitting in a draft.

CORRAL—A sort of shell.

COWBOY—A bull.

HEIFER—A gentle breeze.

LARIAT—A kind of card game.

MARE—The head of the town.

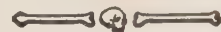
OX—To question.

RANCH—A sort of tool.

RODEO—Used for listening to broadcasting stations.

SOMBRERO—A half breed Mexican.

—*Minn. Ski-U-Mah.*



"I hear you are a collector of antiques."

"Yes, I have a very rare typewriter which was owned by Napoleon."

"But that's impossible. Typewriters hadn't been invented in Napoleon's time."

"I know it. That's what makes it so rare."
—*Oklahoma A. & M Aggievator.*

FANCY ICES

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"BLUE RIBBON"

Fast Frozen

ICE CREAM

DURHAM, N. C.

Made with Pure Cream

BLOCKS

PUNCH

An optimist is a guy who opens a pint in a crowd and saves the cork. —*Rice Owl.*



Child Movie Star: Well, what do you want for your birthday, Pop?

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*



Mike: I haven't seen my Uncle Pat for ten years. Tell me what he's been doing all the time.

Ike: Ten years. —*Annapolis Log.*



"Why have you been sitting in your car all afternoon, Papa?"

"I'm waiting for two gentlemen. The guy who owns the car in front of me and the guy who owns the car in back."

—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

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*A System to Eliminate Cross-Table Talk
and Profanity*

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"Two Hearts in Three-Fourths Time"
Spades....."I'll Be Glad When You're Dead"
Clubs....."Star Dust"
Diamonds....."Here Comes the Bride"
No Trump....."Sitting on Top of the World"
A Bust

"I Can't Give You Anything But Love"
Return Lead....."Come to Me"
Redouble....."There's a Long, Long Trail"
Double Diamonds or Hearts

"The Cardinals Be Damned"
Lead a Small One "The Little Thin in Life"
Lead a Small One

"The Little Things in Life"
Lead an Honor "In a Great Big Way"
Pass That Double....."It Must Be True"
Throw Ace on King....."When the
Moon Comes Over the Mountain"

Error; Don't Raise

"I'm Walking Around in a Dream"
Play the Queen....."It's the Girl"
Forced Bid....."Do Something"
Didn't Hear; Repeat....."What Is It?"
We're Going Set....."Good Night, Sweetheart"
I Must Pass....."I Surrender Dear"
What the Hell Did You Bid On?

"Out of Nowhere"
Ye Gods, What Playing!

"You're Driving Me Crazy"
—*Pelican*



"Why weren't you in class today, Gargantua?"

"By my troth, Rabelais, 'twas because I felt as if I were a bicycle."

"And how was that you old baboon?"

"Too tired!" yelled the shameless oaf; and leading into a submarine he was swished down the drain.
—*Bored Walk*



As the most popular young thing at the party leaves, surrounded by a host of her admirers, the wit pipes up with:

"Well, there she goes in a cloud of lust."
—*Banter*



Woman (hiring plumber)—Are you a union man?

Plumber—Gawd, no, I'm Hawvard.
—*Beanpot*

We admit the Indiana band did fairly well on spelling *Harvard*, but we'd like to see them come up against the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. —*Harv. Lampoon*.



Pailer (to prisoner awaiting execution):
You have an hour of grace.

Prisoner: O. K. Bring her in.
—*Syracuse Orange Peel*.



Stude: What is the literal Latin for
He pretended he wanted to ride?

Stewd: *Hitch, hike, hokum*.
—*Wash. Columns*.



M-M-M-M-M-MOCKERY

"Do you like the song *Ro-Ro-Rollin' Along?*"

"Y-y-y-y-yes." —*Reserved Red Cat*.

'35: I'll bet you were mad when you caught that skunk.

'34: You bet; I was highly incensed.
—*Cornell Widow*.



"Tuff luck," said the egg in the monastery. "Out of the frying pan into the friar."
—*Annapolis Log*.



Bing: Do you ever pick up hitch hikers?
Bang: Only with my bumper.
—*Exchange*.



I asked to see her home and she said she'd send me a picture of it.—*Idaho Blue Bucket*.



"What raw materials are imported from France?"

"Books and plays." —*Annapolis Log*.



The
FRATERNITY
NUMBER





Bobbie
Mason



"Some of those damn fraternity initiations, I Guess."

The Carolina BUCCANEER UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX

APRIL, 1932

NUMBER 7

On The Campus

This month's best and wettest story is about one Alan Smith who was sitting on a Deke pledge's bed one night last week when the door of the room was suddenly opened and Mr. Smith found himself the recipient of several buckets of cold water. Now Mr. Smith is already a fraternity man having joined A. T. O. some two years ago and he did not appreciate the watered stock that the Dekes are using as rushing material this year. Up to the time this magazine went to press the only satisfaction that Mr. Smith has received is that known as profanity—and readers you may be quite satisfied that the ancestry of the whole Deke chapter has been fully reviewed.

* * *

The lawyers went into a huddle—they talked—they separated—they voted—and the result is that one Archie Cannon is president of the Law Association. Archie is a member of dear old Beta Theta Pi, having joined at Davidson. He is also a member of the Ocracoke "Hoigh Toid" choir that did some mighty good singing in the last flood on that island. His social accomplishments are many and the BUCCANEER is more than pleased with the decision that the Barristers have made.

* * *

One of the Campus's most interesting personalities is that of Osmond Molarsky. His puppets have charmed the freshmen in Chapel, his plays have held high mass in the Playmaker theatre, and on top of it all he

still wears the same size hat. He is ever ready to pull what strings he may and make his marionettes dance in a most charming and fascinating manner. His next endeavor will be in the canine world where he will attempt to make a puppet dog!

* * *

Sunday afternoon is one of the dullest in the week so the Sunday movie was installed. What to do after the movie? This is the next question but now this too is solved for we walk down to Manning Pritchard's and Phil Lloyd's Drug Store and there find painted on the window a sign that tells us that one can fly for one dollar or if one wants to go higher he can for a dollar and a half. The trip has been taken and was found to be a complete success especially if a charming young lady is with you. Special Note: The airport will not furnish the charming young lady.

* * *

Contempo, the word that strikes horror into every North Carolinian—the word that makes little children clutch their mamas more tightly—the word that makes maidens scream and strong men pale, seems to be making a remarkable success. Those boys down there may be a little over sexed and communistic at times and they may even give Langston Hughes and Frank Harris a couple too many inches at times but we certainly have to hand it to them for getting recognition. At first the high mucky mucks and literati used to drop them a card but now they get letters and occasionally a visit from men that occupy con-

spicuous places on our library shelves. Go to it Anthony Buttitta and Milton Abernethy but please remember that the BUCCANEER asks you not to use any more news than fits the print.

* * *

E. C. Daniels wrote a swell editorial to the Editors of the BUCCANEER in which he recommended that they try and use discretion in the humor. If Mr. Daniels will call at the office next month an attempt will be made at a special edition for class officers and student council men. (Note: This edition has the usual cover but there are no inside pages, also deleting shears and smudge ink is furnished with each copy with scarcely any extra charge.)

* * *

At last the non-fraternity men have been abandoned—abandoned by their leader. Swain Hall even hangs its head in shame because its head weater has left the shores of non-fraternity. Hail Hamilton Hobgood ex-non-fraternity man—hail Hamilton Hobgood fraternity man. Congratulations Hamilton—congratulations Phi Delta Theta.

* * *

And with this last *On the Campus* I bid the BUCCANEER a fond and sad farewell. It is in good hands, and my last words to the readers whether they be students, faculty, parents, sweethearts or whatnot, is that it is a most difficult and thankless task trying to be clever eight times a year even if you are paid.

Aufweidersehen

PETE GILCHRIST.

A BARED MANUAL OF

Suggestion: Keep this for next fall--

On the following pages are listed some of the fraternities on the Carolina campus; they are not all and they are not the best but the following list is certainly a cross section of fraternity life and fraternity men will probably be cross when they finish. If your fraternity has been left from this list then rejoice because there was no scandal available at the time this issue went to press.

Drinking fraternity *
Non-drinking fraternity *

*D. K. E.** Dear old Deke—dear old Duke—Dear—Dear. What have the boys been up to this year with a man on the All Campus Party for the first time in the history of politics; he won. One of those garage fraternities with everything including free air and that hot. Every man owns a pair of white flannels and has a girl in Sweetbriar or Miss Spences school. The best man in the lodge is Brother Johnson and they wont let him wear a pin because he wouldn't come in the back door when he was a pledge.

*Phi Gamma Delta.** Have not pledged a man since Calvin Coolidge was president (Cal was a Phi Gam). The house is so full of men they have to have a fire drill to get them all out of the house in safety for that eight thirty. The best man in the lodge is Billy Bliss and he leaves this year and what is to become of dear old Fiji? A nice quiet group that have done nothing to bring disgrace on the name of dear old Phi Gamma Delta—no absolutely nothing.

*Beta Theta Pi.** This lodge has improved somewhat over last year because Tom Swift and the

Rover boys did not return from the wilds of Algebra. They pledged a couple of the Boy Allies and also one of the Bobsie Twins made the fencing team again this year to make it a banner year for old Wooglin. The best man in the lodge is Ashby Penn and someone had to shoot him. Oh well all we can say is that the rest of the crowd is damn lucky!

*Delta Psi.** Tony's Place—the white shoe boys that wear flannels and brown coats the year round. They spend most of their week-ends in Philadelphia and points north. A very quiet house during Christmas and Spring vacations. This lodge has made progress in the past few years and will probably go in debt enough in the next few years to build a small new house that will change it from the small time crowd that it now has into a good bunch of heavy tax payers. Hurrah for the State of North Carolina because most of its members are from above the Mason and Dixon streak. Sid Lee gets the vote as being their best man.

*Chi Psi.** "We are going to build a new house next year"—1857. "We are going to build a new house next year"—1932—ad infinitum. These men did not know a good thing when they burned their house down. Maybe someday they will be able to fill the most beautiful lot in Chapel Hill with a house to match. Best man — still to be found.

*Phi Kappa Sigma.** A glass of beer was found in this house last year. Horrors! They have not gotten over the shock yet and are still barely surviving under the strain. A really bad bunch of coca cola drinkers and they

have a terrible vice of playing the Mills brothers after twelve o'clock. Someday they are going to miss getting the president of the B. Y. P. U. and then the lodge will go on the rocks for good. Best man in the lodge and one of the best on the campus—John (Fatty) Manning.

*S. A. E.** The Fourth Batallion or Ceasar's army. Just a few of the members came back this year and so they have been forced to turn over their meeting place of Gerrard Hall to the Young Democrats. A nice crowd of mixed men — mostly scrambled eggs that take college more or less seriously on week-ends. Another garage fraternity with every type of auto from a Claiborne Carr to a Martin Cannonball. Best man in the lodge is Chink (Holmes) Davis if he gets the Yackety Yack out on time.

*Zeta Psi.** A nice quiet group —sometimes! More freshmen than the rest of the lodge put together. Great things expected of this lodge if they don't get the guinea pig complex and overflow the Kappa Sigmas and the Kappa Alphas with men. Best man in lodge is Mayne (Ducky) Albright.

*Chi Phi.** An athletic and political group that must have fraternity meetings sometimes when there is not a varsity game or a meeting of some political frame-up. Best man in the lodge is Rip Slusser.

*A. T. O.** Not much has been heard of this lodge since their senior class left last year and took with them most of the undergraduates. This lodge gets five stars for being across the street from the Co-ed house.

CAROLINA FRATERNITIES

--It will make wonderful rush material

Best man in lodge — best golf player on campus—Alan Smith.

*K. A.** A good fraternity before they pledged the chrysler roadster—since then they have had a couple of Pink Teas and maybe an egg roll. Maybe they will break away when the freshmen they pledged this year are able to vote for the dear old oken bottled in the house again. Best man in the lodge and most social senior is Tom Watkins—he is also a pledge of dear old Pi Phi.

*Phi Delta Theta.** Far enough off the campus to be safe, if you don't live in Pittsboro. Some really bad men about town in this lodge that will take you out to their house and make you walk home. No very definite scandal is known about them as they have not come into class this quarter because the rail roads are out of order. Best pair of men are Mo Fonville and Erwin Brower.

*Sigma Nu.** Snakes in the grass that wear vipers in their pins. This bunch has done nothing this year except clinch freshmen elections along with a little back slapping down in the quadrangle. No really mean men at present. K. C. Ramsay is still wondering what happened to the All Campus Party. A number of regular Spencer Hall attendants. Best man in lodge is Shady Lane.

*Sigma Chi.** What are they going to do when Steve Lynch and Mamma Rose leave? Another also ran fraternity that has been getting along fairly well for the past year due to alliances made in years gone by. They are suffering from a complex of being sandwiched between the S. A.

E.'s and the Betas. Best man, Billy Myers.

*Kappa Sigma.** The Democratic party also has 190 chapters but they are expected to be eclipsed before the end of this week by this lodge. A good bunch of freshmen this year that will as usual make bum sophomores next. The best man they ever had, Tubby McDade left them after bumping Phi Beta Kappa his freshman year. Best man in the lodge is Harry Finch.

*Phi Kappa Alpha.** This lodge gives a swell dance every year in Raleigh but you can go if you have paid your Y. M. C. A. dues. A nice quiet lodge that occasionally buys a half gallon and stays teed up for the fall quarter. A promising fraternity around political seasons but as for athletes they have nothing but a ping pong table. A really big bunch of hell raisers in 1888 and they will probably be talking about them if you drop over. The best man in the lodge is Ward Thompson even if he does wear a yellow sweater.

*Pi Kappa Alpha.** This lodge those cross-country fraternities that is known as one of Chapel Hill's suburban show places. They have really a bad bunch of tea totallers that meet every afternoon for a sip of that fiery liquid. The biggest man in the lodge is Theoran Brown that is known for his crooning personality from the Chi Omega House right on up to the third and even fourth floors of Spencer. He is one of the men that can make the Mills Brothers and the Boswell sisters think they were triplets.

*Theta Chi.** Heywood Weeks' fraternity.

*Delta Tau Delta.** A cable from them in 1899 said that they were doing as well as can be expected and that they hope that they will be able to come up on the campus to register for the next presidential election and they asked if the Tories were running a man. Best man must be around forty-five years old by now—we'll let you know next year if we can get in touch with them.

*Chi Omega.** They moved into a new house this year and also a lot of new pledges. A good bunch of girls. Best man in house, Walter Wilson and Tom Riddick.

*Pi Beta Phi.** Too many girls are coming to Carolina these days to make this a conservative group. If they pledge as many next year Mrs. Lee had better watch out that they don't start having meetings in her dining room. Best men in lodge, Tom Watkins, Joe Eagles, Henry Anderson, Bill Harriss, Little Freddie Patterson, and occasionally Chink Daves.

*Phi Beta Kappa.** A bunch of guys that wear glasses and catch eight-thirties and go to the library and study for quizzes and make A's on exams and generally have a thoroughly rotten time in college and usually make a failure of life.

*Kappa Beta Phi.** A swell bunch of guys that tip glasses never catch eight-thirties, never go to the library except to look for a date, never study for quizzes and never make A's on exams but that have a swell time in college and go out and make a success in life.

(Continued on next page)

*Wigue and Masque.** Not a barber's fraternity but just a bunch of guys and gals that have to get on the stage even if it is by means of a step ladder. They have not produced a thing in years—which is quite a relief.

*The Coop and Cabin.** Now combined into the untouchables that have been outlawed from all society and who get together three times a day to keep alive—the food is strictly kosher.

*The Minotaurs, Shieks, and Thirteen Clubs.** Just a paddling organization that does not own a canoe and must use someone elses.

*Epsilon Phi Delta.** A bunch of foreigners that could not get together any other way than by organizing. Made up of every nationality from the Bronx through Brooklyn.

*The Golden Fleece.** Opportunity's fraternity because it only knocks once and then it usually breaks the initiate's neck. A swell organization that

is not affected by politics—no, not much.

*Order of the Grail.** This lodge meets about three times a quarter and initiates about seven hundred people in one night. Sometimes these initiates go back for more but the cases are few. Usually a group of weird men with musical instruments are present that fill the air with sounds so strange as to drown most of the cries of agony.

*The Gorgon's Head and Gimghoul.** Two lodges that are strictly on a money basis—pay as you enter and keep right on paying until you are payed out. Nice houses and a chance to pat the old proff on the back and raise that C to a B. Worth joining if you are a junior and can make the right bid.

*German Club.** A bunch of greeks and bohemians that hold convocations three times a year and take your hat and overcoat and make you like it. They get Guy Lombardo, your goat and any thing else that you leave around. They can also put on

dance probation if you happen to drop a bottle on a chaperon. The key word at a dance is "Watch that guy he is on the German Club Committee."

We have been reliably informed that the quarter system is very popular at the leading Scotch universities.

Scientific Farmer: But my good man, you'll never get this tree to bear fruit if you don't prune it.

Hank, the Hired Man: Wal, as long as we get walnuts from it we'll be satisfied.

Mist—white foam—a swirling sensation of billowing waves—where is he? He blundered against something hard and cold—a blinding, stinging sensation in his eyes—he gasped and choked—involuntarily he reached forward—the thing was within his grasp at last—a towel—and the soap was gone from his eyes.



Fat Boy: I certainly picked a swell lodge.



"I don't give a damn if you did go to Dartmouth and join the Dekes, you can eat without a fork or starve."

He laughs least who only laughs at the professor's jokes.

"A flight a day helps the old plane to pay," remarked the airplane pilot.

"There is no time like the present," said the high school senior as he gazed at his graduation watch.

A lot of students have been following Dr. Eliot's Fifteen-Minute-a-Day plan for years.

"Give me a shine, boy," remarked the sophomore order junior to the pledge.

Twenty Years After: The Big-Man-on-the-Campus Goes to Sing Sing:

Trusty (8, 9, 10); Assistant Trusty (5, 6, 7); Prison Band Leader (3, 4); President Cells on Tier D (4); Treasurer Double-Stripe Club; Member, Ball and Chain; Organizing Member, Reformed Racketeers; Tobacco Monopoly (8, 9, 10); Cheer Leader Inter-Cell Baseball League (2, 3); Largest Number Attempted Escapes; Voted Biggest Pest.

"That's fine," snapped the police sergeant as he pocketed the speeding motorists dough.

Some Phi Beta Kappa keys ought to be equipped with a large shoe-horn.

The Greeks Had a Word for Them: Pledges.



Theta Chi: "—and we'll have a little place just lousy wid honeysuckles."



Sigma Chi: Hi brother, what chapter?



"Leah it runs in the family. She had a brother that was a cheer leader."

"You never can tell," remarked the hold-up man as he took the deaf and dumb passenger's watch.

"When you say that, smile," said the news agent as the customer asked for a copy of *Ballyhoo*.

"The Lions are all busy," remarked the toastmaster as the Civic Club held its weekly luncheon.

FRATERNALLY YOURS

Minnie is the little girl
We'll always give a date,
Cause Minnie knows the meaning
Of the word 'cooperate.'

We'd go to see a gal named Pearl
If she would only learn
That when we say, 'Let's go,'
We don't mean to adjourn.

Three cheers for little Sally
Smart.

Our love she'll always win.
She may not be Jean Harlow
But she brings her own damn
gin.

'To err is human; to forgive,
divine.'

That's what the poets say.
But what would you do
If you had to see Sue
And they'd taken your pants
away?

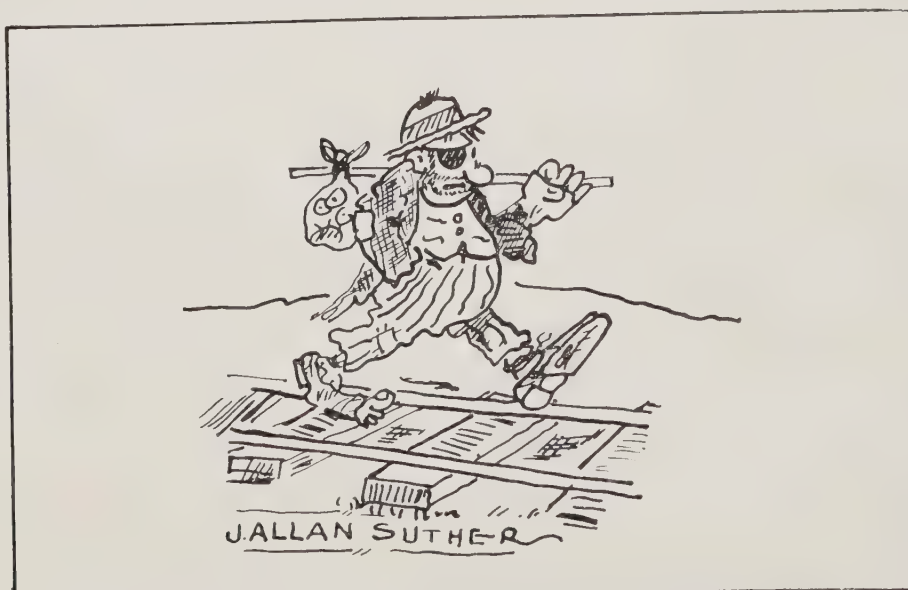
We give our vote
To Sadie Blurtz;
She says O. K.
And not 'Aw, nertz.'



Tired Traveler (on the phone): What's all that noise in the room below me?

Hotel Clerk: Oh, there are just a few Elks up there.

Tired Traveler: For Gosh sake, Mister, let 'em loose so I can get a little sleep.



Sad figure of a man that paid all of his fraternity debts."



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Editorial

"Americans like to be slammed" says a noted european critic.

With this as a keynote to success, the BUCCANEER throws its hat into the fraternity court by printing this special copy for the fraternities of Carolina. A lot has been said in the *Bared Manual* section about various lodges on the campus and a whole lot has been unsaid which might make very interesting reading. Below is a statement written by a fraternity man who is a high-light in campus and fraternity affairs. Read what he thinks about his own and other fraternities on this campus.

The college fraternities have turned traitors—traitors to the noble ideals that inspired their establishment.

For the purpose of engendering close fellowship between college men, of promoting intellectual attainment, and of encouraging ethical conduct, associations of students were first organized. They were designed by their founders to inspire and to aid college men in their quest for knowledge and social adjustment.

But today the fraternities have lost sight of the high aims by which they were guided in their early history. They have followed after false gods and have bowed before heathen idols.

Instead of being associations of men drawn together by bonds of mutual in-

terests and friendship, they have become social orders organized for the purpose of owning luxurious houses and giving expensive dances.

Instead of pursuing high standards of intellectual attainment, they have turned aside to seek empty honors on the football field and at the campus polling places.

Instead of encouraging ethical conduct, they have allowed their members to engage freely in practices of questionable morality.

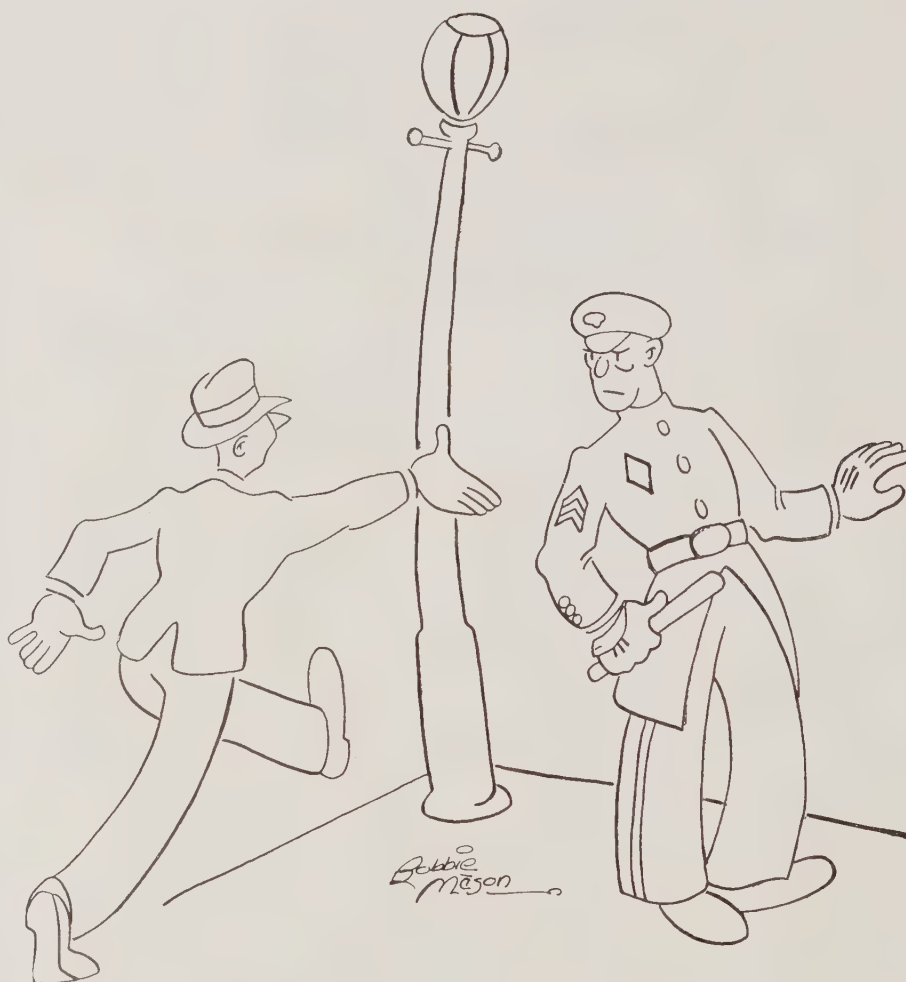
From the burlesque social orders and from the sophomoric tradition they have adopted a system of training for their pledges that encourage frivolity and even brutality.

Instead of allowing and encouraging the individual to work out his own salvation, they have forced him into the mold of narrow convention.

Instead of seeking out men of character and intelligence, they have looked for good quarterbacks, good backslappers and smooth dancers.

Theirs is a course and plan of mediocrity.

The fraternities have an answer to make to this charge. But the only satisfactory response that they can make to this challenge is the one which is being generally demanded of the fraternities: that they change their ways.



Phi Gam: "Hi brother, what chapter?"

A Play in 1-2 an Act

By Pete Ivey

(Before the play starts the curtain is drawn. Eyes can be seen peeping from the edges of the curtains. The audience is impatient. They didn't want to come, really, in the first place. The lights go out. The audience straightens its backbones, and heads poke forward. The curtain goes up. Twelve figures in black robes are seated on the stage. The one in the middle has a red hat. He is the Grand, Almighty, Supreme, Undiluted, High Chancellor of the Solar System.)

G. A. S. U. H. C. O. T. S. S.—Bretheren of the Sigma Upsidaisy Fraternity, the meeting is declared open for the induction of pledges. Royal Scribbler of the Scroll, are you ready?

Scribbler—I am, O Grand, Almighty, Supreme, Undiluted, High Chancellor of the Solar

System.

G. A. S. U. H. C. O. T. S. S.—Are you prepared Inner Guard of Kalamazoo, Moscow, and all points in that direction?

Inner Guard—I am Grand Almighty etcetera.

Etcetera—Inform the Outer Guard of the Amazon and the Volga River that the council is ready.

Inner Guard—It shall be well done, your majesty.

(The Inner Guard informs the Outer Guard that everything is Hot Cha. After a minute of unbroken silence except for the flapping of the shutters and the Inner Guard's ears, four knocks sound upon the door followed by three more, then a pause, then one more knock, then a pause, then six knocks, then silence, and at last a long whistle.)

Inner Guard—Who knocks in such a manner thusly upon the

lodge rooms of Sigma Upsidaisy?

Outer Guard—The Outer Guard of the Amazon and The Volga River bringing a bunch of neophytes who have contributed to the Grand coffers, who have been lucky enough to pass a few courses, and who sleep with their hands in the pockets of their pajamas.

Inner Guard—Enter.

(The Outer Guard comes in followed by ten Freshmen who look as if they have been dragged through a cow pasture. They line up before the head man and get in a "Praise Allah" position.)

Head man, etcetera, or G. A. S. U. H. C. O. T. S. S.—Do each of you promise to support the Sigma Upsidaisy in the payment of dues, the elections, and in the upkeep of the house still?

Neophytes—We do, sohelpus.

Head Man—Do you promise to be loyal to your brothers even if they wear zippers on their clothing, and even if they talk at the table when their mouth is full and get crumbs all over you?

Neophytes (more guardedly)—We do.

Head Man—Do you realize that we have members from the rockbound coasts of the Sandwich Islands to the sun kissed shores of Siberia, and will you obligate yourselves to do anything possible for a fellow member. For example, having a date with his cousin from Peoria, who looks like a double for the world's worse face contortionist.

Neophytes (weakly)—We do.

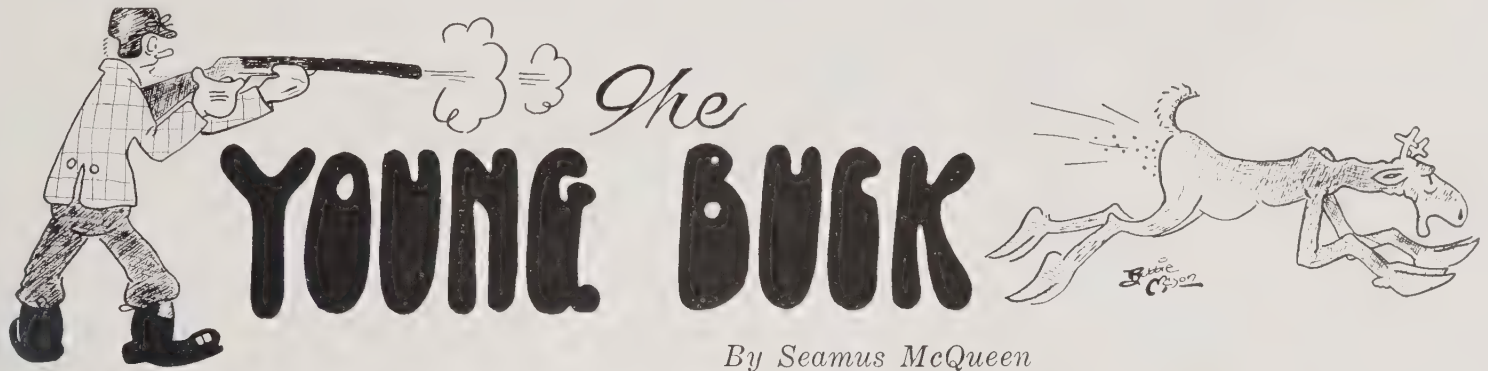
(The headman, having completed his questioning, rises and taking a huge paddle steps behind the Freshmen who get in a position so that the portion of them that is most paddable is exposed to the rays of the sun. After a brief ceremony, that the reader may use his imagination to guess, the pledges are shown the secret grip. They pack their grip and leave the stage as the curtain falls with a thud. The audience, relieved, rises to its feet and trudges out.)



Tragic figure of two crooks who waited up to rob a fraternity house.



"Say, papa, do they use the ball field for a cow pasture when they aren't playing on it?"



By Seamus McQueen

The editor of this publication told me some time back that for this issue he was going to run a *Vanity Fair* number of the *Buccaneer*, taking off that perfectly swell magazine, and he was going to let me do the "We Nominate for Oblivion" page. You can imagine how I gloated. I had some of the most engaging little items that would get me run out of town in no time. But now he tells me just to write a regular column, and I'm left way up that well-known stream that contributes so much to the channels of local literature. I had some grand people I wanted to nominate, too, like the Unwashed Literati, the genial Dean of Shirt-snatching and Sock-tearing, and The Man Behind the Tree.

* * *

Social Notes of Chapel Hill

Miss Emmy Frances Polhill will probably not do any horseback riding this quarter, on account of a deep-seated aversion to that sort of thing.

Mr. John F. Whitehead, noted brewer of this city, has not joined any order of monks, nor can he give any other explanation for his haircut.

The Frankfurter Emporium has decided not to give away tin shields and cap pistols as souvenirs to their customers.

Mr. Charles Wilpan, social light of the campus, has installed himself, bag and baggage, in the establishment of Messrs. Gleaton and McIntyre.

The Beta Theta Pi fraternity entertained delegations from

Davidson, Virginia, and other institutions the week-end of the Co-ed dance. Most of the house is still standing.

Mr. Dave Lynch entertained a few select friends that same evening with his noted combination imitation of Santa Claus and Gilda Grey. Through courtesy of the German Club Mr. Lynch was given the Great Outdoors to play in.

Mr. Thomas Riddick spent an interesting Sunday recently, either falling in Haw River, getting run over by a truck, or something.

The Drama Festival took place at the appointed date, and the Playmaker staff, headed by Impresario R. Novins, saw to it that the visiting actresses were shown all over the Hill and well entertained. Everything came off about as expected.

A certain gentleman is decidedly out of favor at the Pi Phi house. He was there on one of their dull evenings, with girls, lonesome girls, just littering up the place, when the phone rang. "Oh goody," he shouted, "Someone has a date!"

The Chi Omegas, on the other hand, report increased circulation. Not that their quarterly dance had anything to do with it.

Spring has come to C. Albert P. Moore, and with it the usual longings of a youthful male. Unfortunately, Mr. Moore selected Murphey Hall to do his courting in. He had just been told that

the lady in question could be no more than a sister to him, with a kindly patting of the arm and a slight chucking under the chin, when half the hierarchy of the English department came barging around the corner to interrupt a very touching little tableau. And was his face red!

Miss Gabrielle McColl returned from exile to South Carolina for a recent week-end, thereby temporarily relieving A. Hamilton's personal unemployment problem.

At a recent meeting of the Kluttz Cottage Courting, Corn, and Culture Club, J. Sehon, J. Scott, and C. Moore put eleven people to sleep in nine and a half minutes through their masterly reading of William Morris. E. Blodgett has hardly awakened yet.

The election this year was about as exciting as a Sino-Japanese war. No bribery, no mud-slinging, just a little double-crossing—how do these Student Leaders expect to establish interest in self-government here unless they put on a better show? The master-stroke of the campaign was the Weeks appeal to the co-ed vote, and the biggest flop was the naive trust of the Machine in the fraternities.

And with that *The Young Buck* suspends his career. If I have brought a little more happiness into your lives, if I have enabled you to meet life's problems with fortitude, if I have made you think nobler and purer thoughts . . . I've been a hell of a columnist!



The origin of the Easter egg gag and also the expression "Oh Yeah."

FRATERNITY

A Tragedy in Three Acts

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The tragedy about this is that it was ever written.)

ACT I

In the fall of the year when all nature is brown with the exception of college freshmen, the annual fall sport of "rushing" begins. This game is played by an unlimited number of less verdant lads who are known in the vernacular as "brothers." The freshmen have come officially to enter school, but really and unofficially they have come to get pledged. (At least this was true before the depression.)

As soon as the freshmen are

started out on the road to success by their professors; or deans in some cases, the "brothers" are given their first crack at them. Here is where a freshman first sees his pre-conceived views of college life as it is portrayed in movies and college humors of various sorts. The "brothers" have seen to it that the house is at its best, and the mortgage is hidden. Several coquettish co-eds are lounging around on divans, and cocktail shakers are kept busy concocting ambrosia for thirsty and gullible frosh.

This process goes on for several weeks, and at last the freshman has decided that old I Phel-ta Thi is the one and only frat and he has shaken hands all around. Then with great cere-

mony the pledge button is placed upon his swolled chest. And, folks, he is a pledge.

ACT II

Our freshman who was pledged in the last act is now seen out on the lawn pulling weeds, or checking out for a "coke" or a "pack of cigs." He who was worshipped in the last act is now among the damned. This stage of metamorphosis is carried on for about three months and is really quite necessary for the proper upbringing of a "pledge." It is a miracle how the "brothers" are able to bring a pledge back to normalcy after the rushing season is over. Confidentially, my public, some of the "pledges" continue to think of themselves for the next four years as the "brothers" taught them to think when they were being rushed.

ACT III

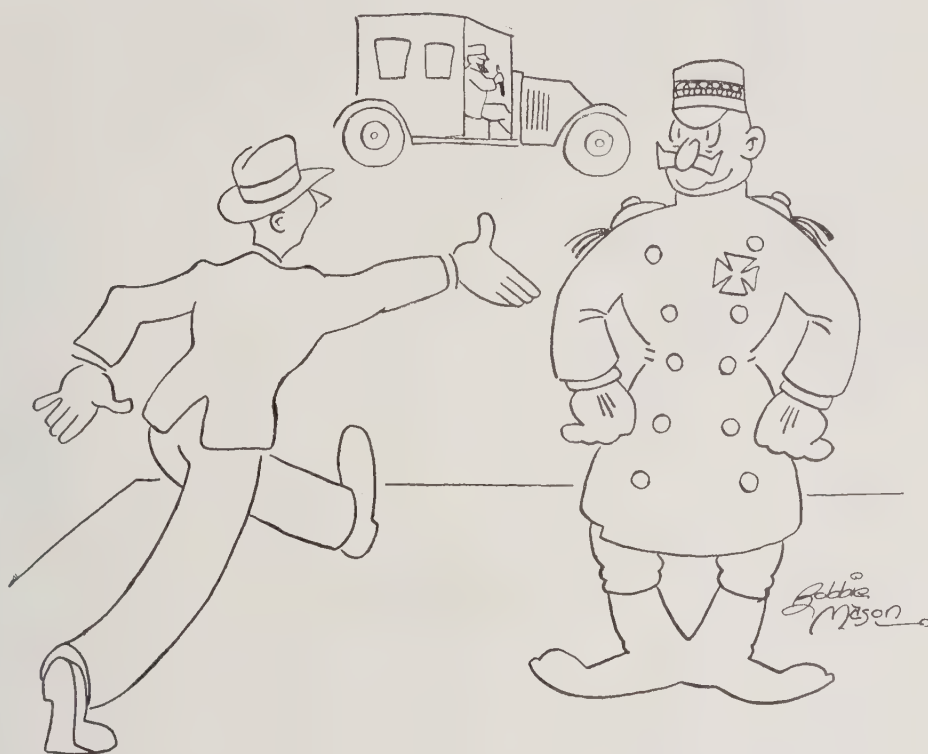
(In which is found the climax, if any)

As spring approaches the "pledges" who have passed the minimum of work prescribed by Ye Olde Registrar, and who have kept their dues paid up, and their paddles intact are about to become "brothers." But, folks, there are still a few obstacles in the way of our hero and his frat pin. He must be initiated. This ritual, gentle readers, will be referred to only slightly as it is much too painful to be put before the public in all its brutality. A few examples of initiation in its lighter vein will be given. The chief diversion of initiation is when the "pledges" offer up the back of their lap for the pleasure of the "brothers." This is done usually by assuming the angle and saying with the utmost graciousness:

(With music)

What e're my fate,
What e're my lot,
To thee, Oh moon!

I turn my . . . What? Oh, the editor says he has had numbers censored for less than that; and never would I get a number censored. Then other lodges send their "pledges" to grave-



A. T. O.: "Hi, brother, what chapter?"

yards and have them dig up corpses by the dozens. This digging is kept up until each "pledge" finds a corpse which looks exactly like him, and this corpse is then sent to class in the "pledge's" place. You see a "pledge" never attends classes during initiation, but he sends the corpse in his place. The old ritual of having "pledges" devour live animals is quite commonly used. In some frats the "brothers" poison the water in order to see the "pledges" writhe with pain after drinking. The "pledges" are required by other lodges to carry around lunch baskets with full course dinners in them for the benefit of the hungry "brothers." The older, and cruder forms such as stretching on the rack, and hanging by the thumbs has been mostly abolished; but is still found in a few lodges. (Mr. Haywood Weeks, President of the Inter-Fraternity Council, has censored the other more hideous forms of initiation, but will furnish data to any persons who might be interested.) I might say in closing that all of this

initiation is entered into with the utmost gusto (by the "brothers") and a wonderful time is had by all. Then the "Pledges" become "Brothers" and are heard muttering: "Wait till those damn pledges get here next year."

Curtain.

(And dammit, people, I've not written my play yet. But just you wait!!)

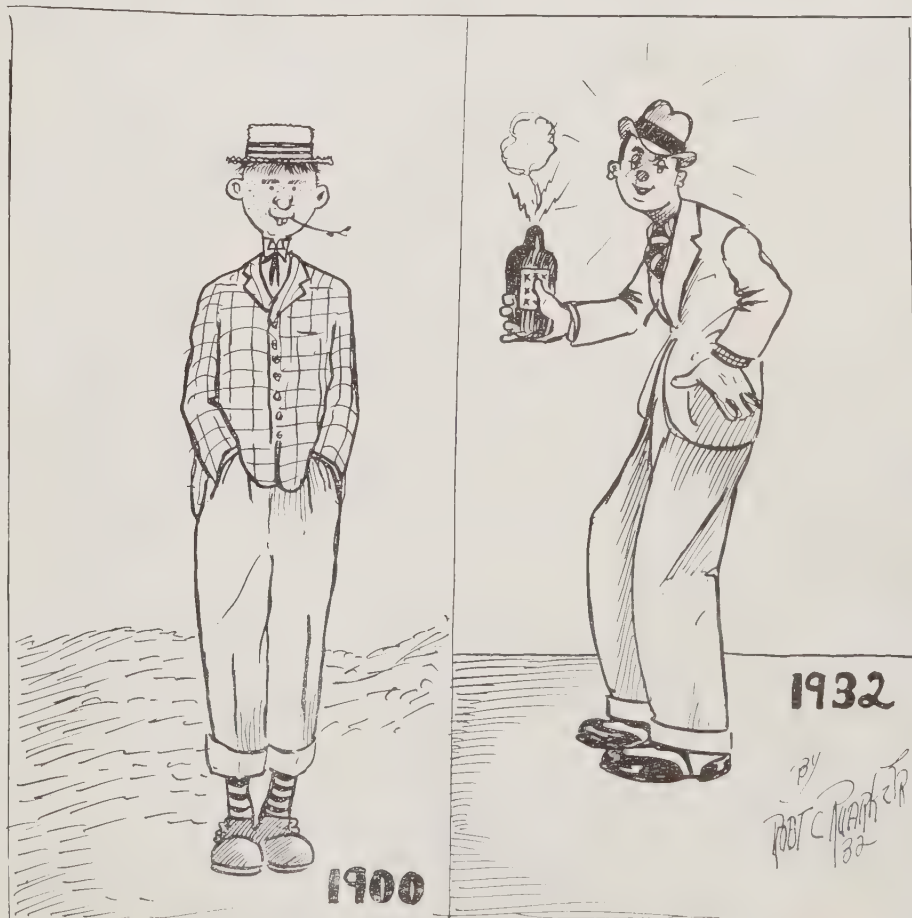


Maid: "The garbage man is here, sir."

Absent-minded professor: "Dear, Dear! Tell him we don't want any today."



"Do you sell Scott's Novels?"
"Certainly, we don't care what your nationality is."



History repeats: The corn-fed boy.



"John, do you see that thing dropping?"
"Do I?"



"Any old cat can be the cat's whiskers, but it takes a tom cat to be a cat's paw."

Mahatma Gandhi used to be a lawyer. No wonder he has to go around in shorts now.

"Did you ever see a Straight 8?"

"No, all I ever saw were curved."

"What is your idea of a good mixer?"

"Abbott's Bitters."

If all the old text books formerly used in courses in the University were placed in a pile they would stay there a long time.

"Reach for a Lucky," quoth the clerk as he spilled a carton of cigarettes on the floor.

"Have you been away for a week-end?"

"Oh no, only a little lung trouble."

Teacher: Bobby, what does schicoprenzia mean?

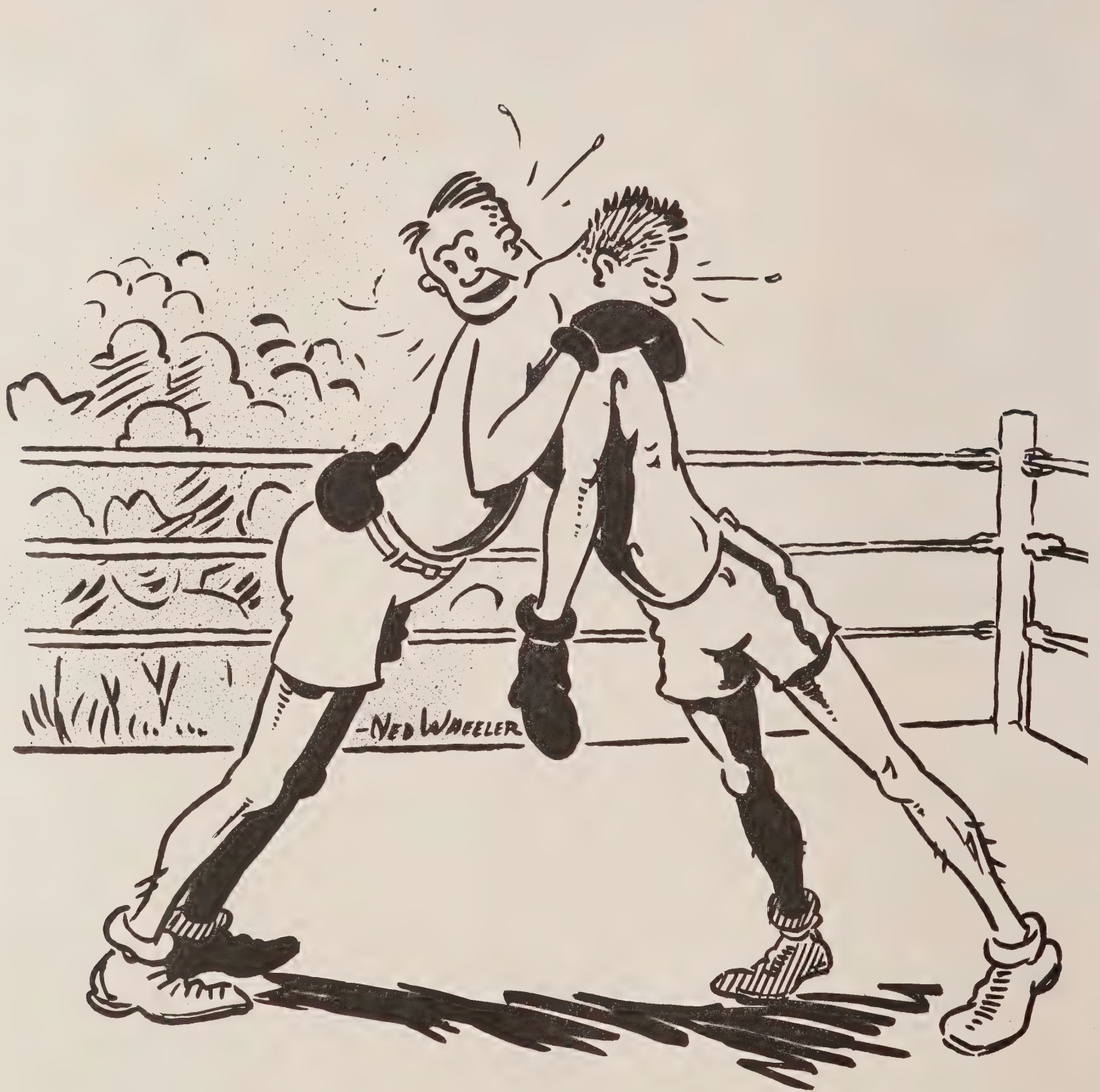
Quick-witted Bobby: I don't know.

Ques.: Who is the most truthful man in history?

Ans.: Paul Revere. He wasn't lying when he said he got that way riding a horse.



Politician: "You, my man, are a public benefactor!"
R. F. D. "Take that back or I'll bust your dern head open."



"I didn't know you was a Delta Psi until I saw your pin just now."

Sex Life of Tomato

(By the Old Tomatoologist,
Pat Gaskins)

For years and years and years and years (well for a pretty long time anyway) the fact that the tomato has a sex life has gone undiscovered. It merely remained for one of the members of our research to do this while performing upon the stage of the Playmakers theatre. He was in the last stages of his act when this was discovered. One of the audience presented him with the material to do his research. In regard to the tomato, he believes that this is a rotten time to present this information, but we believe that the time is ripe. He doesn't carrot all for vegetables anyway.

In our estimation the tomato has always been a rather repressed individual. We have always supposed that Mrs. Tomato did not have to ask him, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" because she was with him herself. However we know now that she does have to ask him. It seems that the male tomato goes out and makes Mary every night in the week. Nevertheless he always blushes when such an accusation is made. This is not due to his embarrassment, but to the fact that he always feels rosy at parties. Several times Rosy has become so mortified that she has had to leave the party. All parties that tomatoes give are house parties and are rather hot too. The fact that the parties are usually held in bed also has something to do with the declining morals of all tomatoes. All these hot house parties are rather easily watched (also the tomato beds in the hothouses since tomatoes do not believe in that old saying "People who live in glass houses should pull down the shades.")

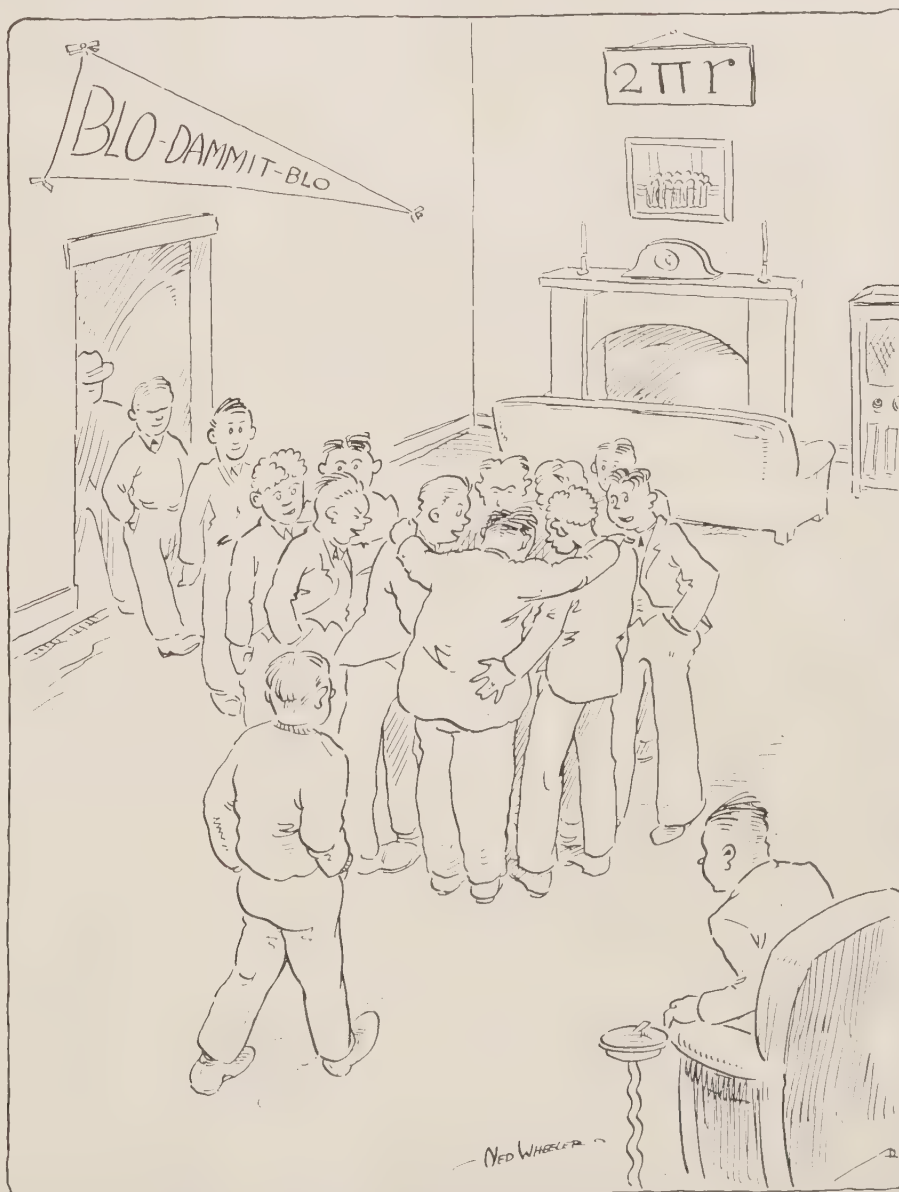
Let us see something of the life of the tomato as we had formerly supposed it to be. Perhaps a few tomatoes would decide to

have a wild time and dissipate by playing contract. We shall call them for convenience, Mr. North, Miss South, Mr. East, Miss West, for it is written, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall agree on how a bridge hand should be played." Miss South starts the game off by bidding a small slam in Hearts, but blushes exceedingly when she finds out, much to her chagrin, that the cards have not been dealt as yet. After the cards are dealt, Mr. East takes the bid with an eight of everything's trumps, but is called

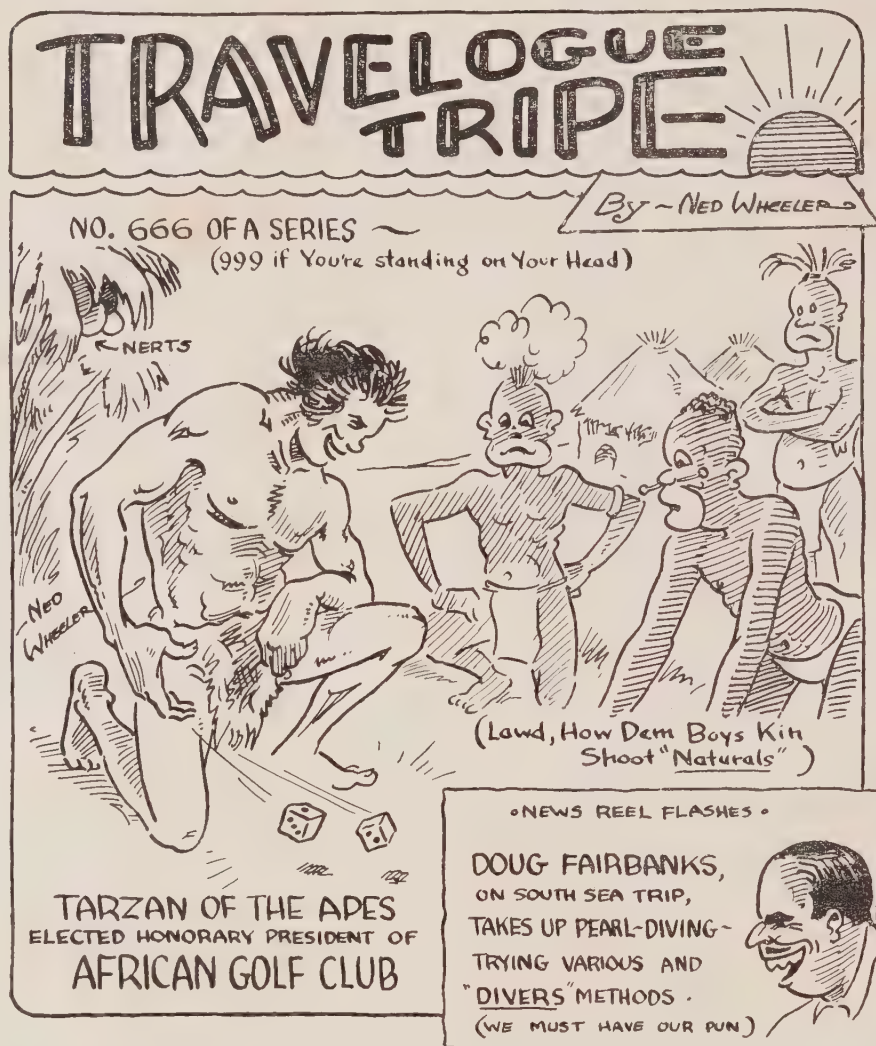
back for holding by Miss West, a spinster of rather ripe old age. After the bean bag has been knocked back and forth across the net several times, it is discovered that Mr. North has trained Mexican Jumping Beans in the bag; consequently he is disqualified. Mr. North is left holding the bag while Miss South is holding five aces. Therefore a bid of—Aw hell, if you want to know how a bridge game should be played, see Sidney Culbertson.

And now since the sex life of the tomato has been discovered, let us take a peep into one of

(Continued on next page)



Voice from middle of the huddle: "But I've been trying to tel you I'm not a freshman—I'm a book salesman."



SEX LIFE OF TOMATO

(Continued from preceding page)

their evenings. Invitations are issued to a B. Y. O. L. (bring your own liquor) party. Mr. Tomato brings out his materials and makes his way to the hot-house where the orgies are to take place. He is wearing a bright green tie, a striped suit, and a pair of spats. He is also wearing a *Stiefmutterchen* (pansy to you) in his lapel. In the orgies as the tomatoes hold them, no one is put to bed because everybody is already in bed with the hostess (pardon me, I meant in bad with the hostess). Occasionally some one gets up and sings. Going from bed to voice as you might say. All through the night whiskey, the drink of the benighted is in evidence. Sometimes even cigarettes are brought out and passed around

to the assembled crowd in order to further destroy their morals. Finally as dawn breaks, throwing streamers of beauty all over the southern skys, the poor, misbeguided tomatoes get out of bed and stagger home from their orgies of sin and corruption.

Friends, fellow patriots, and fellow countrymen, the time has come when we should make an attempt to reform the tomato. Already throughout the length and breadth of this great country his immoral tendencies are being felt. No longer is it safe for little children to roam alone in gardens where tomatoes are being grown. No longer is it safe for the women of this great and glorious republic to walk the streets unaccompanied by an escort. Everything about the tomato is on the decline. Even their religions are declining, es-

pecially the Tomato Juice. If something is not done, the tomato will soon be like they say in bally old Boston, "Here today and gone tomato."



Mama: Did you kiss the girl next door?

Son: Yes, on the piazza.

Mama (*Mad.*): Well, if you've got to kiss her, kiss her on the cheek.



"How is the birth rate in your city?"

"Oh, the doctors don't charge so much."



"I don't know what to make of it," said the sculptor as he started to work on a large block of granite.



"This is a new one on me," remarked the riding academy horse as the co-ed climbed into the saddle.



Boy in car: "Just as I thought—as easy as Pi Phi."

*Que
voulez-vous
encore?*



No, we haven't forsaken our good old American language (off with your hats—the flag is passing by). We are merely using an approved technique to lure you into reading this advertisement. Don't leave the room, please. You'll thank us for it before we're through. Yes, Corona Coronas will be all right if you simply *must* express your gratitude that way.

But to return to our subject. What more *could* you wish in a motor car than all that the new Chevrolet Six provides? You have doubtless thrilled already to the smartness of Chevrolet's long streamlines and spacious Fisher bodies. If you want speed, the new Chevrolet touches 65 to 70 miles an hour, with six-cylinder ease, quietness and smoothness. If you yearn for power—well, 60 horsepower is more than adequate for any demand you are likely to make. Marvelous handling ease is assured by combining the easy, quiet Syncro-Mesh gear-shift with Free Wheeling. And as for running costs—any owner will tell you that Chevrolet operating and upkeep economy is unexcelled.

Does that strike a responsive chord, or are you just an old cynic? If you are, we suggest a *ride* in the new Chevrolet Six. Once you take one, you'll agree with every point we've made. And you'll agree, too, that the best place to be these fine spring days is at the wheel of this smart, fast, and *remarkably inexpensive* automobile.

Twenty beautiful new models,
at prices ranging from \$475 to \$660

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan. Division of General Motors.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

Y: I heard the kid bawling last night.

Z: And after four bawls, he got his base warmed. —*Yellow Jacket*



"But Mrs. Murphy, why are you giving me a day-bed?"

"What the hell, dearie, ain't you gonna marry a night-watchman?"

—*Sun Dial*



First Collich Boy: Is it true that Eve suspected Adam of infidelity?

Second C. B.: I don't know, but I've heard that she used to count his ribs every night to see if he was true to her.

—*Owl*



Artist: "Will you disclose to me the secret of your success as a chorus girl?"

Girl: "Surely, I'll be glad to pose for you."

—*Banter*



"It's only me from across the sea," roared Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

"You're too late," said the fair young maiden, "an aviator beat you here."

—*Dirge*



First Canine: Why were you running from that little dog just now?

Second: You would, too. He has a burr in his nose.

—*Yale Record*



"Why was the doctor mad when two invalids died?"

"He wasn't mad—he merely lost his patience."

—*Octopus*



Slightly Inebriated (to girl on Broadway): Do you speak to strangers on the street?

Sweet Little Dove: Oh, no.

Slightly Inebriated: Well, then, shut up.

—*Burr*

"Yes," moaned one of the C. L. A. fraters, dismally, "it's all over with Gwendolyn and me. Ah, me!"

"But listen," we comforted him, "it can't be so bad as that. Surely things will come out all right. What happened, anyway?"

"Well," he sobbed, "you see, it's all her kid brother's fault. Last night was our night at home, you know, and that little so-and-such stuck an alarm clock right under the sofa where we were sitting. Naturally, the damned thing had to go off just as I was feeling dreamy. And from force of habit I yelled, 'Wake up, you mug, it's time you got moving' . . ."

—*Boston Beanpot*



May we present Cavalry Cora, whose love for the Army was merely Platoonic.

—*Froth*



1st Dog: "Have you a family tree?"

2nd Beta: "No, we aren't particular."

—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*



IT SHOULD BE

"I believe the rent is due," wheezed the fat lady as she fitted on a pair of last year's tights.



Dear Son:

I just read in the paper that students who don't smoke make much higher grades than those who do. This is something for you to think about. Father.

Dear Father:

I have thought about it. But truthfully I would rather make a B and have the enjoyment of smoking; in fact I would rather smoke and drink and make a C. Furthermore, I would rather smoke and drink and neck and make a D.

Son.

Dear Son:

I'll break your neck if you flunk in anything.

Father.

—*Kansas Sour Owl*

Then there was the absent-minded professor who forgot to write a \$3.50 textbook to sell to his classes.

—*S. California Wampus*



Professor's Wife: Do you know, it is ten years ago today that we became engaged?

Professor: Heavens! Why didn't you remind me before? It is high time we were married.

—*M. B. Westgate, Iowa*



We almost forgot the speakeasy owner who got raided, and sued the mayor for breach of promise.

—*Yellow Jacket*



NO DEAL

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

—*Satyr*



"Dis cow won't give no milk."

"Dat's too bad. Ain't dere no udders?"

—*Buffalo Bison*



Seated one day at his organ

Wearied and ill at ease,

The organist counted his pennies

While the monkey was hunting for fleas.

—*Kitty Cat*



"I'm fed up on that," said the baby pointing to the highchair.—*Sour Owl*



She was only a bootlegger's daughter, but he loved her still.—*Carolinian*



"Been eatin' Kodaks again! There's film on your teeth!" —*Yellow Jacket*



Mary had a little lamb; but who cared for lambs when Mary's calves were in sight.

—*Yellow Jacket*

Students and Faculty!!
Patronize our Advertisers

Our Advertisers in this Issue

CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES

COLLEGE HUMOR

LIFE SAVERS

DURHAM ICE CREAM CO., Inc.

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

CAMEL CIGARETTES

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

The University of North Carolina

"I've switched to CAMELS because they're FRESH"

ONCE a woman smoker has been introduced to Camels it's a case of love at first light. The first cool, mild fragrant puff of smoke from this fresh cigarette is sufficient to win her to Camels' ever-growing ranks of friends.

Maybe it's because her throat is more sensitive than a man's that she's so quick to grasp the difference between the mildness of this air-sealed cigarette and the stinging bite of parched or toasted tobaccos.

Blended from choice Turkish and mild, sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos, Camels are made with just the right amount of natural moisture and kept that way until delivered to the smoker by the Camel Humidor Pack.

These cigarettes are never parched or toasted. The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you haven't smoked Camels lately, perhaps you've been missing something. Why not switch over for just one day? After you've known their rare, throat-easy mildness, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Are you Listenin'?"

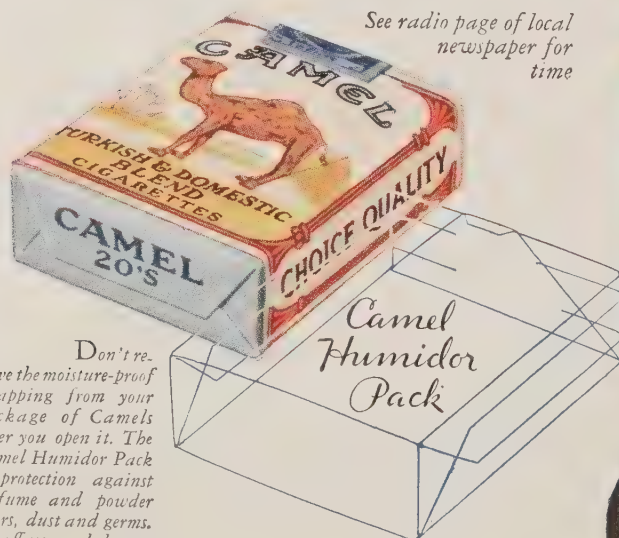
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S
COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

Camel Quarter Hour

Columbia Broadcasting System

Prince Albert Quarter Hour

National Broadcasting Company Red Network



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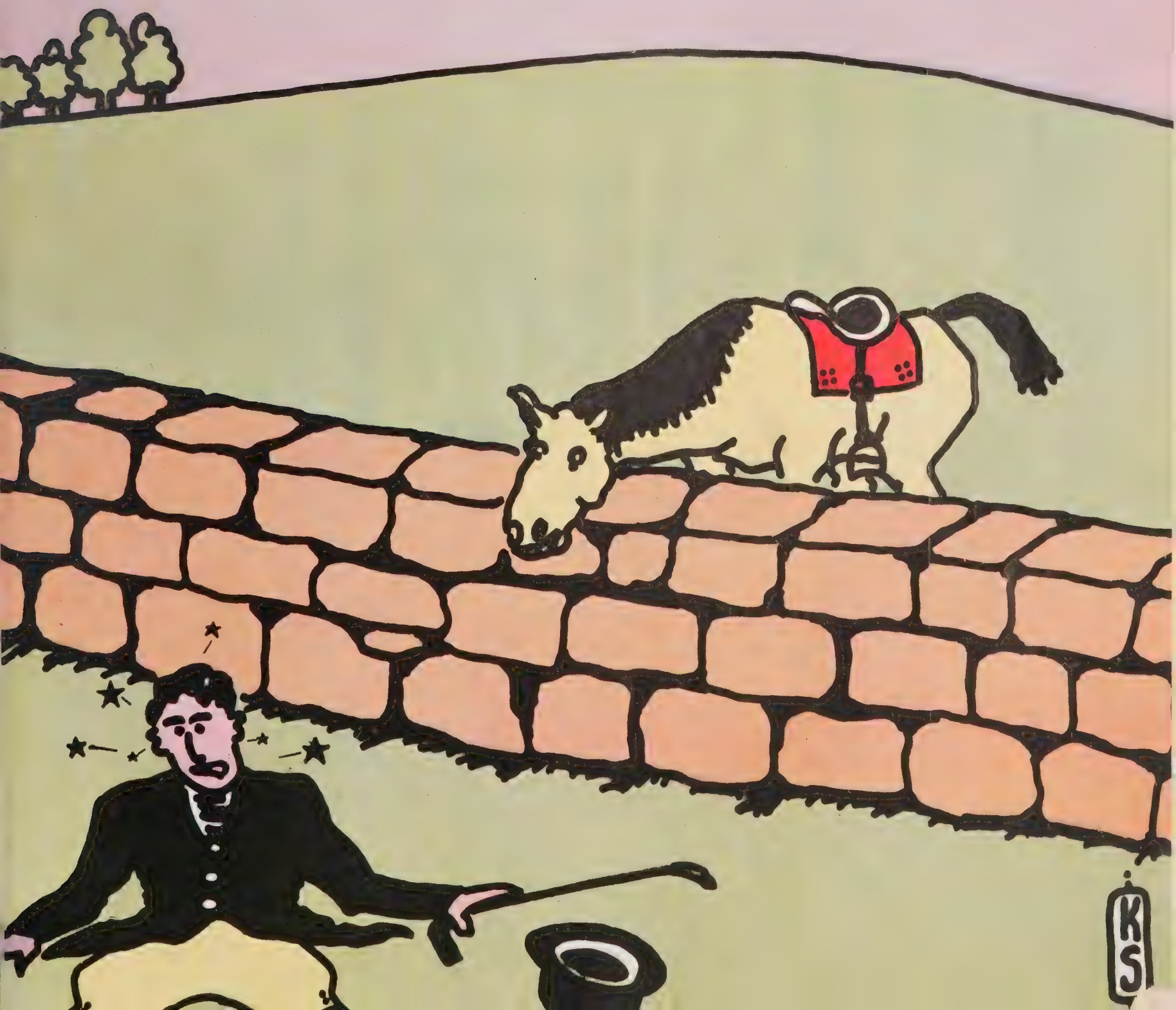
CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH

BUCCANEER

~PARTING NUMBER~

MAY 28 1932



CONGRATULATIONS!!

Class of 1932

To those seniors who are finishing their career of college activity at Carolina we offer our heartiest congratulations and our most sincere wishes for happiness and success in the future.

We hope to have played the part of a College Comic for you during your years on the campus. More than this we could not ask. If we have caused some hearty laughs, we claim for ourselves a howling success.

No doubt as a true BUCCANEER we should continue to hold ourselves aloof from anything of so serious a nature as bidding farewell. However, we hope this departure from our usual policy will be only temporary; and that next year we shall be able to send the BUCCANEER to you each month. Wherever you are, just mail two bucks with your name and address to the business manager and WE'LL BE SEEING YOU.

GOOD LUCK

BEST WISHES

The Carolina Buccaneer

\$2 Per Year

University of North Carolina : Chapel Hill

THE
CAROLINA BUCCANEER

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX MAY, 1932 NUMBER 8

PETE GILCHRIST.....Editor-in-Chief
STEVE MARSH.....Business Manager
BOBBIE MASON.....Art Editor

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If all the cribs and ponies used here during one final were placed in a pile in the middle of a desert, a lot of people would flunk out in the next quarter. —*Sun Dial*



"Hey, what's the idea of wearing my rain coat?"

"Well, you wouldn't want me to get your suit wet, would you?" —*Widow*



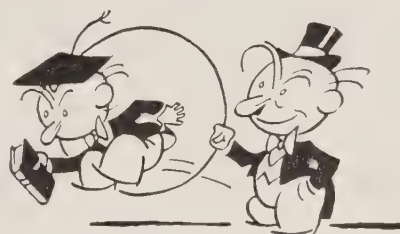
ON THE CUFF

Customer: You made a mistake in that prescription I gave my mother-in-law. Instead of quinine you used strychnine.

Druggist: You don't say? Then you owe me 20 cents more. —*Wampus*



The supreme optimist is the girl who says, "He never said so, but I just know he loves me." —*Juggler*



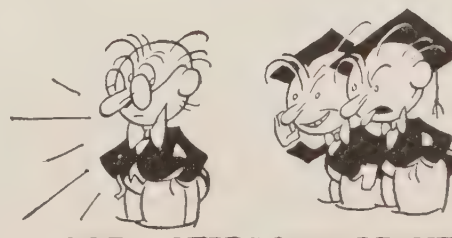
It won't be long now

● The time has come (the walrus said) when freshmen doff their dinks, sophomores and juniors tear off to Europe and seniors discover whether or not there is life after college.

Make your last days at school more pleasant by reading *Swizzle-stick*, a novelette by a débutante, which is as stimulating as the title implies; *Know Your Olympics*, an informative article on the event which holds the spotlight; and many other fiction and fact features reflecting all your high moments. There is rollicking, panicing humor to cheer your remaining days, in the July issue of

College Humor

1050 North LaSalle Street
CHICAGO



Some people's idea of a great country is
a land overflowing with milk-maids and
honeys. —*Ala. Rammer-Jammer*



"Where is the best place to hold the world's
fair, Aeschylus?"

"Just above the waist, Echinodermata."
—*The Brown Jug*



"You say your wife presented you with
twins this morning?"

"Yes, she has such an overbearing dispo-
sition." —*Lampoon*



First Dope: Hey, I'll bet you don't know
what makes the street cars so crowded on
Wednesday afternoons?

Second Sigma Nu: What? The passeng-
ers, you fool. —*Sun Dial*

TOUGH

A Russian was being led off to execution
by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers, on a rainy
morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are,"
grumbled the doomed one, "to march me
through the rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the
squad. "We have to march back."

—*Iowa Frivol*



COW-ARDLY

A city girl was visiting in the country.
She became rather friendly with a young
farmer. One evening as they were strolling
in the fields they happened across a cow and
a calf rubbing noses in the accepted fashion.

"That sight makes me want to do the
same," said the farmer.

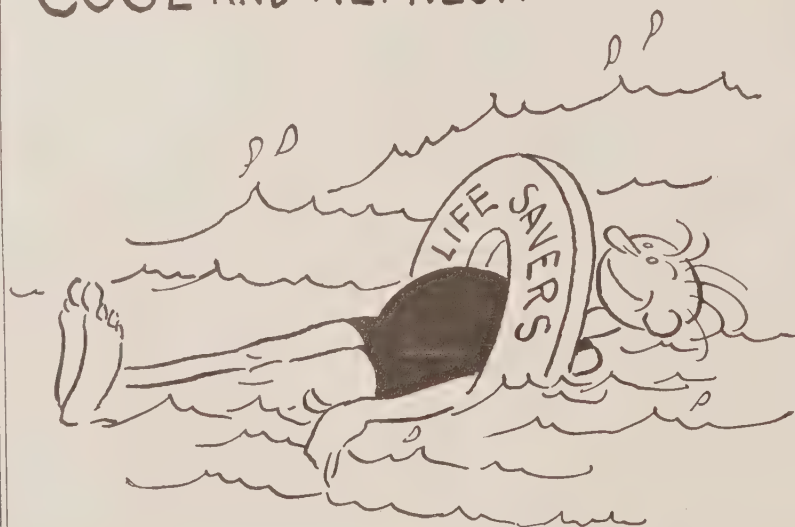
"Well, go ahead," said the girl encour-
agingly, "it's your cow." —*Frivol*



LET GO

Here's one thing that Luther Burbank
didn't try, said the boy as he crossed his
legs. —*Longhorn*

THE BIG SENSATION THIS SUMMER
COOL AND REFRESHING



THEY SURE ARE **LIFE SAVERS**
...to parched palates

Big Game Hunter: I'm tired of hunting
yaks around here, I guess I'll look around
for a gnu stamping ground. —*Widow*



FASHION NOTE

There will be slight changes in infants'
wear from day to day.

—*Dartmouth Jack-o-Lantern*



"I suppose you're one of those men who
kiss and tell?"

"Yeah, kiss and t'ell with everything."

—*Red Cat*



HER

Her eyes were azure blue and wide,
Her hands were lily white and slender,
Her lips were flaming scarlet—softly parted
Her voice a perfect symphony of music,
Her brains were nil—she didn't need them.

—*Sun Dial*

*Right up to
the minute*

They're clicking with millions . . . You see more **Chesterfields** smoked every day...Here's why...

They're milder. They contain the mildest tobaccos that money can buy.

They taste better. Rich aroma of Turkish tobacco and mellow sweetness of Domestic.

They're pure. Everything that goes into them is tested by expert chemists.

They satisfy. You break open a clean, tight-sealed package. You light up a well-filled cigarette. *They Satisfy!* All you could ask for.

Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program. Every night except Sunday. Columbia network. See local newspaper for time.

*the Cigarette
that's Milder*

and TASTES BETTER



OUR ADVICE

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow they may enforce prohibition.—*Temple Owl*



When a co-ed says she's never been kissed, she's lying; when a man says he believes her, he's insulting. —*Juggler*



First Girl: I've been going with Fred for two weeks now and he has not kissed me yet.

Second Broad: Don't worry—look how long it takes a bee to make his honey.

—*Purple Parrot*



TEACHER

"I never kissed a girl in my life."

"Well, don't come buzzing around me. I'm not running a prep school." —*Exchange*

"If I'm studying when you get back, wake me up." —*Lehigh Burr*



A native co-ed says that not a proposal this month has had a genuine ring to it.

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader*



It has been suggested that the old covered bridge over the Connecticut be called the Hoover Bridge because it is dry above, wet below and faces both sides.

—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*



PLEASE

Advertisement from Reading (Mass.) Chronicle: "Wanted—Small apartment by couple with no children until May 1."

—*Buccaneer*

VICE VERSA

Sailor: All that goes up is bound to come down.

Seasick Passenger (wearily): Haven't you got that a trifle mixed? —*Tiger*



Our idea of the meanest guy in the world is the guy who was deaf and never told his barber.

—*Jack o' Lantern*



She: My but this floor is slippery.

He: Floor hell, I just had my shoes shined. —*Yellow Jacket*



An educated woman is one who can pull up a shoulder strap without imitating a boy grabbing his new cap from a puddle.

—*Columns*

Baby talk fits into the modern girl's scheme of things better than baby talc.

—*Juggler*



"Do you like Chopin?"

"No, I get tired walking from store to store." —*Western Reserve Red Cat*



Duke of Wellington: Do you think Napoleon can win the battle?

Loyal Bonapartist: Why of Corsican.

—*Columns*



15 MINUTES A DAY

Girl: Horace was over to my house last night, and just as he started to leave he asked me to wear his pin, but I had to tell him I couldn't wear it until I knew him better.

Gal: But you're wearing it now.

Girl: Well, you see he didn't leave right then. —*Beanpot*



The
PARTING
NUMBER



The Carolina BLISS CANEER UNIVERSITY of NORTH CAROLINA

VOLUME IX

MAY, 1932

NUMBER 8

What a Life

What a Life enters into these pages to take the place occupied by the old *On the Campus*. As was the old policy, no one will be safe from the prying editor, the man at the keyhole, or the ear to ground department.

* * *

Mr. Basil Hall comes into print this month because of a goat that he bought for a dollar. Never having had a goat before, however, Mr. Hall proceeded to go into a deep slumber while the beast was in the room. Result: Fellow dekes lodged Mr. Goat in Mr. Hall's clothes closet, more results, Mr. Hall awoke to find Mr. Goat chewing the seat from the pants of his best suit, even more results, Mr. Goat out on his fanny!

* * *

From the Delta Psi House comes a weird tale of India and of one of the members who in a spirit of frumenti dashed up to the Carolina Inn clothed only in a sheet and proclaimed to the astonished inmates that he was Mahatma Gandhi.

* * *

The wheels of justice have turned through enough revolutions for Ashby Penn to learn that it really was a man that shot him. It will now only take several more gyrations of the Su-

preme Court to reach a decision that it was a pistol and not a howitzer that was used.

* * *

The Censor board that now curbs the activities of this rag is having a most difficult time in convening. It seems that the members of this board are so all important that they can never get together for long enough to use the shears. It seems that we will have another year of those traveling salesmen and old-maids-under-the-bed jokes unless the censors drive the editor shear crazy.

* * *

This year we learn that graduation exercises are to be held in Kenan Stadium at night. Well it certainly seems that a lot of dark horses might graduate but our only hope is that they don't lose any diplomas in the dark. We also hope that no one will go to sleep counting sheepskins.

* * *

The seniors went through senior week fairly well. The attendance at the nightly meetings was attended one hundred percent minus at Gerrard. Free dopes, shines, and ice cream predominated. A picture of the class both sitting and standing on the Library steps brought out

most of the members. They must have thought it a step in the right direction!

* * *

The underground telegraph has it that there is to be a senior soaker comprised of the senior class elite. For admission one must have been a student-councilman, an executive, a kappa beta phi, a senior, or a horse's neck. The location of the banquet is unknown, but it is hoped that it will be at least twenty-five miles from the campus.

* * *

The university consolidated service has for the past few weeks been very busy in trying to get rid of termites which are infesting the campus buildings. To date they have killed off forty million of these pests and have completely asphixiated eighteen seniors, six sophomores, one junior and a graduate student. Quick Henry, the flit!

* * *

Dame rumor hath it that the Sigma Nu's are using their front room for an Austin race track. The only direct evidence is that a number of tire tracks were found circling about their hall table. Of course these may have come from their victrola when it was playing "Too Tired."



"Offisher, I'm worried. I left home at seven o'clock and I ain't been seen since."

Ode To A Skunk

Oh Skunk of such color bright,
You certainly do not smell aright.
No wonder you're striped a brilliant
flame
If I smelled as you do I'd also blush
with shame.

All contributors to the **Buccaneer**
will please write their jokes on tis-
sue paper so that the editors can
see through them.

Rudy Valle's new song will be
"Grapefruit Blues" (Well, Anyhow
it ought to be.)

"Smile when you say that!" said
the college boy when the fair young
thing asked if he was a Phi Beta
Kappa man.

She: George, what are you opening
that can with?

He: With a can opener, of course,
what did you think I was opening it
with?

She: I thought from your remarks
you were opening it with a prayer.

Judge (to Negro culprit): So you've
been fighting your wife again. Liquor
again I suppose?

Negro: Naw, suh, she licked me dis
time.

Shocked Old Lady: On the way out
here we passed about twenty-five peo-
ple in parked cars.

Young Hostess: Oh I'm sure you
are mistaken, it must have been an
even number.

"That guy had his noive offering me
six dollars a week," said the street
urchin, "what does he tinnk I am, a
college graduate?"

"Bend to the oars, men, there's
quartz in them galleons," cried the
pirate chief to his crew.

The shades of night were falling in a little village by the sea where old man Peters, the bachelor, was delving into a time-worn box, reading old love letters, yellow with age.

"Ah, me," exclaimed Peters, picking up an ancient card, " 'tis a tin-type I see. Well do I remember the night my lips touched those gloved hands. 'Tis sad indeed to think of it. Folks said it was a regular match, but nature serves fair. In other words, I lost out."

Thus saying, old man Peters wiped a tear from his eye and laid the photograph of the prizefighter back into the box.



Prof: Come, come; your paper shows that you didn't go to the lecture; where did you get your information?

Student: I read it in the *Tar Heel*.

Prof: Excused.



What a fool he is; proud of his strength.



"Let's have one on the house."

THE EDITOR THPEAKETH

(Clipped without permission from
The Podunk Weekly)

By Wilbur Dorsett

Dear readerth of the Podunk Weekly we thure are thorry to have to make thith thad announcement but thome throundrel thlipped into our ethtablithment lath night and thole every thingle one of the etheth from our type. Tho we muth print thith iththue without any etheth. The thief mutht think he ith a withe and clever perthon to do thith abthurd trick. But ath you thee, that ith not thopping uth from printing, ath we can get along thuccethfully minuth the etheth. We thintherehy hope that our patronth will underthtand thith thorry thate of affairth and will bear with uth in thith terrible lothth that

we have thuffered We altho underthand that thith ith very hard reading matter, and we trutht that you will not try reading it out loud. If we ever dithcover who the nathty robber ith we will hathen to give him a thwift kick in—ah, but we mutht uth the t'eth and the h'eth thparingly.



Voice from Rear Seat of Taxi: Hey, driver, what's the idea of stopping?

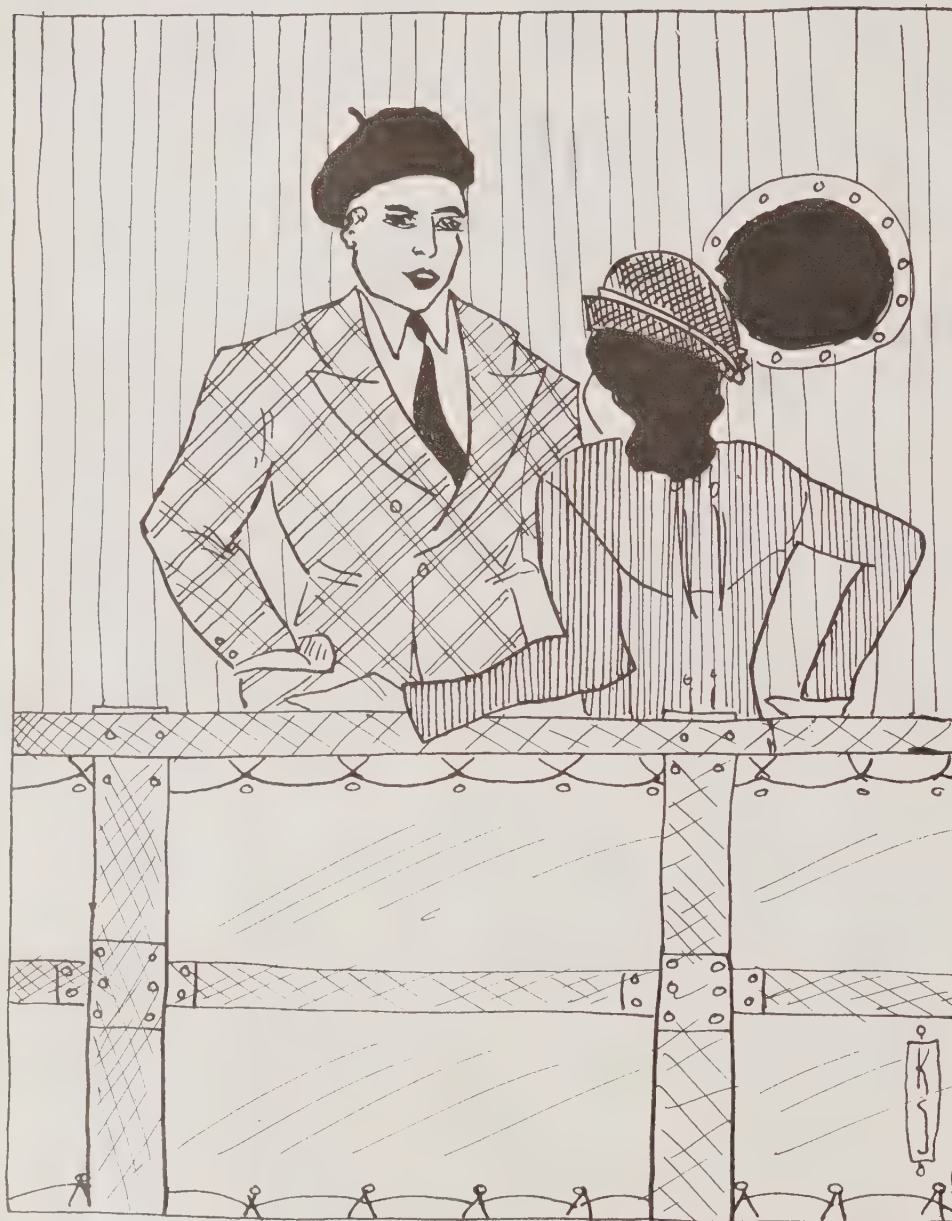
Driver: I thought I heard someone tell me to.

Rear Seat: Drive on, she wasn't talking to you.



First Gent: Let's play house; you be the door and I'll slam you.

Second Gent: Naw, I'd rather be the wall and get plastered.



"I'm certainly going to miss my bath-tub."

"But I think a shower is much nicer."

"Yes, but you can't make beer in a shower."

Facts about Little Known Industries

A Trip Through a Passport Photograph Altering Factory

By Pat Gaskins

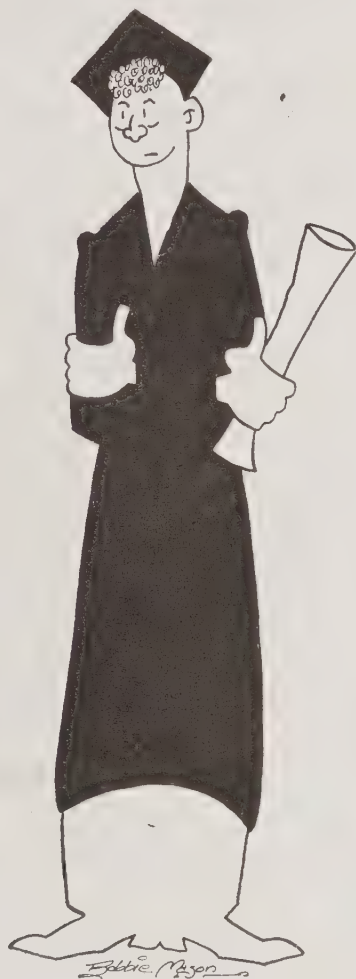
One of the least known occupations in existence today is the altering of passport photographs so that they may not be recognized by anyone except customs' officials. Of course all of us have seen the handiwork of those people occupied in this industry, but probably very few of us know that the altering has grown to such proportions in the last few years that Dunn and Bradstreet list it as one of

the major industries. All this rapid growth is due to the fact that many more people are going abroad every year. It has always been thought necessary to deform the features of anyone who is photographed by the government. As a result of this a number of artists have arisen who do nothing but mutilate photographs.

There are several methods used, the simplest of which is the painting of hirsute adornments on faces which have always been guiltless of such forms of amusement (to others). This

is known as the Subway method, so called after a man by the name of Subway who in 1916 started painting in underground caverns. His best known works are those of beautiful ladies wearing mustaches and beards. Since this method is so simple, the beginners are always started out on it, and if their work is satisfactory in that line, they are promoted to the ink-slinging department. Ink-slinging is similar to mud-slinging in practically all respects except that, whereas, in mud-slinging a person's character is to be blemished, in ink-slinging a person's facial characteristics are to be blemished. At first sound, ink-slinging may seem very easy, but such is not the case. If one is to be really successful in this profession, he must have very accurate aim. The object is to put as many freckles, moles, warts, and dimples on a face as possible without hiding the original copy of it. One of the most magnificent masterpieces of this sort was painted by a Herman Q. Fleischmesser in 1923. He put freckles on six negroes who were making a pilgrimage to Africa. For this he was awarded the Gurgleheim Foundation prize for creative art.

Next the pictures, almost unrecognizable, are sent to the finishing department. Here the most complicated part of the process takes place. Only experts with many years experience are allowed to "carry on" for the dear old United States of America. Everyone must have a keen eye in order to be able to detect any resemblance, no matter how remote, to some mammal, such as a goldfish, donkey, jack-ass, pig, alligator, auk, pelican, or an Australian Bell Bird. This resemblance is then brought out so that anyone, no matter how inexperienced, may recognize it for the animal that it was meant to be. The most perfect example of this type was done by a Herman Q. Sauerkraut in 1927. He made a perfect image of a pterodactyl from a picture of Andrew Volstead. After this process is concluded the pictures are pasted on the passports and sent out to tourists who are going abroad so that they may carry these masterpieces to every nook and corner of this old world of sin and shame.



Seniors . . .
 Will graduate . .
 Soon . . .
 Yes . . .
 The seventh . .
 of June
 What'll they do when they finish . . .
 Most will
 Diminish Diminish.
 Seniors . . .
 Who graduate . .
 Sob
 Because . . .
 They got . .
 No job
 they face the world with faces sad . .
 Well,
 Stew bad Stew bad.

DEPRESSION CONFESSION

(By Pete Ivey)

Seniors, As They Would Write Them.

A La H. I. Phillips

Who is this?

This is Amos.

Who is Amos?

Amos is A Senior

What is Amos doing?

He is preparing to graduate.

What for?

So he can get a place in life.

What place in life?

That is not clear to Amos.

Does he think he'll get a job?

Yes.

Why?

It is not exactly clear, but Amos believes that he will be a big success in spite of the fact that others have failed.

Will he be successful?

Most probably not.

Then why does he look so happy?

He doesn't know any better.

A La Texas Guinan

Goodbye Senior

Hello Sucker

A La Calvin Coolidge

A Senior is very important to our country at this important time of the year. He is just finishing college and is stepping out into life. Colleges are good for the country. The college students are also good for the country. He is an asset as a citizen. He is one of us etc. etc.

A La Smedley Butler

To Hell with Seniors. Damn them.

A La Al Capone

Its Outrageous. Get me out of jail and I'll get 'em all jobs.

"I've had this idea in my head for a long time."

"O, yes, aged in wood, what?"

"Yes, I was born in Ireland and lived there for fiftee nyears."

"Oh, really?"

"No, O'Riley."

The trees were drooping low over the path. Spanish moss hung eerily everywhere as if it were somehow in league with the powers of darkness. A heavy, sweet, almost stifling odor was exuded from a cluster of night-shades. A black shadow could be discerned under an adjacent oak, seeming to hover a few feet above the ground like a diabolical vampire. It advanced noiselessly as if propelled by some unseen force. This unknown fiend appeared to be attempting to efface itself as it crept forward to some congregation of demon worshippers. The insects of the night were still except for a lone spider spinning his web between two gnarled cypresses. The shadow glanced covertly around as it slowly and relentlessly pursued its way toward its destination. As it passed a short stretch of moonlight, it could be seen as a black robed figure with a strange, diamond shaped cap pulled low over its forehead to conceal its features. At last it reached the end of the wooded stretch. "Whew, at last that's over?" he gasped, and so saying, the senior hurried home to take off his cap and gown.

—●—
 PRETTY GOIL

(A gangster breaks down in mush-mush and writes thusly:)

My sweet little boid,
 Youse is a beaut,
 And lousy with "it".
 Your architecture is great,
 My love is greater.

Your teeth is like poils
 From some rich dame's neck.
 Your lamps is like stars,
 Even better, I speck.
 Your hair is like strings
 From a silk handerchief.

Ah, you little razzberry,
 Your face is the moon,
 That I looks long into.
 I love you my peach,
 I'm going to put you in the spot
 Back of my breast,
 That's my heart.
 Whatcha say, kid,
 Be my ball and chain,
 And ore my life reign.
 Ever and

Anonymous.

ROUND AND ABOUT

Scathing Scandal Superciliously Summarized

Spring, and with it perfumes, dances, dames, Senior Week, arboretum in bloom, and with it all scandal. I said Spring, and the voice in the back of the room that said, "Spring hell; summer", is wrong, because I know my calendar, see? And the nudist cults are gaining in prominence which is another proof of spring. Yes suh, the boys are getting their weak ends tanned, or getting tanned on the week end, er sumpen'. As for the co-eds and sun-tan, well I've not gotten around to that, but maybe I will. Read on!

May Frolics came off about as usual; that is as far as I recall. Everybody made money; the dance committee made money, the bootleggers made money, the orchestra made money, the decorating committee made money; and the Frosh of the Frats lost money (Gawd, bless 'em), but it was in the interest of the community . . . Allan Smith played Duke's Roger Peacock on the 19th hole, and won. We also hear that Smith and Peacock would make a good song and dance team . . . Tony's Place came through in fine style after the dances. You can depend on those boys. It is rumored that some of the boys who came around to Tony's left walking with a slight list, but this is emphatically denied by the Tonians. We hear that on Sunday morning one of their number, who was not Catholic, attended Mass with a fair young thing; which shows the power of spring . . . The hospitable Dekes gave the boot to a couple of gents from one of our neighboring institutions of higher learning . . . The girls were here in legion, and it seems to Ye Olde Scribe that either the girls are getting nicer looking each year or the concoction which I imbibe is getting stronger. Ladies were here from all of these here several states; as well as co-eds. One was able to recognize the pictures of some of the ladies who had their pictures in our local news sheet. (Howya, Charlie Rose!) And it seems that no one slip-

ped in a picture of a movie actress; the boys are slipping I reckon. As always **only** the men of the May Frolic combine attended.

Golden Fleece tapped, and due to the depression they tapped 3-4 of the senior class, and a few freshmen. It's said that the honor this year was to be left out of the fleece, which is sour grapes. Fleece did take in 'nawful lot of boys, but all of them had possibilities and may still have them. Wish Henry Stevens would write for the **Buccaneer**, with those jokes of his'n . . . Grail came through with their usual wild tricks. They had Claiborne Carr spreading it around the street, and Billy McKee back of him with a barrel; "Carr, you're still spreading it, eh?" said a voice from the street. Passing the Beta house one of the boys called out, "Hey, Carr, what are you holding onto your brother so tight for?" To which Bennie gave him, "To keep him from joining Beta." And you know what Carr was leading.

Did you-all know that Phi Kappa Sig had a dance? Yessuh, had decorations, soft lights, music, and, I think, a few girls; but am not sure. According to the reports of Phi Gam, Tony's, K. A. and Zeta Psi; Phi Kappa Sig also had a house party, and those boys oughta know . . . The tennis team came through in fine style. Congratulations, to them. We hear the boys are as good on the courts as off; know all kinds of love games, and are just regular courting boys, (tennis of course). And does that first doubles team know anything about Moncks Corner? Dunt Esk . . . Glad to see Ex-Editor Gilchrist 'round and about, and with a smile on his pan. Said smile probably comes from not having to be clever any more. But he was clever 8 times last year . . . And did you hear about one of our big-time wrestlers, who is the Idol of many women? Well, it seems that he made a date with a lady at a dance for later that night. Said wrestler called for said lady only to find that the lady had changed dresses in the mean time; and was he mad? Let him tell

you . . .

It is said that the reason S. A. E. did so well in the baseball league was because they never played one man in more than one game, and then there are several members who didn't play in any games . . . just a big bunch of boys . . . My idea of a funny debate is to hear Theron Brown arguing about a bent nose. Oh my; . . . And so with this humble beginning we leave you until next fall. Have a big time this summer boys, and let's hope that none of your towns' population stays constant due to the fact that every time a baby is born a man leaves town. And I'll do better next year. (Chorus: "We hope so!!).

Snoopingly,
YE SCRIBE



Teacher: Now, William, tell me what month has twenty-eight days.

William: They all have.



Spit may be a horrid word but it comes in damn handy when you're brushing your teeth.



Hobo: Boss, will you give me a dime for a sandwich?

Gent: Let's see the sandwich.



When an Englishman is told a joke, he laughs three times: first, to be polite, second, when the joke is explained, and third, when he catches on.

When a German is told a joke, he laughs twice: first, to be polite, and second, when the joke is explained. He doesn't catch on.

When a Frenchman is told a joke, he laughs once: he catches on immediately.

When an American is told a joke, he doesn't laugh at all: he's heard it before.

—O, well, you're an American, aren't you?



The freshman who failed to crash the Junior-Senior dances.



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Editorial

The **Buccaneer** does not dedicate this parting number to the senior class because the editors could think of nothing better. We dedicate it to the men of '32 because it is the last issue they will read as undergraduates.

At this time of the year newspapers and comic magazine cartoonists fill their columns with caricatures of frightened, helpless men in long black gowns and four cornered caps. Accompanying such figures are signs of unemployment, bread lines, and wolves at the door.

Instead of going into detail to tell the graduating class that none of them will get jobs, and that most of them will starve, a prominent senior has been asked to write just how he feels and what he thinks about stepping out on his own feet. Here is what he says:

My feelings as a senior are somewhat mixed. The years I have spent here have meant a great deal to me, of course. I believe that I have profited by my academic work, and I am sure that the contacts I have made as an undergraduate will prove invaluable in later life. I realize that I may not see some of the friends I have made here in the future, but even

if I never see them again, the memory of them will be worth keeping. This campus means a great deal to me, and I shall not leave it without regret. I believe, however, that the first few years I spent as a freshman were my happiest ones.

For these reasons I hate to leave Chapel Hill. On the other hand, I am also glad to be going because leaving means another goal accomplished. There have been times when I have wondered if all the effort and work involved were worth while, times when I wondered if I could ever get enough sleep. I am convinced now that the sort of training offered by this university is worth while, but I doubt if the scholastic training I have received here means more to me than other things I have learned. Being thrown with all types of people has given me a new insight into human nature, and a better knowledge of how to get along with my fellows. I am convinced that these aspects of university and college life, the social phases, so to speak, constitute the greatest thing a university or college has to offer.

Right now, I feel that I'm in a tough spot. So far, my efforts in landing a job haven't been very successful, but I am not through looking for one. Won't you wish me luck? I'll need it.



"Okay, brother, let's divide the prophet."

"If you don't pay my salary, said the minister, "you can all go to hell."



"When does a pullet become a hen?"

"When she loses her first race."



While unloading a circus car, the cage containing a huge bear was dropped. The bear was hardly hurt, but the shock frightened him and he became uncontrollable. The time for the animal act drew near, and still nothing could be done with Bruno. Finally the Troop's trick bicyclist offered his services.

"Oh, go on", said the manager, "you can't do anything. You're a cyclist, not an animal trainer."

"Sure I'm a cyclist", was the reply. "I know how to handle bars."



Editor's note: I apologize for this.

"Yes, this watch goes back to my great, great grandfather."

"That's nothing, this one goes back to the jewelers next week if I don't make a two dollar payment."



S. A. E. "Our fraternity maintains five homes for the feeble-minded."

Deke. "I thought you had more chapters than that."



Then there's the one about the Scotchman who found a bottle of wood alcohol and gave it to his blind brother.



Professor: Are you cheating on this examination?

Student: No, sir. I was only telling him his nose was dripping on my paper.

Judge: What are your grounds for divorce?

Bride: He snores.

Judge: How long have you been married?

Bride: Two weeks.

Judge: Granted; he shouldn't snore.



Her: I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?

Him: Yeah.

Her: I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you.

Him: Yeah.

Pause.

Him: You must ride quite a bit.



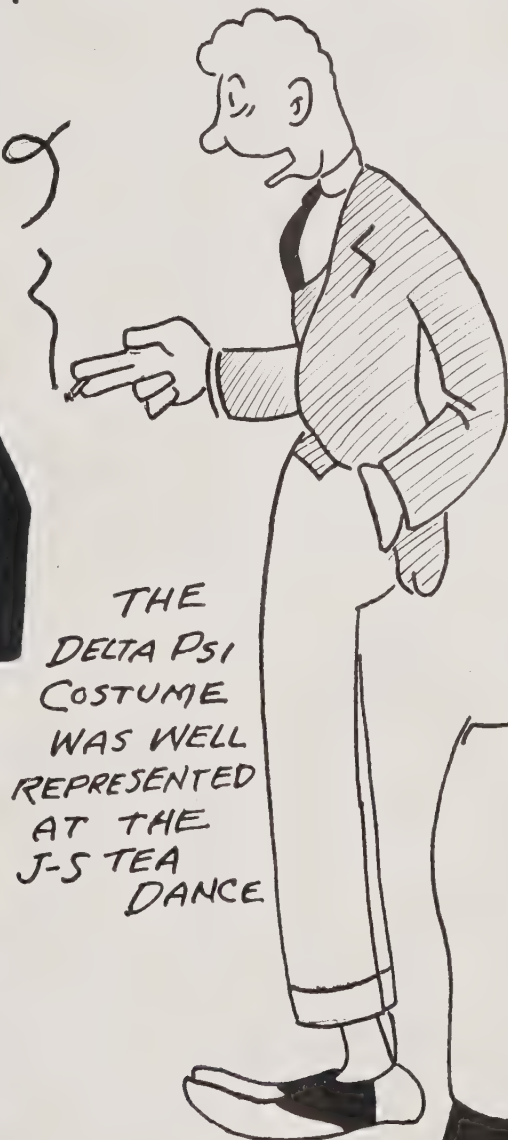
"Get that quarter-back", yelled the Scotchman at the football game.



"I've said no to dozens of men."
"What were they selling?"

BUCCANIEIR'S FASHION NOTIES AS SEEN AT THE DANCES

EVEN THIS



THE
DELTA PSI
COSTUME
WAS WELL
REPRESENTED
AT THE
J-S TEA
DANCE



BED ROOM SLIPPERS
ARE STILL FAVORITES
FOR ABSOLUTE
COMFORT



GENT GRIPED
BECAUSE HE
WAS MISTAKEN
FOR A PORTER



TURNING THE
COLLAR AND
VEST AROUND
IS STILL
POPULAR
AMONG
SOME OF
THE BOYS.

Robbie
Mason



"Just because you boys are fraternity brothers don't mean you can stall like that."

"I heard you were married while you were attending a co-ed school, Mrs. Stien."

"Yes, I got my Abie there."

"They say she used to be the belle of the town."

"Yes, but someone tolled on her."

"All right, boys, lets stick this gent for the drinks," said a mosquito to his companions as he lit upon the fisherman.

Poor Ivan walked homeward to his shack, hungry and depressed. Little did he reck that up in his pent house, Jack Williams, was pouring cocktails. Not once did he think of the millions of dollars Williams possessed, or of the hundreds of women who admired him. In fact, he didn't even know the gent.

Conductor: "Your fare."

Young thing (blushing): "Oh, thank you, sir."

A car bearing a New Jersey license tag drope up to a filling station.

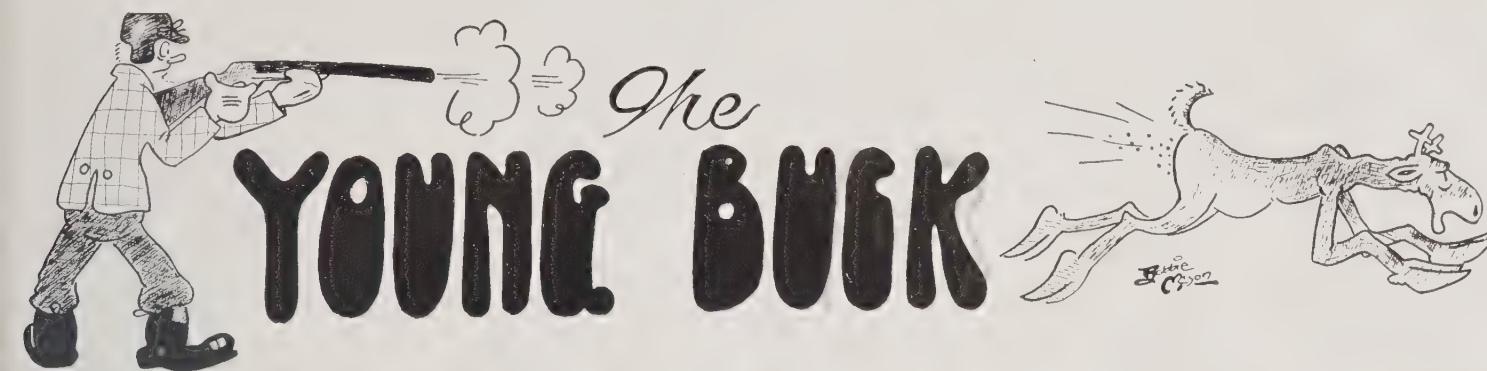
"Juice?" asked the attendant.

"Vell, vat if ve are", was the reply.

Gent: "I'd like some fly-specks, please."

Waiter: "But we don't serve fly-specks, sir."

Gent: "Why not? You have them on the menu."



Peter Gilchrist could never put out a BUCCANEER without a pun somewhere in it, and so in memory of him this column will be begun with one. We just wish to remind the town people that since summer school is only a few weeks away they can rest assured that the depression will lift for petter times are sure to come.

An Open Letter

We are in receipt of an open letter which we feel important enough to publish. The writer of it, very evidently, has a serious recommendation to make about the conduct of the psychology department.

To the Athletic Board:
Gentlemen,

I tender this letter as request coming from, and seconded by, many students. We humbly suggest that psychology, since it is less of a science than an art, and less of an art than a system, be placed upon a different standing than it now holds. Instead of the conventional marks at the end of a quarters participation in the subject, it would be better to award letters, both major and minor. After all, these same athletic awards are given for weight throwing and javelin throwing; why not for psychology? And then, where the baseball team gives its members small gold baseballs and the basketball team gives its members small gold basketballs, the psychology department could give small gold shovels.

Sex

As is our usual custom, each evening we stroll through the periodical room in the library to browse over the various magazines found there. Some few days past we had finished the strolling part of our act and had seated ourself at a table to rumble through a selected magazine. Across the table our neighbor, a co-ed, had fallen asleep over the book. Curious to know what type of book had the effect of a sleeping drug on a co-ed, we leaned over to see, half expecting the title to be *Darwinism*, or *The Theory of Relativity*. The book was Dr. Groves' *Sex in Marriage*.

Sandbox

Students in Professor Crittenden's classes often come in for quite a bit of amusement. In History 167 several days ago, the professor was expostulating quite fluently on some of the problems which confronted the railroads in the early days. "Now, Mr. Cates," said Dr. Crittenden, "you know what sandboxes were used on locomotives for, don't you?"

"Well," replied Mr. Cates, "I know what they *might* have been used for".

Suggestion

We are unable to recall the source for this story but we are sure it happened. It concerns a professor in the department of government, noted for his quick wit. One morning this

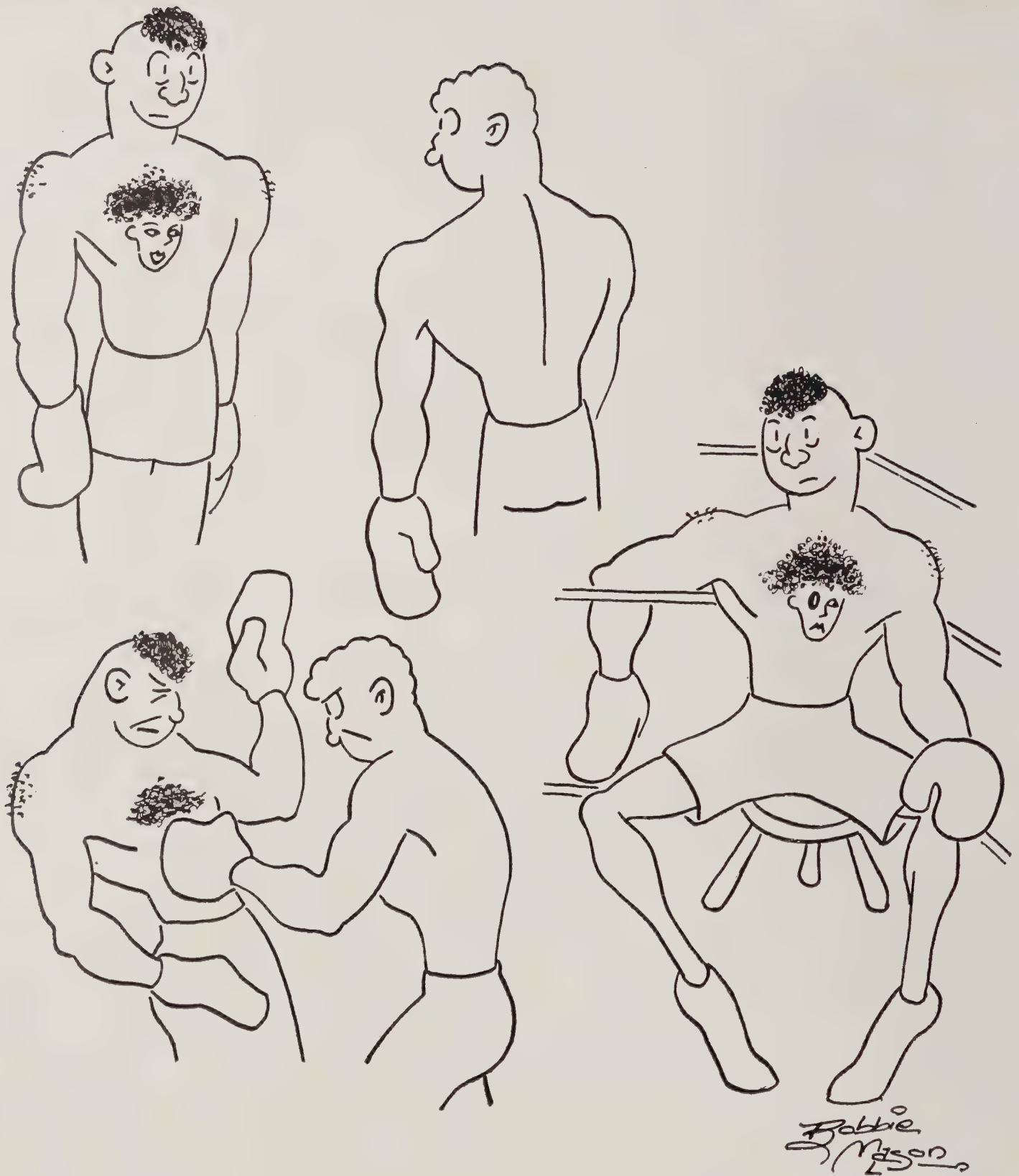
quarter, he awoke from a pensive reverie during one of his classes, and discovered a student in the rear of the room perusing the sport pages of one of the state papers. Quickly, he shouted, "If you must read a newspaper in this class, then read the editorial page."

Scandal

The afternoon was Chapel Hill spring at its best. Along the sidewalk that runs by the West entrance to the campus ambled a senior, blithely whistling and obviously at peace with the world. Toward him walked a lady pushing a baby carriage. Suddenly, as they came abreast, the child in the carriage espied the senior, gave vent to a gurgie of delight, and cried, "Daddy!" The lady gazed straight ahead, the senior threw a flustered glance over his shoulder and hurried on.

This one concerns an upper-classman's woeful ignorance of the facts of life. The student was driven by a salesman to a nearby farmer's to look at a particular model of car which the farmer owned and wished to sell. The farmer also owned a number of head of cattle, all steers.

They drove into the yard and around back of the house. The cattle were calmly grazing in their corral. The upperclassman was interested. "Gosh," he said, "they're a lot bigger than cows. Bet they give more milk, too."





"Migawd, my wife."

Prof (during exam): Will some gentleman who isn't using his text book, be so kind as to let me have it for a few minutes.

"Come back to bed, John, you'll find that collar button tomorrow."

"Who the hell is looking for a collar button?"

OH BABY

"Is your baby a boy or a girl?"

"Of course, what else could it be?"

—Stevens Stone Mill

Lady: Little boy, why aren't you in school?

Little boy: Hell, lady, I ain't but three years old.

—Yellow Jacket

Girl (at show): Somebody is fooling with my knee.

Escort: It's me, and I'm not fooling.

—Yellow Jacket

"Why use such a high crib for your baby?"

"So that we can hear him when he falls out."

—Mercury

"You're a damn poor loser", remarked the coach as his lightweight fighter tipped the scales at 142 pounds.

The biggest diggerence between Santa Claus and Hoover is that little children still believe in Santa Claus.

Here's one heard over the weekend:

A girl on a certain house party advanced upon a group of fellows and roared, "Some — — — broke my glass!"

"Well, it wasn't me," meekly answered one of the boys.



Senior Walk.



"Are you going to graduate this spring?"
 "Nope, I'm trying the Russian five year plan."

GLOSSARY OF MUSICAL TERMS

Oboe—A tramp.
 Falsetto—An imitation bird dog.
 Cornet—Something a duke wears on his head.
 Fife—That was no lady, that was my —.
 Cello—A kind of gelatine.
 Note—Something you owe.
 Bassoon—A kind of monkey.
 Trumpet—Something your partner does to your ace.
 Sextette—A hot date.
 Guitar—Nasal trouble.
 Lute—What gangsters get away with.
 Clef—A precipice.
 Harmony—A kind of food.
 Melody—Sickness.
 Scale—What grows on fishes.
 Tambourine—A fruit sorta like an orange.
 Tuba—An island just south of Florida.
 Fortissimo—It must have been something you et.

FROM BAD TO VERSE

Little Bobbie Burns
 Sat upon a stove,
 Little Bobbie Burns

Little Bobbie Burns
 Didn't go to Heaven,
 Little Bobbie Burns



— NED WHEELER

"Did you ever try Lifebouy?"

WHAT IS A SENIOR? (I Wonder)

A Senior is a person who is looked for by freshman and Sophomores about the time of the Senior ball, so that said freshman and Sophomores may gain admittance to a strictly Senior Ball. You see it would be well nigh an impossibility for the lower classmen to get into the ball if it were not for the Lordly Senior. A senior is one who has served his time and is about to be given his release. At least this was true before the depression. Now, however, the senior tries to dodge graduation. You see as soon as he gets out of school there is a possibility that Papa may cut off the allowance, or that someone may find out when he goes on a bender—oh, there are several very horrible things which may happen to a college graduate these days. It is rumored that one member of the graduating class of '31 has a job, but as this comes from rather an unreliable source it is best not to put too much

stock in these statistics. So now the college senior never admits it. The only time they admit it is during Senior Week, and then they dress up in pretty little white sweaters with little class numerals on them, and go home and tell their girl friend that they've at last made their letter. Some fun, those clever seniors have.

At dances when the senior finds that his dance partner happens to be a freshman at some neighboring feminine institute he immediately tells her that he is a Senior, and asks for a late date. On this date he endeavors to show the young lady just exactly what he has learned during his four (or more) years at college. I think, though, that very few of these seniors could teach any female freshman anything. The girls now-a-days learn early and die hard. When the senior finds he is dancing with a senior student at one of the female schools he coyly admits that he is a freshman,

and makes a late date. On this date it is the senior girl who does the teaching, and I hear that it is this sort of date that works better than the other.

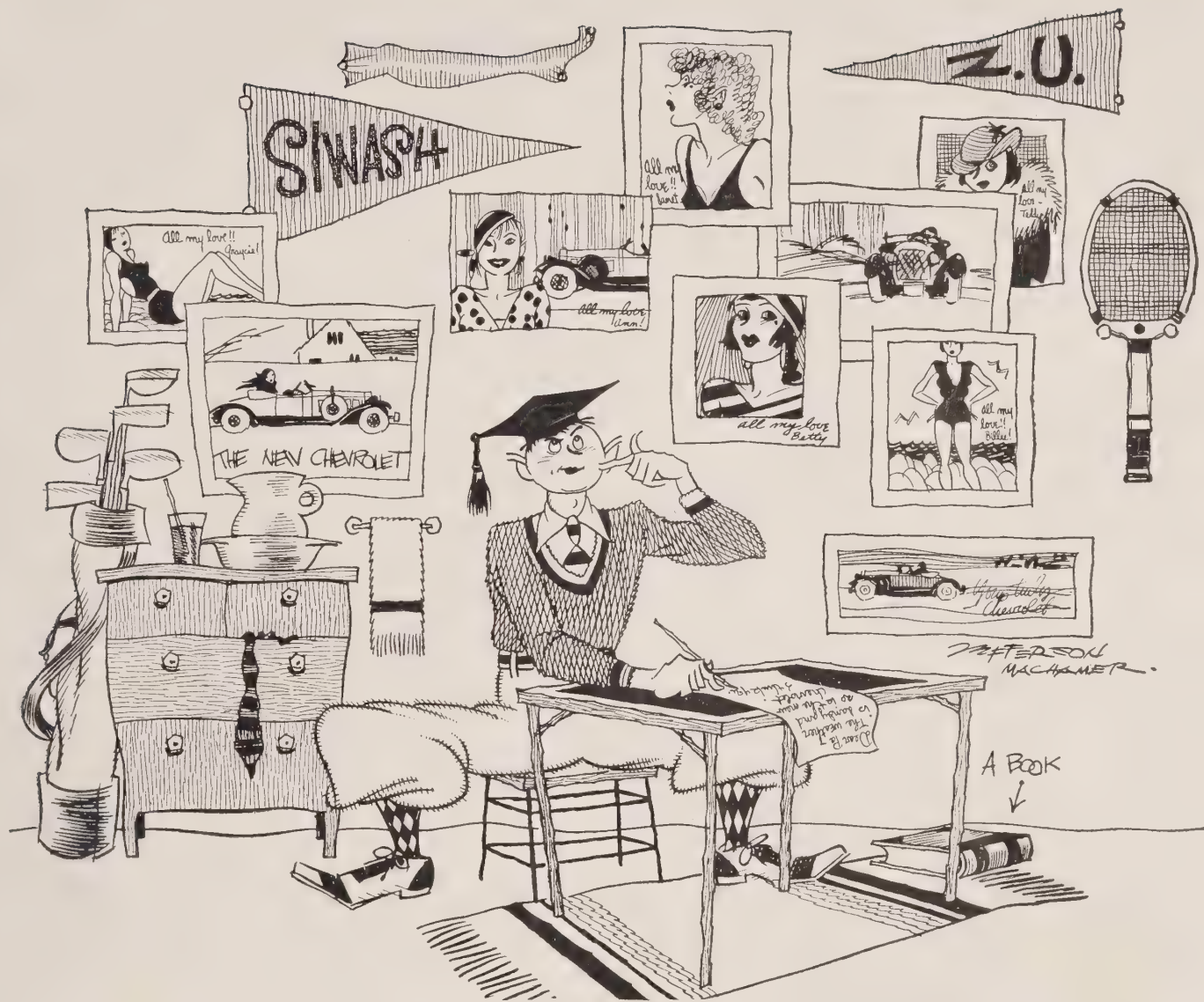
You often hear a senior telling about how he has learned to hold his liquor, but watch him. Most of them are able to hold it only as far as the first window, and some spill it on the floor. Disgusting! However, we will have to hand it to the seniors for keeping the population of the school intact. When graduation time comes they find they need a few courses to graduate, and so they hang around for another year. Just to prove my point watch how many of this year's seniors are back next year . . . then call me a liar. Luck to you '32! . . . you'll need it.



They laughed when I dived in, but when I didn't come up—



"Papa, what do umpires do when they get too old to see the ball?"
"Become umpires, my boy."



Seniors—Pass Out in Style!

THOUSANDS of seniors (well, several anyway) have asked us how to be sure of getting a Chevrolet Six for graduation. Suggestions spring from our typewriter like moths from summer flannels.

Work the word Chevrolet into all your letters home—and write often. Intimate that too much walking is giving you a permanent Charley horse. Have the car sent to your home on approval, disguised as a set of the Harvard Classics. Or even—and this idea is practically infallible—ask for one point-blank.

It really isn't much to ask for, you know, from a purely mercenary standpoint. Chevrolet prices are among the lowest at which any car sells. And *upkeep*—well,

we're certainly glad you asked about *that*, for Chevrolet's upkeep economy is *positively unexcelled!* But, for all that, the new Chevrolet Six is just about the smartest thing on wheels, and possesses all the speed and power you've wanted for, lo, these many years. What's more, the combination of Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting and Free Wheeling makes for thrilling new driving ease.

Right now, when you are actually about to fulfill the hopes of your fond parents, is a splendid time to broach this subject. If you doubt your oratorical powers, pour out your heart in a letter. After all, you might as well get *some* good from all those rhetoric courses.

*Priced as low as \$445, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms.
Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors*

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value



Pathos

Men will wear light grays this spring, says a stylist. That is, if they did last spring.

“Are you sure it’s me you love and not my clothes, Jack?”

Jack: “Test me, darling; test me!”

A “Wreck of the Hesperus” model car ran through a country town and failed to obey the local speed limits. The local officer of the law took up the chase and finally caught the car. The occupant said, “Why, officer, you can’t arrest me I’m a college student. “Ignorance is no excuse,” said the cop as he took him in.

A freshman comes to college with:

Good intentions.

Ambition.

Morals.

Best wishes.

A superiority complex.

Character.

Friends. And

A senior leaves college with:

Good intentions.

A freshman had to write a 1500 word paper on some form of research. The freshman handed in his paper neatly typed with faultless punctuation, and complete bibliography. He got the paper returned a few days later with a big red A on it, and under which he found a note from the professor, “This ought to be good, I wrote it.”

“Has that girl lost her dress, or am I seeing things?”

“Both.”

The Pilgrim Fathers gave thanks for dry land, and now we’re trying to make it wet.

Editor *Daily Tar Heel*: Did you interview that lecturer last night?

Reporter: Yes.

Editor: What did he have to say?

Cub: Nothing.

Editor: Oh, I know, but how many columns of it?



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

She smokes **FRESH** cigarettes ... *not parched or toasted*

WHEN you buy Camels you get *fresh* cigarettes. That's why women particularly prefer them.

Cool, refreshing smoke that is mild all the way down, with no trace of parch or bite to sting the tongue or rasp the throat.

That's because Camels are *made* right and *kept* right.

Made of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture.

Kept in factory-prime condition until they reach the smoker by the air-sealed, Camel Humidor Pack.

The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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Made FRESH — Kept FRESH

"Are you Listenin'?"

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Camel Quarter Hour
Columbia Broadcasting System

Prince Albert Quarter Hour
National Broadcasting Company Red Network
See radio page of local newspaper for time

SNICKERS from our CONTEMPORARIES

I call the little chickens "soap flakes" because they Chipso.

—Purple Parrot

"How do you spell hive?"

"All I know is that there are quite a few bees in it."—Purple Parrot

"Whatcha got?"

"Musical instrument."

"What is it?"

"Cross between a saxophone and bagpipe."

"Instrument, hell! That's a weapon."—The Drexer

"I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you!"

"Triple-threat man, eh?"

—Notre Dame Juggler

"And what is your name?"

"Mrs. Jones, nee Knox."

"That's too bad. I'd do something about it."—Purple Parrot

Salesman: Why, these shirts laugh at laundries.

Customer: Yeh, I know. They come back with their sides split.

—Purple Parrot

Somebody suggests that all the girls in the dean of women's office smoke Chesterfields. They had to be good to get where they are!

—Northwestern Purple Parrot

The difference between a car wreck and a train wreck is that the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman.

—Owl

QUICK THINKING

A college student arose from his table in a fashionable dining-room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced calmly at the officer, then turned with an expression of polite annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "who threw that?" And walked out.

—Stanford Chaparral

Salesman (telegraphing from Ohio): Having wonderful time. Marion is great.

Wife (telegraphing back immediately): Same here. George is not so bad.

—Widow

A steamship company once wired to the captain of one of its ships: "MOVE HEAVEN AND EARTH STOP GET HERE FRIDAY."

The next day the reply came back: "RAISED HELL STOP GET THERE THURSDAY."—Purple Parrot

Sig Alph: Who invented work, anyway?

Sig Chi: You should worry; you'll never infringe on his patent.

—Purple Parrot

Old Lady: Here's a dollar for you, my good man.

Tramp: Lord bless you, lady; if there ever was a fallen angel, it's you.

—Purple Parrot

Voice over Phone: Is this the lady that washes?

Society Snob: Indeed! I should say not!

Voice over Phone: Why, you dirty thing.

—Purple Parrot

He: Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything?

She: Don't fool yourself; he doesn't even suspect anything.

—Panther

Captain: All hands on deck! The ship is leaking!

Sleepy voice from fo'e's'le: Aw, put a pan under it and come to bed.

—Purple Parrot

Lady: Now, Professor, I suppose that is one of those horrid portraits you call art?

Prof: No, madam, that is a mirror.

—Puppet

First Negro: What fo' dat doctah comin' outa youah house?

Second Negro: Ah dunno, but Ah think Ah's got an inkling.—Mercury

Customer: The horn on this car is broken.

Salesman: No, it's not; it's just indifferent.

Customer: What do you mean?

Salesman: Why, it just doesn't give a hoot.

—Purple Parrot

Sweet Young Thing: Did my father order some coal this morning?

Coal man: This load of coal is for a Mr. Zell.

S. Y. T.: That's fine, I'm Gladys Zell.

Coal man: So am I.

—Malteaser

Keen: My client has killed his father and mother. How shall we conduct the case?

Sharp: Make him plead for mercy on the grounds that he's an orphan.

—Beanpot

"You say you were twins once?"

"Yah, my mother has a picture of me when I was two."

—Log

Have any of you ever slept in one of those three season beds?—You know—no spring.

—Purple Parrot

Doctor: What you need, my man, is one or two electric baths to fix you up again.

Patient: Not a chance, doc. My brother took one of those at Sing Sing, and he got drowned.—Purple Parrot.

Little Bo-Peep

Is losing sleep,

Running around to dances.

Let her alone,

And she'll come home,

A victim of circumstances.

—Sun Dial

MODERNIZED MELODRAMA

Father (to the villain): If you'll promise to take Nellie off our hands, we'll give you the farm, by cracky!

—Widow

And, as the first Indian remarked to the second Indian: "I'm just a chippewa 'f the old block, and Sioux's my old man."

—Ski-U-Mah

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LIFE SAVERS
PLANTERS PEANUTS
COLLEGE HUMOR
DURHAM ICE CREAM CO., Inc.
UNIVERSITY SHOE SHOP
STETSON "D"
JOHNSON PREVOST DRY CLEANERS
GRAHAM MEMORIAL GRILL
UNIVERSITY BARBER SHOP
ORANGE PRINTSHOP
CRESCENT CAFETERIAS
ORANGE CRUSH
BANK OF CHAPEL HILL
BOOK EXCHANGE
U. N. C. LAUNDRY
CAROLINA THEATRE

THE CAROLINA BUCCANEER

The University of North Carolina

★ *NOW, AS THEN, ARROW SETS THE STYLE* ★



Here we have the Man-About-Town 1913 Model. With his checked suit and natty fawn vest, he brings a hearty laugh today—but *then* he was a walking “What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear”. No sooner had he passed than haberdashers were busy supplying the demand for the Arrow Collar you see here. For then—as now—the style was set by Arrow.



The Man-About-Town, 1932 Model, is pretty apt to be seen in the Arrow Gordon—an oxford shirt with the snug, smart fit about the collar that seems to be an Arrow copyright. In white, or plain colors, with button-down or plain collar, the Gordon is \$1.95. Its running-mate is the Trump. Of specially woven broadcloth, in white, stripes and plain colors, the Trump is \$1.95.

When you wear an Arrow Shirt, you have the comforting assurance that it will remain its original size. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by the Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees permanent fit no matter how often the shirt is laundered—or your money back. And what a fit that is! Carefully tailored

shoulders—correct sleeve lengths that stay correct forever—and a collar with the style and fit and trimness with which only Arrow seems to be able to endow a collar. You can also buy Arrow Shirts, neckband style, for starched collars. Remember—if it hasn't the Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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ARROW SHIRTS *SANFORIZED*
SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — or your money back

